

Champagne Burnouts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35965912) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35965912>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Other
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dream SMP- fandom , DreamSMP
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Karl Jacobs , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Luke Punz , Wilbur Soot , Crew Boys - Character , Dream SMP Ensemble
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Car Racing , Street Racing , DNF , fiances , Fluff and Angst , Alternate Universe - Racing , Illegal Activities , Underage Drinking , Alcohol , Drinking , Fights , Blood and Injury , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Smut , Anal Sex , Oral Sex , Soft Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , BAMF GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Not Beta Read , Cuddling & Snuggling , Domestic Fluff , Angst with a Happy Ending , Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Come Race With Us
Collections:	Amesfaves , dnf , These fics have me on the floor , favourite books ive read on here , scrumdiddlyumptious
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-26 Completed: 2022-02-13 Chapters: 28/28 Words: 98548

Champagne Burnouts

by [03Foxes10](#)

Summary

George is the son to parents that own a multi-million dollar eco friendly car company. Cars have never been George's favorite subject. He knows which are the most expensive on the market because of his father but he's never understood the hype.

After the usual rich party for his family's company things take a turn for the better, or worse George can't decide, when he saves a man from a drunken assault. After being introduced to a new world George has to make a tough decision. Champagne or Burnouts?

Dnf Street Racer AU

You know the drill. This is fiction. None of this is real. If the people in this become uncomfortable with fanfiction it will be taken down. To me the story is a movie and the people are actors in said movie. :)

[Spotify](#)

This is also much cooler to read on Wattpad btw

Notes

This story has a few heavy topics so make sure to check your tags!! I don't want to ruin anyone's day<3

Warnings

Underage drinking

Drugs and Alcohol

Explicit Smut

Harsh language

Blood and Violence

Mentions of Anxiety/Depression

Illegal activities

Glorified Car situations

Mentions of past trauma(abuse)

Just for people that are lazy ^

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Prologue- Hell Fire

"Watch me as I disappear."
Thin white lies
5sos

The phone rang incessantly on the desk near the stainless steel pen cup. Its matching metal ink pens moved with a buzz loud enough to set off anxiety of any type.

With a click and a sigh, a curt answer welcomed its receptor.

"Speak."

"We *need* it back."

A duck hematite ring encrusting a ruby twirled around with the black telephone cord, clearly impatient. It'd been two years since 'Hell Fire' happened. He'd had several calls seeking renewal. Months and months of begging after the mourning period ended. Unanswered telephone calls, dropped numbers, and refusals of meetings. He chose to keep it a secret. 'Hell Fire' didn't need to resurface. The first few police searches, investigations, and downtown curfews were enough for him to pull the event. Enough to move city's, to move states.

"How'd you get this number."

A scoff, "you're not as underground as you think. Just followed the trail of fake ID's, booze, cigarette smoke, and duck chips."

"You're in my city?" He raised a brow and gripped the end of the marble desk until his knuckles turned ivory.

"I've been in your city for months," he said lowly. "Following you're trail wasn't hard. The pit stops from Cali down to Mexico was a bit inconvenient if you ask me. Could have made a straight shot from Cali to Las Vegas but I guess you needed your personal contacts after what you lost in 'Hell Fire'..."

"What do you want?"

"You know what we all want," he suggested. "What you want."

"I lost too much last time," he said.

"That's because you backed the wrong racer."

This time his scoff filled the silence while his gaze lift towards the chandelier on the ceiling, "what do you suggest I do this time."

"I say you start by bringing it back," his voice felt like velvet dripping with blatant manipulation. "I can make it worth your while."

"And what," he said through clamped teeth, "could you offer?"

"Me."

"A reckless investment?"

"A partner," he corrected.

The grip on the telephone grew tighter, "You want to be my racer."

"I'll be part of your team," he appeased. "Split a major win with you every now and then. I'll get him to be your racer."

"To bring back *El Rapids*?"

"To make something new, Quackity." The receptor hummed to himself for a moment before adding, "You need a new Dream.

Quackity scoffed, "You would know, right? Being best friends with the man himself."

"Precisely."

Ch1. Champagne Day Dreams

Chapter Summary

Warnings for this chapter
Mentions anxiety
Assault
Violence
Injury
Harsh language.
Fainting

Chapter Notes

Enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ask me how I'm doing,
yeah, I'm coping."
Okay
Chase Atlantic

The Burberry wool fabric itched at his neckline. Dark navy over a black button-up and matching slacks. It was the routine attire for things like this but the charcoal tie seemed to choke him more than usual.

Men and women with money, and little care for anything else, buzzed with superficial intent back and forth. Chandeliers worth millions hung off the middle suspension of a reception center, twinkling against their Prada and Louis Vuitton garments and bags. His parents ran the congregated company. With a car developer father and interior inventor mother, George ended up the son of a multi-million man company he had no interest in. Unlike most guys, the world of half a million dollar sport and luxury cars were not his forte. Nonetheless, there he was with his uncomfortable suit and beautiful blonde girlfriend by his side.

Genevieve Statler a 5'3 blonde that loved tiny dresses, Dior, and lip filler. A girl obsessed with the name brand of her purse and forcing George to eat healthy meals that tasted about as good as salt on brownies. She was his father's pick. She fit the image, had a good family, and had no groundbreaking opinions when spoken to by the press. George didn't believe she had any groundbreaking opinions period.

Genevieve's frigid acrylic nails, that matched her fire detailing on her Versace mini dress, remained wrapped around George's arm. He noticed that her dress hugged her petite figure more than the usual picks. Genevieve's style was more of an evening gown rather than a cocktail dress, George knew that much. She'd dragged him around enough stores for him to have it seared in his brain

bank.

This dress was the opposite of her favorite type, which meant it had purpose. He realized too late that she was showing off for him. The fishnets he mentioned he liked once. A dress that fell just below her ass, she brought attention to it when she sat. Flipping the edge up just to show off her small snake tattoo that George knew slithered up around her hip when nude. Too bad he had his eye were elsewhere.

"Babe," buttery and airy words drifted into his ear. "Do you want to go to your place or mine after your parents finish up their award?"

George suppressed the need to groan. The eye contact his father made with him from stage during his speech said enough. His stern but proud gaze drifted to Genevieve before drifting back to him, the smile sealed the deal. He gripped her leg in false possession to keep up the act. George would drink enough to want to sleep with her, let her fall asleep, then drink a little more to forget how torturous it all was. Chin up, smile for the cameras, wear the correct clothes, say the correct things, love the correct people, George already felt tired.

"Whatever you think, babe." Genevieve smiled genuinely before kissing his cheek and sipping her champagne.

Farewells took longer than usual, which meant by the time Genevieve and George were headed to his car she was nearly wasted on champagne. He rolled his eyes and unlocked his black Porsche 911 GT3. His parents despised his baby, calling it a 'beastly monstrosity'. George liked to piss off his parents occasionally, so if it meant not buying their futuristic plant-based box cars then so be it.

"G," he sighed setting her into the passenger seat. "You know you can't have more than five glasses of champagne or you can't walk."

"I just felt," a giggle interrupted her sentence. "I wanted- I love you."

"I know, G." He pulled off her red bottom heels and placed them in the car with her purse. George didn't spare a glance at the fishnets, despite Genevieve's best efforts. Carefully, he maneuvered her legs into the car before strapping her seatbelt. "I'm going to take you home."

"Do you love me, George?" Her hands pulled on his tie. He leaned forward despite his annoyance. "We've been together for three years and you- so serious all the time."

"That is my personality, sweetheart." Genevieve pouted when her face squished between George's nimble palms. He placed a kiss on her forehead, "home now. You can sleep it off."

The door shut and George started up his car. The rumble of its upgraded engine lit some kind of fire in his chest, he'd never understood what he loved so much about this car other than its symbol of rebellion.

When his life felt foreign and unforgiving he drove for hours through the city. Fast enough to push the speed limit but never enough for a ticket. He'd never hear the end of it from his parents. George stayed in their perfect box built especially for him. The girlfriend and the money and the preposterous superficial friends. He wouldn't call them friends, not really. No, they invited him to

drinks and dinners, but they didn't talk about things. Not *real* things anyway.

A soft groan pulled his attention back from the road. The hum of his engine was steady at the red light when his girlfriend reached for his hand on the gearshift.

"G-orge?"

"Are you sick?" George let Genevieve interlock their fingers routinely.

"No."

"What is it?" He used her hand to shift when the light glowed a different color. Slowly he took off into the nighttime streets yearning to push 150 on the interstate. Freedom of his own decision sitting on a near-dead road. But a wall of his metaphorical box closed in when Genevieve hummed contently.

"You're hot," she laughed. "When you drive."

"Thank you, babe." Monotoned and well-rehearsed. They stopped at another red light. An exit off the highway just before Genevieve's neighborhood.

A calming thumb traced over the back of Genevieve's knuckles. Soothing her enough to see both shoulders relax in his peripheral vision, she was out within minutes away from her apartment. Just fast enough to miss the car racing past the opposite red light.

George's shoulders tightened while a brow raised to look in the rearview mirror. A grey car with souped-up lights and a raised fin retracted smaller and smaller into the distance before three more cars followed suit. Purple, orange, and white, all rushed together in his shaky mirror.

Then, like a blink of light, they were gone. Only the trace of smoke and skid marks where the tyre bit the road were left behind. George wanted to contemplate their destination. Why they were going so fast. What the reason for speeding was. His immediate reaction was to call it reckless, but second thought was a wonder to how it felt. Wondered if it felt like adrenaline. What it felt like to burn gasoline; he wondered if it was similar to the rumble George endured when he stepped into his own car. He wondered if it felt like *freedom*. The thoughts dissipated when the light turned green and he gingerly used Genevieve's hand to change gears. Careful not to wake her from her slumber.

-

George was finally alone. Silence in his locked car at three am with the run-down gas station as his only light source. He'd carried Genevieve into her apartment and put her in bed like a gentleman, although he believed he wasn't. Not to her at least. He tried. He'd never disrespect her, or take advantage, but what happens when you keep someone around knowing they'll never be enough for you. When you keep someone around because it's what will satisfy your parents.

George grimaced while sipping on his energy drink. Mango twist, George compared it to the taste of gasoline. It was simply flavored but, by reading the ingredients, he wasn't far off. At least this type was edible.

The city looked small from the hilltop he parked on. Tiny twinkling lights that blink to and from with the occasional cut-off. It reminded him of the lighting bugs he'd seen down in one of the southern states his parents forced him to visit.

These late hours were the time when he missed home. Not the one he grew up with, not the

wealthy four-story with an indoor pool. No, he missed the home in England. The small three-bedroom flat that held his height marks up until the ripe age of six. The house that held the boy with beat-up sneakers and frayed sweaters. The city where his parents fell in love despite their money problems. George missed a time he was barely old enough to remember.

It felt selfish when he put it that way, saying he missed a time his parents deemed unsuitable to be brought up. A time they rather forget because it wasn't easy for them back then. Maybe George was a terrible person to resent being rich. Maybe he was just arrogant and ungrateful.

He sipped on his imitation gasoline hoping it'd stop his mental downward spiral. It never usually did. Most of the time it only made him reckless.

A loud shriek broke his peace. George believed he'd imagined the sound until it reoccurred in the dim am hours. Looking in the rearview mirror, he caught the suspect.

A tall and lanky man sporting cargo jeans and a color-mashed hoodie was trying to fend off someone else. Colors collided into the short assaulter and a deliberate 'stop' echoed off the car but the other figure didn't cease their actions. George drew the line when the figure grabbed the taller man by the neck.

He didn't realize what he was doing or how he'd gotten there before both hands had the assaulter by the shoulders. Tight grip in his dusty jacket, George pushed the guy hard onto the asphalt.

"Get off him," he hissed blood pumping in his ears. "He clearly doesn't want you touching him."

"Ah," the guy slurred, drunk off the hills. "Another pretty boy. This you're friend? He's pretty and oh... rich how ab-"

George must've been high off of adrenaline or simply the gassed energy drink because the punch he placed on the scruffy man's cheek broke something. His dignity? Composure? He realized it was a bone when the man doubled over in pain gripping tightly to his now crooked nose. George, panting with rage, bit back the urge to feel his spitting knuckles.

He locked his jaw, "drunk bastard. Go be a toady elsewhere."

The words felt filthy filtering off his tongue. It was crass enough for his mother to faint and his father to give his deep sigh. It was enough for George to simmer in the joy of his basic sin.

The man scrambled his ass off the asphalt and took off toward the rundown motorbike against the mossy gas station wall. George shook off his injured hand and turned to the other man. Soft aquamarine suffocated George with the amount of adoration running through them. Raised brows accompanied by a slightly ajar mouth puffed soft breaths at him for a moment. George opened his own to speak, but the man bit the bullet first.

"You have to meet Sapnap."

"I- what?"

"I," the man shifted his weight before realizing something. "Oh, fuck. I'm Karl. Who are you? You're amazing!"

"George."

The man mocked his accent in a serious repetition. George merely raised an inquisitive brow.

"You kicked his ass for me!" The man, Karl, said. "You're badass."

George winced when he looked down at his crooked knuckle, "was the gentleman thing to do, I suppose."

"Oh god," he mumbled. "You broke your hand!"

"It's not," George decided not to lie for once in his life. "Yes, I do believe it is broken."

"Shit!" George noticed the potty mouth on the man very quickly. "Come on we can fix you!"

"No, that is alright I'm-"

"We need to bring you to Sapanp." Slender-painted nails wrapped warmly around George's costly bicep. Normally a foreign touch such as this would send George into defense mode, but something about the other man told him it was okay. George felt either his gut feeling would be correct and if it wasn't his intuition must've had a death wish. The brunette let the mousy-haired man drag him back to the Porsche where he demanded for George's keys.

"I don't know you," George said defensively. "If I give you my keys you're going to drive us somewhere illegal. Or murder me."

Karl frowned, "I gonna bring you back to Sapanp. He'll fix you. He... we live five minutes down the road."

"Isn't this how all the news reports sound?" A small grimace passed his lips. "'City man saves another from gas station assault only to be murdered in cold blood in his own car...'"

Karl pulled a face before breaking into chest-deep laughter, "yes! I can see it now."

George shook his head watching the other man's careless laugh closely.

"Come on man," Karl subsided. "Live on the edge. Plus I know we can fix your hand."

George didn't 'live on the edge'. He knew the walls of his limits. Where to draw the line, how to draw the line. This was one of those rare split decisions. Fall off the edge or remain detained to his perfect walls. He should head home let this man finish up his night without any more interactions. Take himself to urgent care and have them patch up his hand. That's what his parents would expect, what Genevieve would expect. Maybe it's why he, reluctantly, handed over the keys to his Porsche and hopped in the passenger seat.

The adrenaline from earlier was starting to wear off leaving replacing it with striking pain up from his fingertips to his wrist. He broke something, it was the same awful feeling from his younger years when he broke his femur. This bone was small so that was his only explanation for why he could stand the pain. It wouldn't last.

The drive was short and Karl talked nonstop as they turned down street after street of lower-class houses. Karl's bubbly voice distracted George from the pain and the roads gave him time to assess who this man actually was. No one he knew of course, but he could gauge his personality a little better. Sweet and bubbly is what his voice said but by the way he dressed, George knew he had a different side to him. The rough clothing and combat boots had to be a tell to something. As well as the ominous talk of his *crew*, George was convinced he'd gotten himself involved with a gang. Or a mafia.

"Who's Sapanp," George asked when they pulled up into a dank driveway.

Two large oak trees covered a fancy two-story house. Windows with black curtains complemented the chipping grey paint of the house's exterior. Its front yard was overgrown and littered with tyre rims as well as other car parts George couldn't identify.

"Oh!" Karl put the keys in the breast pocket of George's suit as they stepped out of the car. "He's my fiancé. Well, technically he's one of them but that's a story for after we fix your hand, come on."

The house looked rundown compared to the ones George frequented, but Karl's fiancé comment held more weight than the interior of a lower-class house.

"One of them?"

Karl hummed pulling on the doorknob, "it's a very loving relationship."

George couldn't tell if that was sarcasm or not.

Karl jiggled the knob and it gave no lead way. He sighed heavily and apologized to George before kicking in the brass knob with his heeled boots. George was too distracted by the bite of his knuckles to be surprised by anything else Karl did.

He followed wordlessly into the house littered with gadgets and small broken decor vases. Loud music could be heard from somewhere down a hall and George's headache went from 0 to 90 in half a second. With the pain of at least one broken knuckle and the thump of the waxing base, he was bound to feel on edge. Either with of fainting or simply the need to escape.

"Sapnap!"

Karl's thin body hit the ground, tackled when the two reached a kitchen. It was full of people, all standing around in a semicircle that George was suddenly the main attraction of. With Karl too tied up with the Sapnap guy to introduce him to his scowling friends, he smiled awkwardly.

George felt out of place. Standing in a lower-class kitchen surrounded by several people he believed could be part of a gang. All dressed in leathers and chains while he stood in a thousand-dollar suit with a broken hand and most likely disheveled hair.

"Hello," he uttered quietly.

A man with casual a leather jacket and beanie, holding a gold corona bottle, lit up from his glower, "who the fuck are you, British boy?"

"I," he winced at the sudden pain running over his knuckles. "I'm George."

"Karl, who the hell is this," another guy hissed. A very clean white hoodie pulled taught over his exceedingly clear muscles beneath. The black jeans were the grab of attention, hanging with several spiky chains and loops, they jingled when he shifted.

"My hand," George grit. "He was getting mugged and..."

"He mugged you?" A very calm voice entered his ears when the girl on the right of beanie guy spoke.

"No," George blinked back spots in his vision. "I was at the gas station. That guy, Karl, was getting assaulted by some bum on the corner..."

"So, you helped him?" Sapnap, the guy on the ground, stopped tickling Karl's sides to ask.

George felt his mouth dry and his vision grow hazy, "yeah. I'm going to go I don't feel-"

"Why'd you bring him here?" White-hoodie guy spat. "You don't know who he is! He's dressed in designer he could be part of a police force, Karl!"

"What was I supposed to do!" Karl bit back. "He saved me and broke several knuckles in return. It was only fair to bring him to Sapnap to help. And I didn't want to walk here after being nearly mugged!"

Hoodie guy scoffed, "Sapnap isn't a doctor he gets his fixes from Dream!"

"You're hand," the woman from earlier acknowledged. "You're hurt."

George swallowed the pain-driven tears down and swayed on his feet, "n-no it's alright. I'm going."

"Wait," she pleaded. "You look pale. Take a seat we can help..."

"The fuck we can," hoodie guy protested. "You know what we do to intruders here?" His question was directed at George. "We tie them to the back of my car and go 0 to 150 on the nearest interstate..."

"Punz!" Beanie guy shoved his shoulder dropping his voice with a potent knowing. "Fuck off. You're not intimidating. You have no power to make that decision."

Hoodie guy, supposedly Punz, frowned with realization. George was backing away from the kitchen and the bickering with a miscalculated backward stride. The woman and another man, that hadn't spoken, against the sink were about to stop him before they all collectively fell silent.

"I'm sorry," George said hastily. Panic and pain filling his vision. Walls swayed with ill intent as he stumbled backward. George realized too late that the others' eyes weren't silent for him.

Karl and Sapnap scrambled up from the ground and stood with perpendicular shoulders against the kitchen cabinets like everyone else. They all seemed to have eyes on something behind George, a bit of terror in a few eyes other than beanie guy. No, his eyes squinted and were accompanied by a sly smirk. George found the origin of the attention with his spine.

George smacked into another warm body, which didn't move an inch on impact. He spun too fast for his blurry vision to comprehend.

When George's eyes filtered enough black spots out they met with a sage gaze accompanied by stern brows and an indiscernible mouth. A black mask with odd embroidered neon-emerald detailings covered the dirty-blond man's face. At least a foot taller than George and far more athletic by the breadth of his shoulders.

The man's hand reached out to catch George's hurt wrist causing his lanky knees to buckle beneath him. The man caught him as his vision blanked. Both hands warm on his waist with a few loud voices echoing behind him. He landed unceremoniously in the mystery man's chest

"I'm sorry." He hoped that was what fell off his lips. George couldn't be so sure because the aroma of diesel and spiced vanilla was the end of his consciousness.

Thanks for reading <3

Skin an Asphalt

Chapter Summary

Ngl this chapter is kind of unedited that's why it might feel choppy.

Disclaimer I know absolutely nothing about cars :D

Warnings.

Fight

Injury(busted lip.)

Harsh language

So hit the floor. My mans on go.

HIT THE FLOOR

Dirtyxan

Asphalt screeched with vigor on the right sway of heavy steel. Hands gripped white ramming the steering wheel left. Each small dud of his tyre alerted that his car drifted successfully over the median, that's when the yelling came.

Red and orange flames pissed him off right upside of his rear. Kissing his mirror-bright and bragging, the other car taunted purposely. Gunning and slowing. Gassing and swerving. Gurgles of gasoline accompanied the monster while it shoved its nose into his opponent's lane skidding off the invisible tracks at the last possible second. It was risky enough to frustrate but not life-threatening. Reckless, psychotic, insane, but never deadly. At least not anymore. Cars break, and so do people, so the rules changed.

Dead in the night, the race had started. The am hours speeding by with LEDs and spirits. Roaring with burnout engines and tight gear shifts, he'd been smart enough *not* to pop his wheels before the fallen flag.

The hood rumbled when he shifted gears, with just enough brake he lifted off the clutch and released the gas. Green metal tracked up lighting strikes when he passed the opponent in a complete diagonal drift. Two can play the reckless game. The movement went quick but slow enough for the driver to throw a profane hand gesture at his opponent through the windshield.

Both wheels kissed asphalt with a searing groan before he clutched and steered straight into the open road. His voice echoed off the empty passenger seat, victorious and high pitched. It smelled like diesel and satisfactory through his mask. Adrenaline pumped through every vein with fervent intent. And with one last hard break, he halted ostentatiously for the group waiting at the finish line. In the cloud of exhaust and burnt rubber, the driver reeled in his latest victory.

His opponent wasn't far behind. The heftier car skid right up next to his own. Fire licked the crowd back while it fought for breath snuffing out a moment later.

George couldn't decide on what shook him from his unconscious state, the roar of agitated engines or the buzz of a tattoo gun. Either way, his eyes were wide while he tried mercilessly to remember where he was.

"Woah there!" A warm voice halted his need to escape. "Just take a moment buddy. You went through a lot."

George swung his legs off the apparent tattoo table he was laid on and met the tattoo guy's eyes. He was holding equipment in both hands seaming to have just finished a design. Across from him, he raised his brows as if to challenge him to diss obey. His hand laid flat against a desk and George counted three tattoos there. The one on his wrists snaked up under his long-sleeve shirt.

George only realized, once fully aware, that the man wore a gas-mask. Two large circles covered the bottom of his face. He appeared to have a lot of hold over anyone who questioned him, ominous in a way, but the guy's voice was calming enough to contradict all of it.

"What happened," George demanded. "Where am I?"

The guy hummed with extreme reluctance, "I can't tell you the location, but you're safe. And you are allowed to leave as soon as Dream and Big Q talk to you."

"Dream?" George looked around the small shop filled with tattoo designs, "Big Q?"

"Big Q," the guy nodded gesturing. "Yay tall always has a beanie on. A fucking weird obsession with ducks."

"Kitchen guy?"

The guy across from him chuckled and distracted himself with disinfecting the tattooing desk. "Yes, you've seen him outside of Las Nevadas. He's chill. Just a bit intense when everything is going on here..."

"Did you say Las Vegas?" George pulled his wrist up to inspect. The only thing he remembered of it was the pain, now wrapped in cloth he felt nothing. Both his index finger and pinky had no response with the movement he tried. Which was a bit concerning but the entire night was so no movement in his hand seemed to be the least of his worries. Getting home was. Not being murdered by a gang was also up there.

"Las Nevadas," the guy corrected. "It's a... I guess it's technically a casino."

"This is a tattoo shop."

The guy rolled his eyes, "yes. My tattoo shop."

"And who are you?" George frowned nearing his edge of patience. In a foreign place with people who wore masks and gave vague answers about things, George was ready to leave. Go home to his quiet apartment and his grey and white tabby cat.

"Sam," the guy replied. "Now, let's go before Wilbur and Punz start the next race."

"Race? Like Tv race cars?" Sam laughed.

George paused to look at a tattoo design hanging by a light switch. About the size of two quarters, the tattoo was compelling enough to catch his eye. Two "x's" rested inside a tiny rectangle. A line with a miniature tongue poked out to create a sort of winking expression. *Error 404* sat beneath the design corrupted in straying lines.

The tattoo was unlike any he'd seen on anyone's skin. Not kin to Genevieve's snake tattoo or the ones etched on Sam's hands. It felt almost personal and he'd never wanted a tattoo before. His

father's voice echoed somewhere in his skull and his mother's dissatisfied glower threatened to wreak his composure.

Sam held the door open breaking George from his trance, "not exactly."

It wasn't the race cars George expected. He envisioned the low to the ground loud metal contraptions covered in stickers and sponsored by soda drink companies.

Not a crowd drunkenly hovering around lines of souped-up vehicles. Lined up and down a dead street parked a least two dozen cars. Each had people and groupies weaving in and out of conversation and drinking activities.

The first car that caught his eyes was a 1999 Mitsubishi Eclipse. The fender's on each side sloped farther than its original part would have given it a lower appearance. Black and red stripes followed each other up towards the windows. Beneath the bumper and the rear, led lights matched the red theme.

Next to it was a Mazda Rx-7 in the shade midnight purple. Its headlights were modified to pop out and blinked almost comically when people passed in-front of it. Glowing teal swirls decorated the car's exterior made George think of cartoons. Honestly, the entire car looked like something from *Alice in wonderland*.

George held his breath and only moved when Sam pulled his unhurt wrist along. People yelled and slung beer around in red cups, revving engines and reaping the benefits of girls and boys fawning over it. Leather jackets, chains, fishnets, red lips, beer, cigarettes, cars. Illegal cars George noted as he passed a new Nissan R34. He may not be a plant-based car expert like his parents but he knew what would cause problems and what wouldn't. He liked to believe it was the rebellion part of his brain, to know all of the cars except the ones his parents invented. This type of congregation had George on edge. Champagne and Chanel was his norm not burnouts and, after passing a rowdy group of men, fistfights.

He felt the burn of foreign eyes while walking briskly next to Sam. George knew they were on him, Sam pulled enough attention with his chains and mask alone, but adding the overdressed foreign subject to the equation canceled out all of Sam's unfamiliarity. Or rather intimidating *familiarity*. For George, well... his shoes shined in the headlights of several cars, far too expensive to be meandering over burned tarmac and rubber marbles. Smoke was bound to sear its acrid aroma into the fine fibers of George's costly suit. Both cigarette and mechanical the kind.

"Dream!"

Sam parted the sea of bodies writhing to an articulated rap song. George wasn't nearly as successful, he pushed and the people pushed back. It was as if Sam remembered what his reasoning for exploring the street was because he turned and yanked George forward by the tie.

He crashed through people feeling the cold splash of beer wet his forearm before falling to his knees with a soft *humph*.

"Great, rich boy is back." White hoodie guy, Punz, from the kitchen rolled his eyes and leaned up against a matching white Nissan GT-R. Its sleek hood and illegally tented window gave the same bored expression the man himself seemed to have mastered. Though the rosy pink LED lights beneath the doors, front bumper, and back made it feel a little less intimidating. Only a minute bit, George thought.

George scowled up from the ground, "says the guy with a hundred thousand dollar car. What you

steal it?"

The little group let out low whistles and a few hoots. Punz crossed his arms tightly, eyebrows souring with rage. George concluded his car was exactly like him, rosy pink cheeks included.

"The fuck would you know," Punz retorted. "You're here by admission of..." he trailed off and recollected his words. "You shouldn't be here, and won't be for long."

He huffed a weighted breath to the concrete, "what are you guys going to do? Kill me?"

"We could."

"Punz!" It was Karl now, a little too high-pitched to not be uneasy.

"Go ahead," George said. He pushed himself off the ground and brushed off his knees. "Not like I have much to do tomorrow."

The calm façade broke Punz's patience, "alright smart-ass, how about we settle this little bit right now."

"Be my guest, you absolute wanker."

George knew provoking a man with a short temper was a bad idea. His jawline paid the price for his own.

The right hook was enough to send him back to the ground in a round of 'oh's' from the peanut gallery. Punz dropped down and pinned George to the road. Grunting in frustration, he struggled to overthrow Punz in a wrestling match. George wasn't the most athletic, his friends enjoyed golf and bourbon. The most he could do was throw a good punch.

George got one good elbow jab to Punz's throat before another swing landed on his lip. It felt like adrenaline and fire. Blood pumping through all of his body just to leave a ringing in his ears. The pungent taste of pennies forced more strength into his next punch. It landed on Punz's side, but he was built and the punch barely had an effect on the guy. George positioned his knee between the other man's legs ready to bring a painful blow before someone called out.

"Punz." The white hoodie looming over him froze mid drawback. With his arm cranked for another throw he shut his eyes in a wince.

"We told you..."

"Look, Dream, I didn't," a shove severed the rest of the sentence and his connection to George.

"We told you 'no' for a reason." The mask guy, George vaguely remembered before his blackout, stood next to him offering a hand. He scoffed then pushed it away pulling himself up.

"And the fuck was that reason?" Punz argued, "he's just some little 'daddy's boy' rich kid that..."

"Is the son of a multi-million dollar company car company." Punz's next retort fell short, his height also looked the part compared to Dream. George could've laughed at a name like that if only for this to be a different situation. "His family could sue you for all your worth then put your ass, and everyone you know, in jail. So get the fuck off of my street and go home."

"What you're banning me? *Me!*"

"Yes, now get pink panther off the asphalt." Dream's eyebrows rose in what George would call a

mockery smile. He could image it, mischievous and smug behind the unwavering mask. "Until you learn to follow orders, don't come back."

Punz wrenched open his door, "fuck you, Dream."

The car revved its souped-up engine before burning away with bitter-scented pink clouds.

"Alright," Dream announced. "Shows over. Wilbur! Start the next lineup! Karl, you'll take Punz's race."

George ran his thumb over his bottom lip and grimaced at the blood left behind. Cars and people seemed to run scarce now that Dream stood next to him. He was silent and observing, George could feel the man's eyes on him. After about a minute of heavy air and shitty rap music, George found his edge again.

"So, is there not an execution tonight?"

Dream ignored that comment in favor of gesturing to George's left hand, "how's the hand. Watched you get some good punches on him."

George stiffened and shook his hand, "I do believe it is fine."

"Formal," Dream commented.

"What?"

"I'm Dream," he said. "And you are?"

George rolled his eyes not in the mood to be played with, "you know who I am. It's the reason Punz is gone."

Dream's brows pulled together in what he believed to be another smug expression, "yes, George. I know who you are."

"Alright," he replied. "I've spoken to you, Sam said I could go after that."

Dream took a few steps closer and George made no sudden movements. Feeling like a deer in headlights, he forced himself to stare Dream down in the eyes. Nothing but the night air and slow fading of music as it retreated towards the starting line.

He knew there were answers to most things within eyes, but Dream's were utterly desolate. Dry of emotion, dead of rage, empty of warmth. Within thousands of eyes, hundreds of odd and consistent coloring, George had only seen one other able to pull off complete blankness. To pull up a wall and ward off things others wouldn't understand. It took a moment for him to realize he wasn't staring into a mirror. The revelation made George shiver.

Suddenly, Dream took ahold of George's chin, "this." He brushed a thumb over George's split lip. The action held an odd intent that George was too starstruck to discern. "Doesn't fit you."

George frowned, "what would you know?"

His grip tightened on George, "enough."

"That's quite vague," George quipped. "Is this how you speak to everyone? In odd metaphors and vague answers."

"No," Dream tilted George back to meet his eyes at full height. "Most people won't get a god damn word out of me. They aren't worth my time."

He pushed Dream's hand away, fed up. "And why, *oh great one*, do I get so many soliloquies?"

"Because I can't decipher whether you're arrogant with false bravado or if you simply have a death wish."

George's eyes caught on the easy way Dream tucked his hands into the pockets of his cargo pants. His ensemble was full black with tiny viridian accents to top it off. Sleeves, like a second skin, stopped at the edge of his wrists, chains hung off his belt and neck, George was starting to see the trend of metal around this place.

"What if it's neither," this caused Dream's cool expression to falter.

"What else would it be?"

George smirked and ignored the pain in his lip, "you tell me, *oh great one*."

"A Martyr," Dream conceded. "Let's go. Quackity wants to have a word with you."

"And you call *me* formal," George muttered beneath his breath.

"You have rather I used a few bad words?" Dream snorted, "I believe they make you uncomfortable."

"They do not!"

"I heard you use 'wanker' compared to a list of better words," he held up a hand to indicate each. "Bastard, fucker, motherfucker, bi-"

"Alright," George coughed, "I understand."

"Case closed."

George frowned, "the way back is this way... right?"

He gestured vaguely towards the path of bodies writhing to party beats drunk out of their minds. Sam had pulled him through the sea of bodies at what he believed was the start of the road. George realized he knew very little of where he was or who he was dealing with. Dream stood still and swung his newly produced keys around his finger.

"We have to get off this road," he hitched a thumb to the cars behind him. "Quackity is at the main entrance to Las Nevadas. That's where we start our brackets, usually."

"How," George took a few steps forward and followed Dream to a small congregation. "How far is this walk?"

"We won't walk," Dream concluded.

George was ready to become complicated, object strongly about getting in an illegal souped-up deathtrap before he was talked over.

"Fuck you man!" Sapnap, Karl's... guy, clapped Dream on the shoulder. They exchanged an odd handshake turning to George a moment later. "Hey!"

He assembled an odd smile, "hello?"

"I wanted to thank you," Sapnap rolled his eyes fondly. "For saving my Karl. He gets himself into a lot of situations without realizing it."

"Of course." George felt Dream's eyes on him, hot and judgmental. "But I do have a bit of regret now. Not for helping but for letting him bring me here."

Sapnap chuckled and placed a firm hand on his neck, "right! Big Q needs to talk to you. So hop in my car and we-"

"He'll ride in my car," Dream told Sapnap. George scoffed at the audacity of the blonde man. Demanding and rude, it may be mysterious and captivating but it was becoming irritating. Who was he to tell George what to do he was a grown-ass man and could handle himself.

Sapnap's brows were so far up his forehead George wondered if they would disappear into his white bandanna.

"He will decide for himself," George said. Both eyes broke away from the silent staring contest and took George in. Dream's expression cooled under his mask while Sapnap's grew weary. "I'm not a child. I'll ride with Sapnap."

Dream shot a glare to Sapnap. Heated air escaped between the blond and the other man before he turned on his heel. George didn't understand the tantrum, it was another situation in which he stifled a chuckle. The rumble of an engine started and Dream was gone only the streak of green LEDs left in his wake. George hadn't even had the time to look at the model before it zoomed off in a cloud of fury.

"Well, shit." Sapnap's crass words pulled George in. He motioned towards a burnt orange Nissan Nsx.

It looked older but George couldn't pinpoint its year because the back wheels pulled all his attention in. Larger than its original build both wheels held tiny attachments. Metal tubes that filtered underneath the car. When Sapnap saw his snagged attention he smirked and turned on the car.

The engine groaned until fully waking in the night air, revving heavily. George hopped back. Red and orange flames shot out from the wheels and scraped the air.

Each car that George had seen, he realized, held personality. Cartoonish, clean and unforgiving, and flammably reckless. He decided he liked Sapnap's the best so far.

Slipping into the car he genuinely smiled for the first time all night. All week. Maybe even all year.

"So, what was that all about?" George questioned. He had to push several cans of monster and empty water bottles out of the leather seat before climbing in.

"Huh?"

"Dream."

Sapnap shuffled through music on his phone as George shut the car door.

"Um he's just," he trailed off. "Intense."

"An controlling," George added. "What was the demanding of his car thing."

A pregnant silence sat on the gearshift. Heavy with words unsaid George noted there was no seatbelt but instead a sticker that said *safety is imaginary*.

"He um," another pause. "He never lets anyone sit in his passenger seat."

George scoffed, "why not?"

"Has a thing about his car. Won't let anyone inside it."

"That's weird."

Sapnap shrugged, "just odd."

"What is?" He pointed at the sticker. "The lack of safety."

Sapnap forced a chuckle tossing his phone into the center cupholder. George noted the crumbs and candy wrappers stuffed into the cracks.

"No," Sapnap corrected. "Him wanting you in it. I've been friends with him since high school and I've never been allowed to touch the door handle."

"Oh..."

"Yeah," he put the car in drive. "Now hold the fuck on. I like to burn rubber when I drive. Literally."

To Speed or not to Speed

Chapter Summary

Warnings
Mentions of drugging
Smoking
Glorified car activities

Stay safe happy reading <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Were off full throttle to the floor
Street fight
Adam Jensen

Maybe he'd dreamed the entire night. Deep in a tunnel of escapism where leather seats and burnt tyre clasped onto his conscious with a vise grip. Madmen and broken bones. Hundreds of eyes and voices lined up on a makeshift drag strip in the middle of... somewhere.

All the cars were their drivers. Bumper to tail they dripped with deeper personalities, deeper parts of themselves as people, some might even be foreign personas. What they strived to be, who they wanted to be, who *he* could be. George had no clue how the fuck his blue bedsheets clung to his body.

How the alarm was nails on a chalkboard at 9 am. It was the first offense to George's fucked senses the second was the blinding star that warmed the torturous life he claimed to be living. It wasn't an alarm at all. Genevieve's caller ID lit up his phone screen. Squinting at the blue light and jamming a sore fist into its screen, he answered instead of declining.

"Hi, babe!" Genevieve's voice was worse than the chalkboard. Far too chipper chipmunk in the morning for George's ears, it was another reason he hated spending the night with her. The mornings consisted of this exact same deafening sound. Shrieks and harper melodies she strung together and called the English language. "It's nearly ten. And our parents expect us to make an appearance at The Club."

"The Club," George repeated into his scratching satin-covered pillow. One that Genevieve picked out.

She sighed, "are you not awake?"

"Awake."

"Great." Genevieve's voice dropped three octaves, the same way it always does when she's upset or when she wanted something George hated to give her. By context clues George believed it to be the former. "We are supposed to attend lunch on the roof at twelve. Be there, my father wants to discuss something with you."

"Yeah, discuss."

A soft defeated sound caressed his cheek through the speaker, "see you soon."

He hadn't remembered drinking the night before. A few sips of champagne and a glass of wine wasn't nearly enough for him to feel tipsy let alone blackout and forget the entire night. His last recollection of time was the gas station. A mango twist energy in hand and his god awful thoughts as company in the middle of the night. That was all his brain supplied and the harder he thought the worse his head started to throb. He had to get dressed, assess the damage of his aching body, figure out why his hand was wrapped in gauze, why the hoodie he was wearing wasn't his. The only answers his brain allowed were muddled images of poker chips and the sharp kick of tequila.

George hadn't registered that Genevieve's father wanted to talk to him until Genevieve's father wanted to talk to him. The glutinous soda sank low in his gut when Mr. Statler pulled him aside for a cigar. The aroma of leather pleated tobacco twisted deep holes into George's near shattered sanity. All lunch he'd avoided hard topics other than family small talk and correct answers his parents would approve of. They'd been overjoyed the entire afternoon with his pretty quips and perfect pronouns. It distracted them from his deep need to understand the small things that seeped back into his memory.

George told the group his bruised lip and mangled hand was from boxing practice. "A new hobby I've picked up must keep in shape." He hated every word that fell kilter off his lips. In all honesty, he couldn't remember what happened to him. Poker chips, tequila, Diesel, vanilla, cars. Over and over like his grandfather's old record player, the snippets filtered in.

"George?"

He snapped back, "yes, sir?"

"What do you think?"

George's expression faltered, "about what exactly?"

"Marrying my, Genevieve." Her father was firm and confident. "Your father spoke about your request and how you were too intimidated to bring it up to me."

Maybe life had no happy endings. At least, nothing Shakespeare had ever written did. Tragedies. Death in vain. Love that never became true. George felt like a god damn tragedy. He was Romeo dying for someone in vain. Laid bare and open for the world to cradle into its own version of him. His parents created who he was, how he acted, what his personality would be. He often wondered if he was born to be entertainment. The product of two lovers that gained far too much control, too much power. He'd always hoped they'd release their rivet as he grew older. Trust him to become the man they hoped on his own. But it was that moment he realized he'd never know what freedom meant.

Staring into the eyes of Genevieve's father, inhaling shallow breaths of cigar smoke, he'd never get away from their perfection. Their need to control him. Like a puppet on a string, he played the role numb to the bone. Crooked and stiff like wood he smiled warmly and brought up the subject that never crossed his mind. Never crossed his future. He'd never understood the desire to marry. The thought of a tuxedo suffocated him. Her white dress and curled hair hurled him farther under the sea so despair. His parents would want children he'd dance around the string and obey. Stuck in a spiral of money, children, and numbness to anything, just like they wanted.

George excused himself from lunch the first chance he got and bolted out the front door. Running straight towards the stairs and the back pavilion he needed air. Poker chips. Genevieve in a white dress. The grip on his chin. 'I do'. Smoke on a drag strip. Man and wife. Sapnap and Kar-

"Woah! Watch out!"

George's breath knocked clean out of his chest. The crash of dishes and silverware stung his headache like a hornet, ringing in a high-pitched whine. From flat on the ground, he pulled his head up to see who he'd run into.

Both brows shot up with sudden recognition, "Karl!"

"That's me," the guy said then looked up. "Oh, shit."

"Karl," George stammered. "You, I know you!"

"I um," Karl made haste to clean up his dishes from the floor. The broken ones remained broken and scattered as he scrambled up. "I'm sorry for the inconvenience, Sir. I'm a bit clumsy I'll go now."

"No! Wait!" George struggled to his feet and followed Karl through a side door.

It was lunch rush, which meant at least a hundred people occupied the restaurant common area. Karl, like a nimble white rabbit, bobbed and weaved his way through customers effortlessly. George followed, determination controlling his every move. Side to side, backward and forward. He dodged friendly faces and spilled drinks. Further and further. Through the crooked hallways decorated in costly art. Different dining areas decorated far greater than the last. Karl moved fast, clearly familiar with all the twists and turns of the restaurant. George kept up with him going further and further down the rabbit hole. He caught him, cornered into the kitchen George pulled on his sleeve.

"Please," he panted. "I know you know me. Just please."

"I don't," Karl's aquamarine gaze smelted George willing to fight. This was his only hope to understand the night before. Karl was his only lead. The boy looked around and tugged George forward, "not here."

Hope peeked its head out of the blankets of comfort and helped George follow. Pulled outside the *employees only door they walked around next to The Club's dumpsters.*

"What do you want?" Abrupt and anything but lively, Karl glared daggers into his skin. He wondered if the bubbly happiness had been an act, a persona. Some kind of plot because this man and the one before felt opposite of themselves.

George's breath shook, "what the hell happened to me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You know," he insisted. "I saved you. You took me somewhere. And it all gets a bit hazy after that."

Karl winced, "they didn't give you enough."

"Enough what?"

Both eyes darted around as if he was being watched, George only fell farther off the edge of his own sanity. He repeated his accusation, desperation clear this time.

"I can't say," Karl argued. "You were supposed to forget. But you- you remember. It has to be..."

George waited expectantly. He feared if he pushed now Karl would clam up.

"They want you."

"Who does?"

Karl shook his head, "you have to remember on your own. You have to answer their question."

"What question?" The employee door swung open and someone called Karl's name.

"You know it," he insisted. "They wouldn't have let you remember if they didn't tell you. Someone told you."

George raked a hand through his hair eyeing Karl's movement towards the door. He opened and closed his mouth several times before blurting, "where do I go if I remember?"

"Where the night comes alive and monsters become divinities." The fuck was that vague answer. Riddles and rhymes sounded greek in George's simple ears. He took business management in college, not Philology.

"How is," George grasped for words. "What am I supposed to do Karl! I can't remember and I'm I can't..."

Karl stopped in his tracks and looked George dead in the eyes. Holding back the gates of pandora's box he gave George enough to decipher his spiraling thoughts.

"You might have called him..." he paused deliberately before correcting himself. "Called it a Dream. Whatever you do don't sit on it like a quacking duck for too long. You only have enough payout for one more play at the slot machine."

He felt like Alice in fucking wonderland plagued with white rabbits and mad hatter rhymes. Left behind in an acrid-smelling dumpster and clothes more expensive than a lower-class house, George replayed every memory of his night before like a movie. Hazy and muddled he pieced together a riddle far better than a lousy Shakespeare tragedy.

*10 missed calls from Father
3 missed calls from mom
2 missed calls from Genevieve
1 text from Genevieve.*

George pressed hard against the gas pedal. He let his phone run itself ragged choosing to ignore it, the device soon enough died. Dormant in his leather seat, the speed of his car raced rapidly towards 100. He shifted the gear and took on the vacant highway. The hostile bass of Street fight, by Adam Jensen, raged into George's heartbeat when he hit 120 mph. Dangerous and reckless, he'd never felt more freedom in his life. Near the edge of uncontrolled, he pulled back the speed and check his mirrors. Not a soul in sight, he hit 125 mph.

The Porsche growled loud enough to wake up an entire suburban area. His cheeks split with a shit-

eating grin at the thought. He could see it easily, a mother complaining about the rowdiness of the world. A grandfather awoken abruptly on his favorite chair. It sat deep and satisfying in George's gut.

He knew where he was going without thinking much about it. Hands gripping tightly to the wheel George swerved for the hell of it. The bass swooped and he let out a scream of frustration. Anger. Pity. Pity to his own failure. Not to his parents. No, they had praise and god damn happiness for who he was. Failure for himself. Failure for not living the way he yearns to. Not feeling his heart bursting out of the ribcage that held it. Like this, 125 mph, on open road and music loud enough to cause hearing damage. He lived here, felt alive here.

George passed up the correct exit and took the back roads. Turning down the winding pavement, he watched the familiarity filter in. His grin spread wider. The low beats of another song pushed him past the need to abandon his plan. Speeding through streets, he reclaimed the familiar field. The tall grass and overgrown sunflowers hid the real excitement here. Large gates caging in metaphorical villains. He drove through without hesitation. Wide-open and unarmed exactly as planned.

The makeshift drag strip ended here. Burned to a crisp with tyre marbles scattered, George sped over the debris and headed straight down the road. The wrong way. Stupid, dangerous, reckless, George felt his heart stammer with exhilaration.

He knew they'd be racing. After two days he'd figured out that god damn riddle. Nights ago he'd been here, confused and a bit terrified. Fighting people he didn't understand, didn't know. George wondered if he would know, if they'd let him. The thought of being here shocked George enough to increase the car's speed.

The shops came quickly. Rundown stores turned into houses and buildings, a community. A place others called home.

George shifted and clutched when the main street came into view. Just as he hoped a congregation was waiting at the starting line. Crowded around two massive cars. George floored it.

The wheels squealed on the asphalt ramming 100 mph towards human beings. The adrenaline was like a drug, spiking his senses and causing a need to simmer low in his stomach. Almost too late, he pulled off the gas and shifted the gear. His car groaned in protest but slowed down despite itself. George slammed his brake and turned the wheel a few feet from the headlights of a starting line car.

Smoke and singed rubber kicked up behind his Porsche. Intense and lively, it shocked the partygoers to silence. He unhooked his seatbelt and threw open his driver's door.

This time felt right. White sneakers dug into the road instead of designer. Arranged with black jeans, that he'd ripped on the way out to make a point to himself, and the hoodie that wasn't his. Black and green and everything he wanted to be. Someone started the howling and suddenly he was engulfed in the roar of a crowd. Praise in something reckless, he picture his parent's expression and grinned again.

"Well, if it isn't rich boy!"

George kept his self-satisfied expression, "good to see you, Punz. You miss me?"

"Not particularly," he leaned back against his white Nissan GT-R and pulled a girl into his side. "What the fuck are you doing here."

He feigned a devastated smile to the ground, "I do believe I'm wanted." Looking up through his brows his grin returned, "I have questions to answer, much to your chagrin."

George leaned against his car. Both hands slid perfectly into his deep pockets while he observed Punz's realization.

"No! Why would..."

"Yes," he said, nonchalant. It was a fucking movie scene and George ate every bit of it up. Forever locked in his memory. The painted lines on the road, the burn of his engine when he leaned onto it, and the shocked excitement whispering in the crowd. This was his villainous entrance and not a soul would take it away from him. It was retribution.

George lifted his eyes at a vaguely familiar voice.

"Well, speak of the bastard," Quackity announced from the parting crowd. "All chipper and on a high horse. You are stubborn."

"You told him to drug me," George said. "The tequila."

Quackity clicked his tongue, "collateral damage."

The button-up shirt hung in a particular way off his body, it didn't fall off completely due to the fault of black suspenders. The expensive slacks looked familiar to George but the holes and chains severed their common ground. Several rings flashed in the headlights of Punz's car when he waved a hand.

"I do believe you owe me two answers."

George's lips lifted to match Quackity's leer of expression.

"Where is he," George asked.

Quackity waved another hand to the crowd. It parted immediately and revealed blond hair mashed into another person. Scarlet locks cascaded tightly over her round shoulders. Fishnets and shorts revealed the girl's personality in increments. The maroon top matched the undertones in her messy curls. Lipstick marks adorned his neck in a patchy pattern. George didn't understand the odd clench in his chest. He mistakenly took it as disgust for crass behavior in public.

The guy pulled himself away and turned his back to everyone, his hand slid the recognizable mask over his mouth. George scoffed and watched him approach. Quackity looked at George expectantly when Dream saddled up beside him.

"Classy," George muttered towards the lipstick left behind on Dream's neck.

"Answer the Questions or get the fuck out."

George crossed his arms at the unwanted aggression, he looked to Quackity, "there is only one."

"Four," he corrected. "But only one matters."

"Ask them," George encouraged.

Quackity grinned and shifted his weight, "what are our names"

"Quackity," he deadpanned. Then looked to meet eyes with the other, "and Dream."

"Great," he said easily. "Now this one counts."

George could vaguely hear Punz's protest in the background of his heartbeat. He'd figured it out. Sat down with paper and sketched out every possibility for that hazy night.

"Where are you right now?"

"Las Nevadas."

Dream bristled, impatient with eyes recovering from the intense stare at George's hoodie, "who do you want to be."

George's confidence drained, "I don't know."

Dream sniggered and gestured to the Porsche, "get out."

"What?"

"You heard me."

He frowned and gripped the hot headlight of his car. The question was answered he'd passed Quackity's test, what the fuck did it matter who he wanted to be.

"No."

"We will forcefully remove you if necessary."

"Dream," Sapnap emerged from the crowd. "What are you doing?"

"He won't answer the question."

"I answered it, you idiot!"

George's jaw ached in determination. Quackity noted the sheer rage pumping beneath the Brit's skin, Dream's expression grinned behind the mask because of it.

Quackity cut in, "answer it honestly George. Who do you want to be?"

He gaped at both of them. Genevieve's voice rang in his ears, along with his mother's lectures, his father's need for control, Quackity's vintage accent, Sapnap's arm around Karl, the red hot kisses on Dream's neck. It all dug deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole he'd ventured into. Who did he want to be? A forgotten painting. Unclear poetry. An unfinished symphony. Maybe an error code on his computer screen. Invisible from his perfect girlfriend. Unnoticeable to his parents. Someone far away from fair high-life society.

"Not found," he sighed truthfully. The words dug daggers and cleaved millions of ties without much effort. "I want to be George, not found."

Chapter End Notes

This story is so fun to write! And unfinished symphony anyone? :D

Oh, We've Lost It

Chapter Summary

Warnings

Glorified car situations

Stay safe enjoy :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"And you keep on falling, baby, figure it out."

Falling

Chase Atlantic

"Well, George not found, welcome to Las Nevadas," Quackity's grin nearly split his cheeks with its vigorous presentation. "We do hope you stay awhile."

Dream rolled his eyes and lifted a palm. With all five fingers splayed towards the dark sky, his brows furrowed and he said, "light it up!"

All five fingers curled inward and set off a thousand commands.

The crowd dripped with buzzing excitement crashed into an immediate eruption of movement. Several people scattered towards cars, finishing up cigarettes, kisses, fights for shotgun, car doors opened, some slammed. George flinched at the sudden *pop* of a black mustang's engine. Growling at the asphalt, the car revved and spun away from the racing strip.

"What's happening?" George's shoulders pulled taunt while his fingers curled tightly around the keys in hand. They dug into his palm and left small indentions onto his flesh.

Quackity rocked back on his heels and somehow knew Karl was approaching. His hand immediately latched on to the tall man's fluffy hair. George's thoughts scrambled until it found two matching puzzle pieces.

"Fiancés," George amended. "Quackity is the other one, right?"

Karl gave an award-winning giggle, "fucking correct!" His chin pressed down onto the shorter man's shoulder. "Don't tell him but I like Sapnap more."

"Thin Ice," Quackity smiled. "You're on thin fucking ice."

Karl hummed unintimidated, "you don't scare me. You know good and well you just added yourself to my relationship. Like a god damn loser."

George furrows his brows, "now I'm confused."

"What?" Dream asked, "too much homo for someone like you to understand?"

That didn't smooth over the way George believe Dream wanted it to. It was a red splotch of paint to

a white wall, it spiked his annoyance.

"No," he replied firmly. "I do not care about anyone's sexuality."

"Really," he hummed, confidence behind a mask. "And what would yours be."

"I have a girlfriend," was George's significantly less confident answer. Dream caught on to his hesitation. Both unforgiving viridescent eyes raked down his body catching on his foreign hoodie. Something akin to interest spiked through Dream's irises. Secure in his own skin wasn't a concept that came easily to George, he blamed his parent's precise requirements for that one.

Admittedly, he'd come to terms with his appearance but this look, the god-awful judgment from a near stranger, shredded George down to the bone. Although, He'd be run off the road before he gave in and said Dream caused him to find his inner insecurities again. Damn the man and his idiotic cryptic- mystical- gaze.

"Do you now?" Karl tugged Quackity back towards a car laughing and spinning around him. Dream took advantage of the vacancy to step closer.

"Yes, I... I do." George eyed Dream's wandering hand. He expected him to grip his chin aggressively like last time, but hesitation chipped away the gesture.

"Can I touch you, yes or no?"

Taken back, George's only response was an eyebrow raise. It was another sudden flip of personality, or persona, he couldn't tell. He hadn't seen much of the flips since Karl, but even then he believed it was situational.

"You're asking now?" Dream stayed silent. A gust of wind blew sharp enough to run a chill through George's bones, Dream eyes remained locked on his own. "You didn't last time."

A fragment close to guilt swept over Dream's masked expression, but it was gone before George could decipher it. He still didn't answer.

"Yes," George said.

A careful hand tucked a wayward hair behind George's ear. Warm and unwavering, Dream's palm pressed against George's neck pulling him forward. His heart hammered and swung to the saxophone solo that blasted from a starting car. George held every part of his body still when dream leaned into his ear.

He pulled down his mask to whisper, "give it up George. I can see right through this act."

George's jaw clenched, "Which one would that be Dream? Because I can prove that I have a girlfriend and I'm also not homophobic."

Hot air brushed his ear and George felt a deep realization of what was happening. He'd deliberately taken off the mask out of George's sight.

"Neither," a scoff. "The one about yourself. Lies are easy to translate, George, and you? Well, you're fucking full of them." Dream abruptly pulled back all contact beat out with the sudden baseline in George's ears and veins.

He pried a dry tongue from the roof of his mouth to reply, "right. If I'm such a pathological liar take off your mask."

That shocked him. The cool gaze and unwavering confidence stuttered at George's sharp tongue. The shorter man crooned in satisfaction picking at imaginary lint on his sleeves.

George said, "We all have lies and secrets, Dream. Some more than others. Some we wish we didn't and some we can't help. So.." he made a pointed gesture. "Until you are perfect keep your thoughts and accusations to your damn self."

Dream let out a breath of surprise, "wow. Just full of surprises, aren't we."

"Exactly," his voice felt accent dominate when he said it. It was an easy tell to his shaking assurance. "Now what the hell does light it up mean?"

Dream's hostile brows relaxed and fell neutral again, "come on. We're going for a drive."

"What about..." his thumb hung in the air about his Porsche.

"Park it next to Karl's," Dream pointed at the midnight purple Mitsubishi Eclipse George had seen the first visit to Las Nevadas. "And pick someone to ride with."

"I'm guessing you're not an option," George stated.

"What makes you say that?"

George chose between two options then said, "her."

The redhead from earlier leaned against a car George could now see in full. A raven black Toyota GT86 rested dormant on the street before Sam's tattoo shop. He knew it was Dream's, not only from the girl but, because of its color scheme. Green lights illuminated the ground around the wheels while also weaving tastefully around the doors frame. The neon emerald matched his mask and look effortlessly confident, cool. Something about the car screamed shameless, eager, and a twisted kind of sanctuary. George wondered if it described the man himself.

"She won't be riding in my car."

"Interesting," George commented. He pushed off his car and knocked his shoulder against Dream's as a false accident. "I'll keep my options open."

Dream bristled while George revved his car's engine.

It's hard for a human to feel like they are flying. Impossible? No, never impossible. In all honesty a human could fly, if only for a few seconds then science would consider it falling. George had never fallen before. Well, physically he had. A trip down the stairs, ice skating while on vacation, simply walking around in his house, but metaphorically was a different story. Falling meant losing control, and George never let go of his steering wheel.

His hands always gripped ivory on leather while obeying orders. Right turn, marry her, slow down, work for us, red light, that wasn't how we wanted.

George didn't believe in falling in love. He'd never experienced the saying as Genevieve had. He explained his idea of it, of course, when asked about his lover. None of the flamboyant words meant anything to him, but everyone ate them up like starved cattle.

He never understood falling in any of those senses, but falling like this brought out a new meaning.

In the back seat of Quackity's blue and yellow Mustang George fell. Hard and fast he crashed into a euphoria only adrenaline could fasten. Unbuckled and unrestrained his hands floated on the wind. Dancing in sync to a breezy Chase Atlantic song his skin buzzed with action. Outside the window, cold air bit into his nimble fingertips kissing him hello. *Welcome home* it whispered onto his freshly prickled skin.

Grass fields and abandoned junkyards sped by in rapid succession. George focused on nothing but the feeling of weightlessness. Just a hand, a touch of freedom, it was enough to have George addicted. Here in the backseat inhaling the strange mixture of cigarettes and cotton candy nothing else mattered. Just George, the open road, and his relaxed readiness.

"George!" Karl stuck his head out the passenger window to yell at him. His mousy hair blasted into his face and his smile remained despite it. Karl waved frantically, "stick your head out!"

What was he, a dog? George chuckled to himself and looked reluctantly at the open window. Teeth sunk into his lip while he decided to live a little. With both knees on the seat, he stuck his torso all the way out the window.

Falling sounded dreadful George decided, but this. Oh, god, this. This wasn't falling. It was flying. A hand stuck out into the night air sliced through the wind like a shark in the ocean, his brown hair wished for the same ability. It waved and shook in the impact of air and George huffed.

A startled laugh busted his cool expression. Karl returned it briefly before yelling into the night. Loud and clear in his chest, he yelled. George couldn't hide his grin. Waving in the wind, he was completely stuck in the fantasy of defying gravity.

After a good few minutes of breaking the sound barrier and swimming on air, the streets changed. George watched a tunnel approach in the distance. Its entrance was low enough that they both had to duck back into the car. Karl's turned a wide grin his way telling something down in the front seat. He pulled back out the window when the tunnel opened up larger.

"Sapnap!"

George could smell the man's car long before his eyes came in contact with it. Smoke and burnt rubber blackened the sky like a plague when he drove up next to Quackity. Blazing flames cut down before he came to close, Karl motioned for him to hop into the passenger seat. Reluctantly, he followed orders. Quackity giggled and sipped on a blue pigmented water bottle, George hoped to some higher power it wasn't alcohol. He didn't have a wish of death by car crash, but what the hell.

Karl pulled his head into the car abruptly, "Quackity! Permission to car hop!"

The man adjusted his beanie and checked his mirrors, "permission fucking granted!"

"Hey, George," Karl giggled. "Watch this."

"Wha-"

George pushed a sneaker out of his peripheral vision before realizing what was happening. All of Karl's lithe body slipped easily through the window. Like some insane adrenaline junkie, he stood on the window of Quackity's *moving* car. A strangled sound escaped George's throat when he made to grab Karl's leg. An inch from his cargo pants Quackity stopped him, the warning grip on his wrist was enough for him to abort the idea.

Instead, he watched the road speed like a rabid animal beneath Karl's shoes. The tunnel lights gave

an iridescent blue tint to the action. It looked like a sky, dark and light and twisted into clouds and stars, all topped with Karl's beautiful death wish.

Sapnap shouted something and it forced Karl's hand. George's head shot out the window following in horror. His heart dropped a thousand meters to meet his stomach. Hands shaking and gripping the car window he watched.

It felt as if Karl was moving in slow motion through the air when it must've lasted 5 seconds at most. A leap in between cars in the dead of night, Karl shot through Sapnap's open window with a screech. The pavement's threats fell empty when his feet dove first. Sneakers knocked into the window easily. The rest of his body followed suit plopping unceremoniously onto Sapnap a minute later. George let out a shaky breath of relief and followed it with a booming holler. Quackity joined in a minute later letting it cut off with a chuckle.

"Look's like it's your turn, George."

"Hell no," he said, smiling.

Quackity nodded back to the window, "someone's persistent."

Dream's car nosed up beside them occupying Sapnap's now vacant space. He rolled down his window casually.

"Having fun?"

George shrugged, "you could say that."

He was having the time of his fucking life. This night was the first he'd laughed, and smiled, and felt alive in so long. George wondered how he'd gone so long without any sense of this... this what? He couldn't exactly pinpoint it.

"I wanted to apologize," Dream's brows furrowed. "For acting like a dick."

"Nice observation!" George yelled over a speeding car in their group. "Glad to know you are self-aware."

"Look," Dream ran a hand through his straggly hair. "I want a clean slate! What can I do to get it from you."

Quackity groaned, "mans is fucking whipped."

"What do you mean," George asked.

He sent him a side-eye, "as a bisexual man..."

"You're bisexual?"

"What?" Quackity groaned again. "No! You damn idiot, Dream. He's bi and currently trying to get..." a honk interrupted his words. "...never mind!"

"Right," George muttered then asked. "Should I give him a clean start?"

"Honestly," Quackity said. "He's a good guy when he's not trying to act like a leader. But the choice is yours. And make it fast, Mr. Unknown, the tunnel is about to end!"

George sighed and peeked back out the window. Dream's mischievous grin was presented again,

tucked behind that god-awful mask. George wondered what he looked like beneath it. From the cut jawline and glorious expanse of neck, George was already able to see, he knew he'd have envy. The term wasn't exactly clear for what way that is. Envy to be him or to have him, George folded that loaded question away for later.

"Alright," George said. "You can have your restart."

An eyebrow quirked up, "what's the catch?"

George grinned, he loved when people played right into his traps, "I want to see you without the mask."

"Damn, George!" Quackity whistled, "no fucking mercy!" George chuckled. "He'll never agre-"

"Alright!"

"What the actual fuck!"

George tuned the beanie man out in favor of focusing on Dream, "what's your catch." The hidden grin returned.

"Car hop for me."

George paled and shot his gaze down to the speeding road beneath him. He swallowed. How close was he willing to meet death. Shake its hand, tease its nose, hop between cars? Was it worth it? George didn't have that answer. He wanted it, and the only way to receive it was in a different car.

It was something about that damn mask that had him hanging his life on the edge of a cliff, well, in this case, a car. His head scratched and clawed at his insides as a negation, but his heart. Well, his heart beat with a warm vigor George craved. Trapped and encouraging him he made a decision.

"Permission to car hop, Quackity?"

The man sighed, "you have a god damn death wish..."

"Is it a yes or..."

"Yes! Go! Don't come back crying when he breaks you in half!"

George decided to ignore what he meant by that and climbed up onto the window. The thrumming in his chest escaped and filled his ears as he pulled himself out. Both eyes tried to focus on anything other than the speeding road and falling in mild terror. His palms grew sweaty and his legs shook.

"Fucking jump!" Quackity yelled, "the tunnel is almost over and if you don't it'll take your head off!"

George's eyes shot up from the road and looked to the small opening. It dropped several clearance feet much like it did when they entered the tunnel. With wide eyes, he locked a gaze with Dream. The man held a hand out of his window.

"You've got this!"

"No!" George protested, "this is insane!"

"I've got you just jump!"

The musky tunnel air dragged a dangerous laugh out of him. What the hell was he doing? Standing on a moving car debating a jump between them? His parents wouldn't know what to say or think. George was shocked for them.

"George!" Quackity warned. Several cars were honking and yelling all the same. He couldn't tell if it was a warning like Quackity or an encouragement. He only had seconds left to choose.

"George," Dream said calmly despite the circumstance. "Do you trust me?"

"I barely know you!"

"Yes or no?"

His heart hammered the answer, "yes."

"Jump."

George jumped.

Maybe falling was flying after all. Birds glided and fell then repeated their process. Planes pushed against gravity and fell all the same. Falling felt like flying. The same side of one coin, George decided. He fell for Dream, that night. For his secrets and his newborn trust, he threw himself off one car and fell onto another. Cut so close to the edge George felt his fingertips scrape the concrete of the tunnel ledge before he was wrapped into tight arms.

Warmth flooded his body. Adrenaline and physical touch halted his brain to a standstill.

"I've got you," Dream chuckled.

"I-I," he swallowed and felt the spin of his vision. "I just jumped out of a fucking car."

"Hell yes you did," Dream acknowledged. He swerved right and pulled away from Quackity's car. With his window rolled up George realized what he'd just done. He resisted the urge to vomit.

"Is it okay that I'm on your lap?"

Dream nodded, "just don't touch me below my collarbone."

George raised a brow and wondered what that admission suggested. Looking around Dream's car George noted how clean it was. All the others had severely cluttered seats and cupholders but not Dream. The leather seats were spotless and so was his dashboard. George almost felt dirty sitting in it as well as on its driver.

"Can I sit on the..."

"Not on the open road," Dream said. "You'll mess up my shifting routine. When the next red light comes on you can move."

George nodded. His hand hovered over Dream's left ear he wanted to touch but decided against it.

"I want to take your mask off," he said, testing the air. "It's my reward."

The swallow was visible to George now, the movement of his Adam's apple, Dream's nervousness presented itself brightly. Shoulders tense and tight. A pause passed as if Dream was making a silent decision. George took in his features while he waited. Green eyes and freckled cheeks awaited his attention.

"Take it off."

George slid his index finger around Dream's earlobe and followed the fabric. Cautiously, he hooked the fabric round and pulled it away from Dream entirely. He didn't know what he expected. Scars? A birthmark? What he received was absolutely nothing. Dream's jawline merely continued to form his effortlessly chiseled chin. His lips looked normal, a bit chapped, but softly skin-colored and normal. Nothing about him was different other than George's lingering gaze of Dream's lips. He wondered if Dream's would feel the same as Genevieve's.

"Happy?"

"I am satisfied," George snorted.

"Lovely." Dream's lips fell into an apathetic line, George watched it carefully.

"Why do you wear it?"

"It's just who I am," he said. "Sometimes it's because I'm racing a foreigner and sometimes it's to block out the real world."

George nodded, "I wish I could wear one sometimes." Dream stayed silent in response. "Thank you."

His gaze flickered from the road down to George, "for what?"

"Taking it off," he said. "And wanting me in your car."

"Of course." George smiled and slipped the fabric back over Dream's ear. The tension in his shoulders melted immediately.

Soon enough, a red light shined through the dash and George didn't understand the odd feeling of loss after climbing out of Dream's lap.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

Anyways thanks for reading

I wanted this chapter to feel like

Keep it up & Falling

By Chase Atlantic

Hoped that happened

Until next time :D

Above all, Respect

Chapter Summary

Warnings
Anxiety

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Well, I can't be myself imitating someone else. No, it won't end well.
Do you ever
Phil Good

Do you have any tattoos?

I have one.

George gazed flatly into his reflection. The bruises from his first night at Las Nevadas had faded, not even a scar was left.

Dinner with his parents. He needed time. This was his only chance to ask for it. No Genevieve. No expectant parents. It was just his mother and father. God, he could feel their disappointment already.

His fingers fumbled to knot the charcoal tie around his neck. It felt like he was tightening the leash his parents had on him. A show dog of sorts.

You want a tattoo?

My family would disown me.

Mine did a long time ago.

Dream's texts had come in a day after he hopped from car to car like a maniac. It was one simple insult and George was a tap away from blocking the number. Now he stood split between his perfect reflection and Dream's bad influence. He chuckled oddly and turned off his phone. Now or never, freedom was within his grasp. At least some form of it.

George remembered why he never got his hopes up.

Genevieve and her parents sat adjacent from his own on the luxury dining table his mother loved. It was dark stained mahogany with cracks of gold streaked through it. George felt it was impersonal and unwelcoming, his mother said it gave their home character. His comment on how their old thrifty table in England had more character didn't go over well.

Genevieve tugged on her puffy emerald princess sleeve and smiled brightly at him. The blond strands of her hair twisted up into an intricate knot on the back of her head leaving curtain bangs to carry the weight of shaping her face. Genevieve's mother was basically Genevieve, only 30 years older. Skinny as a teen with several rounds of plastic surgery to rid of her crease lines. Her father was a rounder man, hefty in his beard and his arms. George sighed and felt the life seep out of him.

"George!" His father lit up. "Glad you could join us! Come help me fetch the wine."

George followed wordlessly after his father. Both hands snuck their way into his defeated pockets and he tried not to slouch. His parents hated when he did that.

"I believed that Genevieve's parents weren't joining us." Precision of language, this wasn't forced when they lived in England. It was enforced the moment they stepped onto the US soil. But George still remembers his father's crass expressions that once made his mother ugly laugh.

His father huffed and opened the wine cellar, "I told you about this dinner two weeks ago. You had not replied to my message so I believed you understood."

The room was hidden beneath the stairs of his childhood home. Large enough to take shelter in if needed. All four walls held racks and racks of wine all ranging from thousands of dollars to drugstore merlot.

George realized two weeks ago he was racing in illegal cars and swimming on the sound barrier. The buzz beneath his skin yearned to go back to Las Vegas. To breathe in Diesel and vanilla and burnt rubber.

"What did the message speak of?"

"The engagement dinner," his father said offhandedly. "Do you think red or white goes better with sirloin?"

"The what?"

"The wine do you..."

"No, no," George's brows creased when his hand held out. "The engagement? I'm not asking Genevieve to marry me tonight."

The older man scoffed and pulled a bottle off the wall brushing past George a moment later. The woody smell of his father's Cologne twisted his nerves into a knot.

"It is just marriage," he said. "Not a big deal."

"What!" George stayed glued to the wine cellar floor. "That isn't fair! You can't just!"

"Here," his father pulled a small box out of his pocket. "I already had the ring made and paid for."

Just Genevieve's size and her taste, complaints from her mother."

The box shoved its way into George's hand and soon enough he was shoved forward by his father. The cellar door clicked shut behind him.

George had never been the type to panic, not like his mother. She'd preen with trepidation before father managed to calm her down. He took after his father, suffer in silence. Be the man of the family. Yet there he was freaking over a box with a thousand-dollar rock in it. That's all it was in physicality. Minerals put under enough pressure to break them into something new. He wondered if his parents had that thought already. That maybe if they pressured him enough he'd turn into a diamond.

His expressions were numb when he sat down. Genevieve smiled and gripped his hand, he politely pulled it away.

George wondered why he'd never left. The second he graduated he moved out. Into his own apartment with his own bills and his own bed. George wonders now why he'd thought it was enough. He believed if he moved out of their detached house they called home they'd be off his case.

His eyes flicked up to his mother and father. A lot of things about them were fake. His mother's nails, eyelashes, his father's nose. They had fake things about them from the flesh of their skin to the mantelpiece in the living room. The only thing George knew wasn't fake was the love they had for each other. Not towards him, he didn't have enough evidence to comment on that, but to each other. That was the one thing that never changed when they moved.

George remembered Christmas Eves full of his parent's happy kisses and warm hugs. The loving words his father would whisper into her ear, George used to gag. He remembers the flowers that would show up at his mother's job. The dinners. The love. He'd always wanted it. And he tried to find it, he tried so damn hard to find that type of love. What waited for him was a sinking desert of heartbreak. Quicksand dragged him down every time he'd believed it could work. Girls that have cheated, girls simply unhappy, girls who unexpectedly ended it. George decided he didn't believe in love. That odd feeling in the gut everyone talked about, he'd never felt it. His parents had to be the exception because George certainly wasn't.

"George?"

He looked up from his plate and paled. All eyes were on him. He scrambled to understand what they'd previously been discussing.

His father grit his jaw but didn't let his impatience slip, "you have a very important question to ask Genevieve."

George blinked then cooperated, "of course." He stood and tried not to let his rage shake his hands. "I um... Genevieve. You are very lovely in every way... and um." Never stutter, never skip words, his father and mother frowned. George cleared his throat.

Genevieve looked up tentatively, "babe?"

"I..." he took a deep breath. "My parents have a love we all admire and they have always hoped I'd find one of my own." The lie was so easy to slip off his tongue he swallowed again to banish the rising bile. He felt like his mother. Both eyes darting around the room for an out, an escape, George

came up short for both. "And Genevieve... I-"

His father's smile faded when he didn't finish. His mother's brows creased. And everyone else, well they didn't matter to George. The limit for what he would do to please his parents had been reached. His gut twisted.

"I can't do this." He couldn't register his own voice, not above the loud revving of his heartbeat.

"George," his father warned. "This is expected and everyone is here.."

Sometimes anger won the war over fear, "you shouldn't have such expectations for your children."

"I will have as many as I see fit," he said firmly. There was no room for debate. It used to make George cower into surrender. "Now quit this outburst and continue."

"What am I to the two of you?" George raised his voice startling Genevieve. The foreign family remained wide-eyed and silent. "A performing monkey? It's like my opinion's don't exist. You can't just make me-"

"Yes, we can," his father argued.

"George," his mother asked. "Where is all this coming from?"

"Wh-where is this coming from?" His jaw slackened in disbelief, "it's been here for years! You treat me like one of your projects! I'm not a car you can fix to show off to the market I'm not-"

"Going to say another word!" His father slammed both palms down onto the table and shook everyone's wine glasses. George flinched. "You are going to apologize to the Statlers for causing a scene and acting like an embarrassment for this family."

George bit the inside of his cheek and took comfort in the copper taste that followed it. He abruptly turned to Genevieve's parents.

"I do apologize to the three of you," he said evenly. The heat was still clear in every word. "This was not a matter that involved you, but as for being an embarrassment." His gaze shot to his father. "I hope this made you look bad. God, I hope that the three of them leak it to the news. 'Golden boy of a golden family finally snaps'..."

"George!"

"No!" He snapped, "I am *done*! You can't just force me to do things. I'm a person. I'm your *son*!" George scoffed and looked between his parents, "I'm your son and I don't even believe you love me."

"George..." his mother feigned surprise. "You know we..."

"Love is irrelevant," his father dared to say. George knew heartbreak. But this, this kind of heartbreak, the kind caused only by a parent, he decided that was the worst. "Respect comes first."

"Right," he backed away from the table. "You lost mine 5 damn years ago." His mother shrieked at the use of his language, he turned his shoulder and headed for the door.

"Don't you dare walk out that door!"

George slammed it and listened to a picture frame shatter in its wake.

"George?"

"Are...Are you busy?" His voice shook as he sat on the curb designer slacks and all.

"Um," Karl's voice sounded far away. Loud music and laughter filtered through the speaker and caused George's leg to bounce. "We're all at the house. Just a drinking night no racing. Why?" Someone in the background asked who Karl was talking to. George figured it was Sapnap.

"Oh," he bit his lip. "Never mind I'll... um, have fun! Sorry to interrupt."

"Wait no! Geor-" George ended the call before he could finish. Asking for help was another tick on the list of weaknesses and besides what was he even asking for? His new friends to what, exactly? George wondered if they even considered him as their friend. For all he knew he could just be some guy that saved Karl and got lucky enough to stay. His lip ached from his teeth's constant abuse.

He'd walked to his parent's house and planned to stay the night in his old bedroom, that plan had soiled. Going home to his empty apartment sounded harder in retrospect when the only company he'd have was his cat. The mangy thing would probably have an attitude if George tried to touch him. He huffed and surrendered his back to the grass.

The lights of the city were too bright for any stars to meet his gaze, George found that fact fitting for his situation.

Buzz

George ignored his phone on his chest. It was most likely his father calling to bargain with him.

Buzz

The second incoming call startled him. His father never called more than once when he was angry, George picked up the device to answer.

"Where the fuck are you?"

George hummed, "such a pleasant hello, Dream."

"Don't make me repeat myself." He could hear the shift of the car, the revved engine

"Why do you want to know?" His voice was a breathless whisper.

"Because Karl is freaking the hell out," he said evenly detached. "Said you sounded like you were about to cry and then hung up on him."

George laughed humorously, "well, tell him I'm doing fine and I apologize for scaring him."

Silence passed but neither hung up.

"What happened, George?"

He frowned at the dark blank sky, "have you ever been in love, Dream?"

It wasn't exactly the question he wanted to ask but it's what his mouth decided to pronounce. He dragged his fingers through the damp grass and waited for the dismissal of his question.

George could almost hear Dream's jaw clench, "once. She left and is married with a child now. Where are you?"

"5th and 7th street curb in The Hills," George said then continued. "I don't believe in it."

"In what?"

"Love." George picked up on Dream's steady breaths and latched on to them. Calm and collected George mirrored his shallow intakes to match Dream. "My parents said respect comes before love anyway so it can't be that important. Stories and all the bullshit songs," he sighed.

"You sound like a poet going through a blue phase," George grinned despite himself.

"That would be a painter."

"Potatoes tomatoes." That wasn't the correct expression, Dream, but George liked his version better.

They sat in silence for a good ten minutes. Dream didn't hang up and neither did George, they lucidly sat in a peaceful call listening to the other breathe. Slow and comforting George let his eyes close and relaxed further into the grass.

Dream's car drove up slowly and paused in front of him after a few minutes later. The window lowered and Dream looked neutral, George took comfort in his apathy.

"Hello," George muttered.

"Hey."

Some kind of guilt wrecked George's senses at the sight of Dream. He was there suddenly when he didn't even ask, there because George caused concern without even being present.

"I apologize," he whispered. "I did not intend-"

"No."

George swallowed a lump and looked up from the pavement, "no?"

"Don't talk like that to me. I don't want a fake apology in perfect grammar."

George gripped his phone, "okay."

If Dream noticed the haunted look within George's eyes he choose not to point it out, instead, he unlocked his car and hung up the phone.

Slipping easily into the passenger seat, George watched the expensive houses turn into fields. Grass and tall trees meshed together in the dark of the night. They were speeding many numbers past the speed limit but George had no fight left to comment on it. His hands tucked tightly beneath his armpits while he locked each unsaid emotion behind a brick wall. Block by plastered block he closed off his feelings like usual. Just before all things fell numb he turned to Dream.

"Why did you come get me and not Karl?"

"I was already out buying booze," he motioned to the rattling bottles stuck behind the passenger seat.

"Oh," George nodded and looked back out the window. He bit his abused lip again, "are we friends?"

"What?"

George kept his gaze on the road and squeezed his hands tighter to himself, "friends. I know it was merely an inconvenience and I saved Karl from but I believe, well I hoped that-

Soft words brushed into his ears from the driver's seat, "stop that."

George's rambling paused when he felt Dream's fingers on his own. He unlatched the digits digging into George's ribs unconsciously and held them between his own. A gentle caress compared to George's self-soothing measures.

"This is your hurt hand," a statement. "It is still healing. You don't need bruised ribs to match it."

"I-I apologize I..."

"No." George clamped his mouth shut. "You're a fucking nervous wreck. Breathe."

"I know." He gave Dream's fingers a shaky squeeze. A softer grip was returned.

George never liked holding hands with Genevieve, he did it for her benefit. This was different. George felt if Dream let his fingers go he'd fall apart on the floor of his sports car. His walls would bulldoze themselves into pieces and George wasn't ready for that to happen. He wasn't ready to be vulnerable, the idea terrified him.

Dream must've sensed this because he didn't let go. He held George's fingers and moved them to grip the gear shift. An odd warmth flooded George's veins when Dream used his hand to shift. Buzzing low in his chest and stomach he didn't understand what was wrong. But his body was already so out of sorts that he took it with a grain of salt and relaxed. It had to be the fight with his parents, or the look on Genevieve's face, the way his father said the word respect.

George, soon enough, realized this warmth was foreign. It wasn't marked bad and it wasn't supposedly good, it just was. He associated it with Dream. It felt... safe. That thought confused him enough to not think about it further. Dream shifted gears with George's hand and said, "we're friends, George."

His lips quirked up a bit and he rested his head against the seat. George hoped behind his mask Dream was smiling as well.

George helped Dream carry in several boxes of beer from the trunk and into the house. It was the same place he'd visited on the first night with Karl. Ironically, that was who had dragged him into a bear hug and shoved him into a Jenga game.

Drunk Jenga, Karl had explained, contained challenges. Written in messy sharpie, each block contained a random challenge that mostly related to alcohol. George was three Jenga drinks in before Sapnap toppled the entire thing.

"Hello, George," a woman said taking a seat next to him. "I'm Puffy, we met the first night in the kitchen but that was a bit rushed."

"I remember you," George said.

"I was about to head out but I needed to clear the air of that night before I do," she grinned. George couldn't tell what this interaction meant but he smiled back anyway. Her gaze flicked up with a brow towards someone before returning to George. "Alright, if you ever need anything I'm easy to find. Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight," he replied watching her leave.

Quackity replaced her within a second to say, "you're like a new toy."

"What?"

He motioned to Puffy, "they are fighting over you."

"Who?" Quackity gave a sigh so dramatic George nearly laughed. He wrapped his hand around George's chin and turned his attention to the end of the couch across from them.

Dream sat tensely on the arm of the beaten-up couch. His hand gripped his beer tighter than entirely necessary. George realized Dream's gaze solely focused on Puffy who winked and waved. Dream's eyes rolled before they turned to meet George's own. A brow raised at him, George looked away.

"What's so special about me?"

Quackity stole some of George's drink, "You piqued Dream's interest. Puffy has made it her dying wish to fuck with Dream's interests."

George chuckled feeling the slow effects of alcohol, "why?"

"Brother sister bonding?"

"They are related?"

"Nope," Quackity said.

"You guys are all weird." Fond and smiley George looked back at Dream and found him already looking.

He raised a hand as if to wave and when Dream moved to mirror him, he gave Dream a profane hand gesture. The blond shook his head and returned the finger.

Chapter End Notes

ugly cries I literally can't express how amazing all these comments are. You guys are so sweet and encouraging. I hope you all enjoyed and have a great day or night <3

Envy and Jealousy

Chapter Summary

George's father is controlling.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Trying hard not to fall, on the way home."

WILD

Troye Sivan

"Hey, Sampson," George stood out of the rain beneath the uptown office awning. "My key card won't work. Have you guys done an update and skipped me again?"

"No, sir." Sampson's voice was curt instead of its routine blithely tone. "You've been disregarded from the company."

George raised a brow, "what? Who made that call?"

"The president of the company, sir."

"My father?"

"Yes, sir," Sampson sighed. "He said your position was terminated as of yesterday. Along with your access to account yours and the company's."

"Wait wait," George ground out. "Are you telling me he froze my accounts! He can't do that it is my money!"

"I was told if you had objections to redirect you to your father. Would you like me to-"

"Yes," George cut in. "Thank you, Sampson."

"Of course. And I'm sorry, George."

The dial tone chimed three rounds before George's call was accepted. His father read halfway through his mundane company sentence opener before George cut him off.

"That's my money," he hissed. "You have no power to freeze my account."

Abandoning the awning he gripped his keys and dashed for his car.

"I do," his father said monotoned and well-rehearsed. "Your account is branched off of the family's in a family bank. I can do whatever I want with *my* money, after all, that is what you've been living off of. My money."

George slammed his door with an abrupt wack, "it is my money! I've worked for it every day in

that fucking office! In this company!"

"Crass language will never get you anywhere in life, George." His father's half-assed idea of parenting was becoming George's breaking point. Avoiding the problem to "parent" on bad language was still fucking avoidance. Manipulation at its finest. "I paid your rent for last month, but until then, I suggest you find somewhere else to reside."

"What do you want?" Defeated and vexed George gripped his steering wheel.

"Marry Genevieve," he said evenly. "Live with us until the wedding day then move to the Hamptons with her. To Europe. I do not care."

"And if I refuse?"

"Well," his father hummed. "Where do you go when we can't get ahold of you? Hopefully nowhere illegal."

George paled. Bile rose in his gut. The immediate sharp and striking fear danced up his spinal cord and choked his breaths. His father wasn't the type to let things go that easily. You never get to the top without getting your hands dirty. George had seen him ruin lives to better his own, but he never thought he'd be in that line of fire. And worse he feared for his new friends.

"How do you know about-"

"I own that apartment complex, son. They send me regular updates on your whereabouts. Who goes in who comes out."

"Th-that..." his breath shook. "That isn't parenting it's... that's control why would you..."

"I was only looking out for you, George."

"Right. And mother agreed to this. To 'looking out for me'?"

His father sighed, a trick of guilt, "come home. Your mother and I want to talk this out."

"That isn't home," George said. "Home is back in England when you were actually my parents."

He ended the call and chunked his phone into the passenger seat.

Loss. A relative passing, the death of a pet, a bad hand in cards. Within a three-minute phone call, George had lost his income as well as his residence. In a three-minute phone call, George's father was able to control his entire life. In a three-minute call, George realized he had no other out.

His apartment wasn't big. It had a kitchen, a small living area, and a bedroom with an en suite. It was small enough to fit George's entire life and his grey tabby cat, which greeted George as soon as he stepped foot in the door.

"Hey, there cat." He received a meow in response. George gripped the eviction notice flyer between his fingers as he set his belongings down. Realistically he should've had the rest of the month until given the flyer, but people tended to cower away from his father. "How do you feel about moving?"

Cat hissed and bit playfully at his ankles.

"Right," George dragged a heavy hand through his hair. "I agree, but it's that or move back in with father."

Cat flicked his tail and sauntered over a hoodie laying haphazardly on the rather spotless ground. George watched him groom himself for a moment racking his brain for any other option than his father's suggestion. He could move in with Genevieve, but that would work in his father's favor and George was determined not to obey his puppeteering. Running back to Genevieve would mean his father one, George zero. There was doubt Genevieve would even welcome him after that family dinner. The surprise in her expression was seared permanently into his left side brain. That was one of his own personal rules, never hurt Genevieve. God, he was a disaster of a boyfriend.

Cat meowed to grab his attention. Pointedly, his whiskers dug into the right sleeve of the hoodie. It was Dream's, George realized, the one he'd taken that first night at Las Nevadas. He hadn't given it back yet, he wondered if Dream wanted it back. The last he'd spoken to the man was in his off-limits car. And, well, that wasn't much talking. George curled his fingers into a fist and felt the ghost of a gearshift. Warmth.

George's expression darkened, "I can't ask them for help, Cat." He meowed a protest. "Because father might find a way to ruin them. And I'd rather suffer than have that happen." George sighed at the constant badgering from his pet, "I just barely got accepted into their group, I don't want to be the reason it's ruined."

George, on a mental edge of having a full-blown argument with his cat, was interrupted by the phone yelling its tired ringtone.

"What," he said aspirated.

"Well, fuck you too jackass."

"Sapnap," George muttered rubbing his temple. "I apologize, how can I be of service?"

"Woah there buddy," Sapnap crackled. "Didn't need to be all business formal." George scoffed. "What are you doing at this moment."

Cat stared daggers into his soul, George childishly stuck his tongue out at him. If cats could roll their eyes that's definitely what would have happened.

"Deciding whether or not to get married or simply become a hobo." George found his joke rather amusing, "what, Sapnap, might I ask what you are doing at this moment."

"You're getting married!" George heard several voices raising concern in the background. When he listened a bit better he could hear the gravely popping of Sapnaps shitty muffler. They were driving. Well, the slam of the car door sounded more like they were parking somewhere.

"Not exactly."

"Oh, thank fuck," he chuckled. "You should've seen how pale Dream just turned."

"Ah," George affronted. "Is he having straight-phobia again?"

Sapnap cackled into the phone, "he said to tell you he's bisexual. And that you're an idiot. And that he'd stick his tongue down your throat if he had the...Alright! Alright, Dream god it's a joke damn!"

George let out a soft laugh, "where are you guy's going?"

"Were outside of your apartment building, bitch!" Quackity's higher-pitched voice was unmistakable.

"You're what?"

"Yeah, might want to open the door for us," Sapnap said. "Big Q and Dream are fighting their way up the stairs. Children."

George only had a moment between breaths before the loud knock rapped on his door. Three people nearly fell onto his floor when he answered it. All lively and down-dressed compared to George's work suit he hadn't discarded of yet.

"No! Fuck you!" Quackity yelled at Dream who looked smug. "What if I was a vampire? I would have fucking evaporated asshole."

"Then my ears would have a break from the constant," Dream made a sock-puppet motion with his hand instead of finishing his sentence.

"I will fuck you up!"

"Yeah yeah," Dream drawled. "You only have power within the realm of your kingdom."

Karl cut Quackity's next insult in half when he pulled George into a hug. George wasn't the type for physical touch. He'd learn to live with it from Genevieve, but his parents were never over-feely people. They kept their distance and gave enough affection for it to seem normal in front of cameras. Well in America anyway, he didn't have enough time to think about his life in England.

"You alright?" Karl asked when George didn't immediately let go. The brit realized his clinginess and composed himself.

"Yes, of course."

"Right," Quackity rolled his eyes. "So, why are you jumping the broom again?"

"Jumping the what?" Sapnap started to wander picking up small figurines on George's television stand. Dolphins were his mother's favorite animal and she gifted them to everyone for Christmas in the form of glass.

"I don't want to get married." Quackity scoffed and disregarded the conversation in order to follow Sapnap around. George hoped they wouldn't shatter anything "Just might have to."

Dream frowned and leaned up against the wall, "you don't *have* to do anything."

"Clearly you've never met my father," George grimaced.

"What does that mean?" Karl interjected.

George waved a dismissive hand, "do you guys want something to drink? Because I need something."

He shuffled his way into the small kitchen before listening to any replies. The three seemed to find entertainment within the trinkets on George's coffee table. He heard a clear "catch Quackity" from Sapnap and sighed deeply. His father owned everything anyway so he wouldn't be entirely upset if they destroyed his apartment. George's mood only darkened when he pulled a mug from the cabinet. The cabinet his father owned, the mug, the electricity. That revelation was quite doleful.

"Hey," Dream's voice trickled into George's space like the rain still damp on their clothes. Unconsciously, George's shoulders stiffened into an attentive posture. The sudden buzz beneath

his skin only caused a fretful sensation, at least more than he'd already been.

"Do you," George turned and halted. Standing in the doorway, between Dream's arms was Cat. Swaddled up in the discarded hoodie and fully compliant to Dream, Cat canted into the man's careful caress. Long fingers dragged thoughtfully over his shaggy fur in short sweet strokes. Envious jealousy knocked on George's shoulder with a vicious tap. For Cat... it was definitely jealousy for his cat's split attention, or any given attention rather than glares. He often wondered why he kept that thing.

Dream caught up on George's paused sentence then realized he'd been speaking to him. The blond's lip tugged upward when he said, "your cat is sweet."

George frowned, "not usually." Dismissing the envy, he turned back to his task of making coffee and muttered, "traitor."

"So," Dream leaned against the sink a foot away from George. "What's wrong today?"

"Nothing." George side-eyed Dream and noted the missing mask. The black T-shirt was also extremely less abrasive than his usual layers of chains and leathers. Dream's presence harbored softness and George wondered what about today was different for him.

"This tells me otherwise." The flyer from the door was red and warning when suddenly produced from between Dream's fingers.

"Oh."

"You are rich," Dream stated as if it wasn't completely obvious. "So why are you being evicted?"

George's suit and slacks suddenly felt stuffy while pouring water into the coffee machine. Scarlet red and vastly silent, the coffee machine slept tucked between his microwave and refrigerator. Genevieve bought it a year ago for George's birthday. He'd never mentioned his lack of desire for coffee, but he never mentioned the lack for Genevieve either.

George also disliked the color red. It felt abrasive and due to his lack of color realization, it was classified as brown. It reminded him too much of his father, that was his favorite color. And now the only image he could collect from it was the girl at the drag strip. George refrained from checking Dream's neck for leftover lipstick he knew was long gone. The memory shift from his father to Dream did not make sense; luckily Sapnap interrupted his thoughts before he went too far down the rabbit hole.

"You're being evicted," Sapnap questioned, "Why?"

George learned to lie the second his toes dug into the dry US soil. Lie to the cameras, about school, about his accent. The top priority was to make his family look good. Evidently, that usually meant lying about his feelings. Locking things into a tiny box was much easier than bringing up the conversation with his parents. In the most common outcome, they would have dealt with him insensitively and brushed his valid arguments and emotions off. Lie now and deal with things silently and alone.

George had three pairs of eyes staring blankly at him, waiting. Objectively they were the people his father disliked. Their sexualities were scattered on the spectrum, their language would be rated R, and their clothes would be described as distasteful. But Some part of George knew they'd accept whatever he had to say.

So, instead of lying, he grit his jaw and hesitantly worded his sentences.

"My father cut me off," George said. "And froze all of my accounts."

So much for subtle, George thought with a grim expression.

Karl emitted a wounded breath of air, "why?"

"Because I refused to ask for Genevieve's hand in marriage." Damn his nervous formalities. "My girlfriend, he wants me to marry her."

"Why?" Quackity looked confused when he emerged from somewhere on the floor. The beanie was adjusted after a moment of lopsided wear.

"It looks good for the company," George waved a dismissive hand. "I believe her family receives custody of some things as well as my father. I do not know exactly why my father pushed it so hard but..." a shrug ended his sentence.

"You don't *want* to marry her?" Sapnap had a good point. To everyone else it seemed odd, George refusing to marry his *already* stated girlfriend. Why be with someone if the end game wasn't marriage?

"No," he admitted sheepishly. "I don't... she's..." George groaned and pressed a palm to his forehead. "I don't feel *anything* for her."

Quackity covered a laugh and poked Sapnap with a newly found chopstick, "at all?"

George's teeth sunk into his lip unconsciously before another shrug occurred. Dream remained silent during this discussion. The hands George knew were warm worked through Cat's fur while his purring droned through the kitchen.

"How long have you been together?"

"Three years." The sudden silence killed him. Each had an unreadable expression etched into their eyes. "What?"

"You've been with her for three years and you feel nothing for her?" Dream's voice felt daunting in George's fragile ears, he could only shrug again.

"Did you fuck her?"

"Sapnap," Karl snapped.

"What? It's a valid fucking question! He's just been with this girl because she's good in bed? Or she's pretty, what because your dad said to?"

George wondered if he knew any other response than to shrug. His parents would be so disappointed... wait they already were. The corners of his mouth wanted to crackle with laughter, but he refrained from looking psychotic.

"I slept with her," he grimaced. "It's not for the sex."

"You didn't," Karl tread carefully, "enjoy it?"

George raised a confused brow, "it's just sex. I don't understand what could be good or bad about it"

The silence grew louder between them. Sapnap's hand went to his neck with a burning face. Quackity avoiding looking anyone in the eyes. Karl look sympathetic, all while Dream's expression had fallen apathetic. It was the worst out of the four.

"What does she have to do with this?" Terse and short-winded, Dream didn't waste time on sympathy. The flyer glided on air to land on the counter abruptly. All Dream's warmth and gentle aura drained to nothing within a moment. George's posture found its former stiff foundation.

"My Father has full ownership of these apartment complexes," George said formally. "He believes I've disobeyed his wishes and made the executive decision to get me back in line. Either I marry Genevieve or find somewhere else to live."

"And where would that be," Dream asked. It felt so cold and abrasive that even Cat stirred in his arms.

George's gaze fell back to the floor, "I have yet to decide. Out of state would be an option as well as the country. There isn't anything tying me here other than my parents. They don't..." he waved a hand.

"You can't leave." Karl looked heartbroken. "We're here."

"Yeah," Quackity added. "You're the first one to make it through the first trial and come back. An I don't want my investment to cash out early. And what" he motioned to Dream. "Let emotional loser win."

George's attention caught on Dream again, "you have a bet about me?"

"We had a bet about you," Dream corrected. "And that has nothing to do with this."

"Come live with us," Karl said abruptly.

Everyone turned to look at him. Open expressions mixed in with weary hesitation. George immediately declined the offer with a nice "no, thank you" but Karl insisted.

"We all live together," he explained. "And ever since Hell..." Sapnap gave an odd warning. "We have a vacancy. An extra room next to Dream's upstairs."

"I don't think, that would be a good idea..."

"Why not?" Sapnap shrugged, "I'd be more fun than this. Controlled by your dad and alone."

George considered the offer and made a compromise, "What if I pay rent?"

"You don't have to," Dream said. "I own the house."

"Yeah, this dumbass raced for it," Quackity said. "Reckless bastard."

Dream's lips pulled up into that mischievous smirk George only ever imagined. It fit the fantasy perfectly.

"So?" Karl rocked back and forth on his heels in anticipation.

George glanced at Cat for an answer but found him snuggled onto Dream's neck fast asleep. He took that as input enough.

"Okay."

Chapter End Notes

Ah, the living with the "enemy" cliché is kind of my favorite ngl. Hope you enjoyed this chapter

<3

Push and Pull

Chapter Summary

George and Dream fight and get high

Warnings

Drugs

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Fight so dirty but your love 's so sweet"

Teeth

5S0s

Both of George's ears ached accompanied by the involuntary haze of vision because fuck the sun for being so bright. The drag strip was burning with mirage meters away the vision only warped further with Dream in the middle. A Hoodie and tight pants held him together with his tiresome untouchable façade. It was freezing but the sun was determined to scorch a mark onto the pavement, George didn't understand US weather. Hot. Cold. Raining. Sunshine. Dream crossed his arms like a vexed father peering at George through his windshield with that damn mask on. If anything it was a demonstration of how terrible this lesson had gone for both of them.

The fiancé's, as they called themselves, continued to mindlessly burn rubber in the background surrounded by the daytime group at Las Nevadas. George wanted to be there, but he was captured by blond hair and lassoed with the need to prove something to himself. Maybe he'd finally gone manic.

"Just drive slow, straightforward, and don't hit me!" Dream called from a good 30 meters away. *Asshole*. His effortless ego was waxing George's nerves the longer they continue this. "A foot away pull your break and turn!"

George didn't fucking know the US metric system and had expressed that to Dream. He'd scoffed and walked down the strip. George's left hand groaned with irritation from the amount of sheer force used to grip his steering wheel. George couldn't tell what irked him more, his father, himself, or Dream's annoying apathy. Shifting gears, the car sped down the drag strip.

His Porsche devoured the asphalt underneath his speeding tyre and buzzed adrenaline into George's heart. It spread and burned like it usually would deep in the coals of his chest and reverberated into George's crowded mind. Going 75 mph towards a moving person was terrifying enough, but George was supposed to skid all while avoiding the possibility of gutting the masked man. Simple.

10 meters away George pulled the break. It was his first mistake on the evening. The wheels screamed in patent agony before he twisted the wheel to the right. Skidding appeared way easier when he watched everyone else do it. When George attempted, his car only spun him like a top and shot him into his steering wheel with an abrupt stop. His bumper was maybe an inch away from Dream's knees at the end of the strip. Once the inertia of his body found center again he let out a

frustrated groan and both fists made contact with his wheel. The horn beeped pathetically.

Dream wasted no time to take a dig into his ego, "what the hell was that!"

The slam of the man's hands on his car caused a flinch before George's emotions hardened. Messy thoughts seemed to turn into fight or flight.

"George!" His voice muffled from the build of his car.

Silence settled deep in George's chest while Dream walked to his rolled down window.

"That was the opposite of what I fucking asked you to do." George didn't have a reply. Instead, he unhooked his break and restarted the dead engine. "I know you have anarchist tendencies when it comes to rules but if you don't follow these you'll get hurt or hurt someone else."

"How is there rules for *skidding*?" His tone felt foreign even to himself. Hard. Aggressive. "Do *you* even follow them?"

"I don't have to I've been doing this longer than you," Dream said matter-of-factly. Both brows set into a pinched line when he leaned on the open window. "This isn't about me either, this is about your attitude towards this."

"Right," he chuckled harshly

"It isn't a fucking joke."

"Yeah, and if I wanted a lecture I would've talked to my father." George abruptly shifted gears pushing Dream back from his car. Left at the end of the drag strip, George could hardly feel bad about making him walk. Dream's mouth tended to yammer on with audacious comments and it never ran over well for George.

Maybe it wasn't always Dream. Scratch that, he was sure it wasn't *always* Dream. George tended to take out his personal problems on the blond. He'd conceal them until Dream knowingly pushed his buttons and made him squawk like a dancing duck. That damn mischievous grin etched behind the banal mask pushed almost too much. It was their newly discovered addiction. Back and forth, push until the other had nothing left to give. When a breaking point made itself known, one would push a little more. They'd fiend for that warmth neither seemed to acknowledge. Crave the pain and smug pleasure it brought. Dream's just ignored it in fear of what he'd felt before while George- he was extremely oblivious for someone in their mid-twenties.

George parked his Porsche 911 GT3 negligently next to Sapnap's orange Nissan Nsx and shut the door. The daytime group was cooking on several trashcan grills preparing for the night of races. It was only a few hours away but George felt the excitement already start in the bottom of his gut.

Sapnap raised a brow at his approach, "where's your loverboy?"

"One, he's not my 'loverboy'," George made aspirated hand quotations. "And two, I left his condescending ass on the drag strip."

Silence greeted him like a sharp blade. Several people started to whisper while Punz hackled into a beer.

"You have a death wish," Sapnap placed a warm palm on his shoulder. "But embarrassing him and putting his egoistic ass in place- well I admire your bravery, George."

George accepted a beer offered to him and slung himself into a ragged lawn chair pulled into a semicircle. The sunset was slowly presenting the potent purple and dusted rose across the Las Vegas sky. Warm and waning George sat back into his seat and... no he didn't sulk. He was too good for that, it was an irrelevant feeling, as his father would scold. No, he didn't sulk, he just thought deeply. Debated his life choices more than he usually would. Watched the others laugh and talk easily around him while remaining silent. George didn't sulk, but he drank another beer. George didn't sulk, but he sunk deep into his chair. Honestly, it was anger more than pity. Because fuck his father and the dysfunctional way of parenting. Fuck his decision to work for said dysfunctional parent. His eyes caught on the figure emerging from the burning sunset and his breath shook. And fuck Dream and his ability to make George feel... feel odd.

Dream walked straight for him, and George expected nothing less. The crowd prepared for whatever fight they were about to have and George well... like he said he didn't sulk. Instead, he sipped on his beer and gave Dream a cool look. It was encouragement. Push and pull.

"Did you have a nice walk?"

Dream pulled a drink from the nearby cooler and shook off the condensation from his sleek fingers. The cap snagged on his belt chain and snapped to the ground unceremoniously. It tinkled its way to George's ears through the deep bass of someone's music. George eyed the metal and snorted when it hit the toe of his boot. Dream's need for dramatic flare was amusing.

Dream lifted his mask discreetly and took a swig of his drink.

"What are you," George mocked, "the main character in a 'coming of age' movie? This your dramatic return as a new person?"

Wow, alcohol and George's need to taunt Dream was not a great mixture. The deep hum of inebriation settled low in his gut intertwining with that odd warmth. The newly found temptation. It frightened George almost as much as it intrigued him.

Dream's brows rose, "ballzy are you? Or you just drunk?"

"You would care?" George scoffed, "gonna lecture me on that as well?"

George leaned further into his chair and chased the fuzz in his brain away with focus. Dream's eyes were so damn green tonight.

"I don't waste advice on children," he explained.

"I'm many years older than you, Dream."

"You still act like a child." Dream twirled his beer by the neck. "See why you're father had to do so much damage control."

George's expression creased, "right? At least I still speak to my parents, what happened with yours?"

Sapnap looked horrified from his seat in the semicircle. Karl rested stiff as a bone in Sapnap's lap. He knew they were on the edge of intervening but they weren't the type to get stuck in the middle. Quackity, on the other hand, was but he appeared to be missing. George noticed his secret phone calls in the shadows before Dream tugged him to the drag strip. Something was stirring in Las Vegas and it wasn't just Dream and George's argument.

"I gave mine up," Dream shrugged. "You disobeyed daddy and got cut off. We are not the same,

don't compare us."

"You're just like him," George spat. "Encouraging until I don't follow your rules."

"Rules are there because of what happened at 'Hell Fire'," Dream replied. "You weren't there to experience that kind of loss. That kind of *death*. So, stop acting like a snob and get your head out of your ass."

"You are so caught up on those rules," George observed. He wondered why he couldn't stop while ahead. George wondered if he fought with Dream because it made him feel something. Or maybe he just liked to be told that the toxic thoughts in his head were true. Self destruction at it's finest. The need to burn things down as of late was lighting a fire in his chest. Push and pull. "What? Was it your fault somehow?" He shouldn't have said it. "That why you left your parents, couldn't handle being the son who caused what? Death?"

"George." He ignored Sapnap's harsh warning in favor of locking eyes with Dream.

"Childish," Dream said with pure malevolence. His tone dropped an octave not even Sapnap had witnessed. George's spine tightened. "You're reckless. Reckless because you're terrified of being a failure. Isn't that right?" His hands placed themselves placidly behind his back. "Parents broke you, so you're gonna throw a tantrum about it. Scared you're not enough. Wondering if the reason you never felt anything for your girlfriend was because something was *wrong* with you..."

"Dream," Sapnap turned his warning to his best friend now. Dream ignored him just to lace more poison into his words.

"Sulking because you know there is something wrong with you? Maybe it's something else? Do you feel like a disappointment, George?" Dream hummed at the lack of reply, "what you can dish it out but can't take it?" A harsh chuckle escaped the younger man, "I've been through way worse than being left on a drag strip. Or getting cut off, George. Next time pick a fight you can win."

George sat in uncomfortable silence desperate for a better reply but came up short. Only the low thump of music and several whispers entered the quiet. There was no more warmth in George's veins just the alcohol causing his inability to see straight. Dream's poison entered his ears and assassinated his beating heart, slowing it down to a numb *thump*. All that was left was his dry tongue, his harsh breaths, and the bone-deep ache in his gut. He was laid bare in front of everyone and Dream- well Dream looked apathetic behind his mask, victorious in shutting George up. They'd gone far in arguments before but this... the line of taunting and teasing was incinerated.

George huffed and stood from his lounge on shaky legs. He brushed his shoulder past Dream's muttering, "I know I'm a disappointment, Dream. Didn't have to announce it."

Dream didn't expect to hear the desolate tone, he frowned.

George figured maybe sulking was a better idea than his addiction. Drugs were never good for anyone anyways. George felt like a drug as he walked back into the casino part of Las Nevadas. Dirty and harmful.

George watched the races from the window of the casino. One of Quackity's secret room's had a large window with a very expensive settee. Fit for royalty, or Quackity's ego, it had 14k gold trim that encased black vintage velvet. It rested in a small room at the top of the building in front of a

one-sided window. Quackity called it his thinking place when he'd showed George. Now it was George's pity party venue.

Acrid smoke seeped up from the lower levels in the building and crawled its way to George's nose. He breathed in and exhaled into his tight knees both held against his chest. Sapnap and a guy named Jack were lined up at the beginning of the strip. The orange Nissan sprouted fire like ivy when he revved his engine in the night air. Jack's Toyota flashed blue and red lights much like a police car. George smiled when he caught a glimpse of his matching sunglasses.

"Hey." The voice startled him, but he refused to turn around. Quackity's heavy door shut loudly with a small click of the lock. George tucked himself tighter together.

"Go away, Dream."

Dream's sigh was audible. Deep and regretful, George could feel it as his oddly light steps approached.

Hesitantly, Dream took a seat next to George on the fancy couch and placed several things between them. George didn't break his eye contact with the window.

"You've got more to say," George figured. His chin rested on top of his knees. "Promise I won't fight back this time." Nails unconsciously dug crescent moons into George's skin where his palms rested on forearms. They matched the night sky in a horrid ironic manner. "Y'know maybe if you say it loud enough I'll remember to listen."

A heavy silence sat between them while George watched Sapnap cause Jack's car to burnout, he then sped off. He could almost taste the fuel induced smoke of Sapnap car. A few moments later the Toyota raced after him, George knew Sapnap would have another win on his belt. The longer the silence lasted the tighter George's self soothing ministrations became.

"Stop that." The warmth was back in the form of a caress. Dream's fingers unhooked George's nails from his pleading skin. George didn't let him hold them like last time, instead, he pulled away. Dream sighed again.

"Well," George bit back his hurt impatience. "What do you want, Dream?"

"To get high," he replied picking up an unlit blunt. "And apologize."

"How do those correlate?"

"I don't apologize."

"How do those correlate," George repeated. It dragged another heavy sigh out of Dream.

"I find this beautiful world easier to manage while high," he dripped with sarcasm. "Might also make your enduring demeanor easier to accept."

"Enduring?" It was enough for George to finally pull his gaze away from the window.

George hadn't bothered to turn the lights on when he entered the room, so that left them with the purple glow of the Las Nevadas street lamps and the cool blue of the moon. Dream always looked closed off, much like earlier during their argument. He appeared the same now but much less guarded, because Dream's mask was missing.

Their gazes met but Dream was first to look away.

"Yes," he whispered. "I find you quite charming, George."

That didn't make sense.

"Is it because I'm British?" George wondered if his alcohol hadn't worn off or if he was just an idiot. The joke managed to pull a small laugh from Dream either way. George savored the carefree sound, tucking it back into the puncture wound within his chest. It diluted some of the pretty poison Dream was serving earlier.

"Can I," he held up the blunt. George waved the go-ahead. George blamed his attentive stare at Dream on his fuzzy intoxicated brain. He blamed the way he savored the sight of Dream holding the lighter and lighting the blunt on the alcohol. Because how the fuck could he do that and look hot. Envy came back to George with fierce veracity.

Dream took a long drag and held it in his mouth for a moment before releasing it into the air between them. George followed every movement of Dream's lips helplessly enraptured.

"You don't have to apologize," George caught himself saying. "Not when everything you said was true."

Dream snorted, "still shouldn't have said it so bluntly. You didn't deserve that teardown and I am sorry."

George hummed and leaned his left cheek against his knees and watched Dream relax into the couch. His sweet diesel aroma hadn't soured yet, George wondered why it brought him comfort instead.

"I could have been nicer as well," he shrugged. "Just us isn't it? The broken ones that cause problems."

Dream frowned, "yeah."

Another silence sat between them, although this one was comfortable. It wasn't wired nor was it buzzing with adrenaline, it was just them. Quiet and warm accompanied by the smell of cigarettes and marijuana in the air.

"Will you..." Dream said nothing as encouragement for George to continue. "Will you tell me about 'Hell Fire'?"

He sighed, "I can't."

"Oh...Okay," George nodded.

Dream took another drag of his blunt and slowly blew it out. George was envious of him, so much so it ached in his gut. Tingling and warm he felt that familiar buzz when Dream was around return.

"I raced that night," he explained despite his last words. "Against a guy we kicked from the group. It was dangerous and extremely illegal. More than what we do here. Things happened and our base caught fire." *Because of me*, went unsaid but George still understood.

George was oblivious most of the time but he knew when to push and when to move on.

"Can I try?" Dream's hollow gaze flicked up towards George again. They traveled his features then settled on the blunt. Ge handed it over.

George was hesitant but pulled the blunt for himself. Slow to his lips, copying Dream's ministrations he took a drag. Then nearly died of a coughing fit. Dream broke into a burst of wheezing laughter and snatched the blunt back from the brunette.

"George! What the hell?" He laughed, "have you never?"

"No," George croaked. The taste almost felt like peppers, the sizzle scorched his tongue and lips. "Thought it was going to be" *cough cough* "es- easy. Fuck."

Dream dropped his head back against the couch and tilted to smile at George. When he recovered George let his legs fall to the ground to mirror Dream.

Dream held his and out, "come here."

George frowned but took his hand anyway. Dream tugged him closer and said, "leg here and here. Straddle me."

"Kinky," George muttered and received a glare. He didn't move immediately. "Why?"

Dream chuckled, "you're gonna smoke again but I'm gonna help you."

"Okay...?" George's hesitation was clear but Dream didn't push. He waited then watched George move over him holding his breath. George wanted to be close to Dream again and he didn't understand why. It was toxic really, after their fight to somehow just work again. But there he was straddling Dream's lap and sitting tentatively on him. Like some slut at a party, George really questioned his identity and morals while drunk.

"I can touch you, correct?" George nodded and gave a verbal assertion a moment later. Dream cupped George's cheek and ran a teasingly soft thumb over his self-bitten lips.

Dream brought the blunt to his lips and took a drag. George tracked his movement again but Dream knew about it this time. While holding the smoke in his mouth Dream tugged George forward. Forehead to forehead, Dream thumbed over George's lips again. Slow and gentle he dragged George's mouth open and pressed his own to it. The smoke swirled its way into George's breath when Dream blew it out. A moment later he pulled back and pressed George's jaw shut. His eyes burned before Dream allowed him to exhale. This time he didn't cough. Instead, his mind short-circuited and he stared blankly at Dream who only smiled. The burn in his gut traveled towards his cheeks and dusted him pink.

Diesel and vanilla soiled his thoughts and rotted his veins George knew he was screwed but the smoke was already taking its effects.

Dream tucked a curl behind George's ear, "better?"

George nodded because his tongue was far too heavy to speak. Push and pull. Push and pull. He silently pushed Dream to do it again, the man silently pulled and obeyed.

Chapter End Notes

There will probably be a bit of spice at the beginning of next chapter so be prepared.

<3

Cloud 9

Chapter Notes

⚠ contains discussion of past sexual trauma. Nothing graphic just discussion⚠
Be safe happy reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Yeah I know I'm not faking. But it kinda feels that way."

Crashing

ILLENIUM ft Bahari

Mistakes are made every mundane day. Could be wearing the wrong shirt, writing the wrong sentence, or even turning down the wrong road. George had a tendency to speed down the path of his mistakes. The tyre would spin him into situations he'd rather not have been secluded to.

"Dream." The breathy sound of his own voice was foreign to him. Maybe it was the alcohol or the near astral projection in his veins. He'd never smoked before, and that mistake was slowly closing in on his conscious, much like a collapsing house of cards. His hand was dealt and far from a winning pair.

George didn't know how he ended up laid on the couch. Gasping. Spinning. All he could understand was the uncomfortable need, the buzz that ached in every part of his body. In his stomach, in his groin, in his soul. The brief wonder on the effects only came in small increments. Normal tiresome anxiety didn't exist here, he floated instead. Riding the wave of a high, he sifted through Dream's hair where he resided, between George's thighs. Lips firm against skin.

How they'd gotten there, George was just as confused as anyone else... but god he didn't want to stop. Cars revved down below on the street while Dream had asked his consent. George should've said no. Should've stopped him because they were high. They weren't themselves. They had just fought like badgers and now were as desperate as cats in heat. He keened his inebriated reply. Moaned his definite consent because green eyes bore into his and he could barely breathe with all the attention. Because despite his head god he wanted him. He'd never admit it sober but something about who Dream was caused George to spike in desire.

George let Dream unzip his jeans, pull them down above his knees, he let Dream touch him. Every caress was heightened and almost overstimulated but he didn't ask him to stop. In a dinky office with no other lights than the moon and hesitant purple street lamps, he didn't ask Dream to stop. His heart hammered in his chest full of approval, but his head was induced by a foreign substance. Normally he would have said no. God, he should've said no. He should've said no instead of-

"Dream, please."

"Are you just high or do you want this?" So careful, George felt safe with him like this. Safe underneath a man that was so thorough. He wondered if it was embarrassing to be present like this before Dream. To be needy and vulnerable and high.

"Does it matter," he whined, clearly not himself.

"Yes," Dream looked far more sober than George but not by much. Emerald gazed back at him steadily despite his blown wide pupils. "It matters."

He knew lying would come back to bite him in the ass, it always did, but George made a lot of mistakes.

"Yes," he fibbed because he didn't want to admit it. He didn't want to admit that this was from the weed. Or maybe it wasn't and this was all him. That revelation terrified him more than the former. It settled a deep ick placed there by parents. "Please."

Dream chuckled before he took George in his mouth and teased him. It felt better than when Genevieve did it. George's skin buzzed with pleasure and want and need. God, he needed more than he could express. Dream's hair was short unlike Genevieve's. Soft and just enough to sift through. And... well Dream seemed to be enjoying himself while Genevieve hated to do it. He never made her and never pushed for her to do it, even if it was something he wanted.

At any moment he could've said stop and Dream would've abandoned all touch, George knew that. He did. He didn't ask him to stop.

"Dream," he moaned quietly. Gently. His back arched off of Quackity's expensive settee and canted into Dream's ministrations. The younger man pushed him down and encouraged him to stay there before taking him further into his mouth. A suggestion, not a demand. It was dirty and hot and fast and damn, George knew he was going to regret it.

His finger's traced Dream's neck as he pulled upon him. The muscle was taut beneath his fingers. Strong and unmoving. The amount of strength he had compared to George was tremendous. Dream's could easily overpower him. Take control of him. George groaned at his filthy thoughts. Dream moved back down and let his nose brush against George's tender skin. George couldn't handle the unfamiliar buzz of want in his body. Too much too fast and all he wanted was to speed, floor the gas pedal.

"Dream," he warned. "I- if you-Dream."

Dream didn't shy away from George's warning, instead, he held George down with gentle hands and let him come into his waiting mouth. Thumbs swiped softly over George's hips and soothed his pleasurable cries. Brown eyes resided in the back of his head for a moment while his body thumped with adrenaline and satisfaction. Dream used a measured hand and helped George come down from the clouds.

Dream backed away a moment later to swallow, keeping direct eye contact with George while he did it. Before he extracted himself completely a sweet kiss was placed below George's navel, warm and gentle. He didn't mean for the kitten mewl to escape from his heavy breaths.

What the fuck had George just done?

The back of Dream's hand swiped over his swollen lips before he tucked George back into his boxers and jeans.

"You okay?" Hoarse in tone, Dream's voice mixed up more of George's internal crisis.

George felt a dip in euphoria, "you just sucked me off."

Dream smiled, "yeah I did." It wasn't until he looked back at George that he realized. Dream's

stomach dropped down past the impending speed limit. "Geo-"

"Y-you sucked me off." His breaths were static and charged, Dream paled significantly. "Why did..."

"You wanted me to." Apathy crept its way back into Dream's expression to cover his sheer panic. What had they just done? George couldn't read him like that, Dream's eyes felt hollow from his spot on the couch. George searched for something to latch onto.

"I'm high," George argued. "And I'm not... I'm not gay, Dream. Why would? You should've known-"

"Being high only causes the things you want to float to the surface George," he frowned. "And you should have told me 'no' of it made you uncomfortable. I wouldn't have... I don't... without permission... I'm not I would never have unless you wanted it..."

"I wanted it but now...I know you don't but," he felt filthy. "I'm high and..."

"I'm high too, George." The shake in his voice should have alerted George of Dream's desperation. "You told me yes-"

"I know what I said," he stood on two very shaky legs. His fly still shamelessly unzipped. "I shouldn't have. That-this was a mistake."

Escaping was his only way out. So, like a frightened rabbit, George hopped over discarded beer bottles and moved towards the locked door. He didn't see the other man's slow self-destruction, he didn't stay long enough.

The hallways spun heavily when George dashed down them. He used the heavily decorated wall to hold himself up and guide him down to the offices.

Quackity's main office door was slightly ajar and George made to open it but came up short at a familiar voice.

"He's back?" It was the harshest tone he'd ever heard Quackity use. George could only understand one side of the phone call but strained to hear anyways. "No. Dream won't comply to a mad man... I will not tell him to either. Techno? No... not even for redemption."

George's knee gave out on him resulting in his left hip smacking loudly into the wall. Quackity looked to the door then scowled, "I think someone is listening. Hold on."

George was already pressing the buttons to the lift by the time Quackity peeked his head out of the office. The lift shook his equilibrium and suddenly a blackout pulled George under.

Something patted his nose. Careful but persistent the pats continued. A hand swatted at the air. The pats continued.

George eventually opened his eyes if only to tell off whoever was disturbing his slumber. In the place he expected to find a person, a green-eyed feline gazed into his soul bumping him with its

wet nose. This wasn't his cat. And it also wasn't his bed. George realized pretty quickly that he hadn't gone back to the house. Couldn't remember it at least. Both of his legs and arms remained deeply entangled in grey and black sheets, tight and comfortable. The crowd thoughts in his head hadn't caught up to understand what his eyes were experiencing. Every part of his body ached.

"Good morning."

"Go away," George buried his nose into the foreign pillow. The voice shuffled beside him. Clothed in his deterring chains the man was dressed for the day.

George hadn't noticed it was Dream there, but now his presence started up his tame heartbeat. The smell of fresh vanilla and hesitant diesel seemed to follow the unmasked man where ever he went. George hadn't had enough time to decide whether he tolerated the aroma or not. Not enough conversation. Not enough *friendly* conversation's at least.

Dream rustled the blanket when he turned over and something finally registered in George's hazy mind. He'd left him last night. 'Ran away' from him was a more accurate statement. Both brown eyes peered over the pillowcase and caught Dream's heavy gaze. Suddenly, he was a deer in headlights. George wondered briefly if he'd become plastered to the pavement of their mistakes.

"Why am I in your bed?"

Dream gave no sudden reaction, "because I put you there."

"Why?"

"Because you blacked out." Dream picked up the cat who had slowly tried to cut off their eye contact. George met Patches the first night he moved in but hadn't interacted with her much since. "Quackity found you on the floor in front of the elevator. I came and found him trying to wake you a moment after you..." he waved a dismissive hand. "And when we tried to put you in your room you vomited all over your bed."

"Fuck my life," George fell face first into the pillow again.

He figured Dream would chuckle and make a crass or snarky comment but the silence felt heavy. And Dream's soothing voice didn't enter his ears. George didn't know if he was supposed to acknowledge it or not. Apologize? Not apologize? "Dream?"

"I know you are uncomfortable about what... what I did to you." George had never heard words sound so poisonous and regretful. His breath caught between his ribs. "And we don't have to ever bring it up again... I." Dream grimaced and pulled patches closer to him. "I said I'd never be like... I'm just sorry, George."

George dropped his whiny expression and deciphered that admission carefully, "like...who?"

Dream's bottom lip suffered between tight teeth. He had the urge to remove it with his thumb but didn't make any sudden movements, afraid Dream would return to his defensive apathy.

"I know how it feels to not be able to say 'no'," he shrugged. "You think you want something and then change your mind. Or don't."

"You-"

"No," Dream cut in cleanly to banish whatever left field assumption George was about to lay between them. "I wanted what was happening. Just realized later I felt like I *had* to... when I didn't."

You don't have to do anything, sexually, you don't want to, okay? And if someone ever tells you otherwise tell one of us." Another pause ran its course. "At least the rest of the house, think my mistakes might need to be taken into better consideration."

George reached for patches and felt honored when she canted into his touch. Why couldn't Cat be affectionate like that, traitor.

In a kind whisper, George said, "I'm sorry that happened to you."

"I'm sorry too."

George hummed. His thoughts creaked and crackled with calculation. He realized Dream must be tearing himself apart thinking about their encounter. Their mistake? The look on his face was telling enough. Both brows glued Dream's brood expression together in a sad manner. Pain. Regret. Desperation. George had never seen so many emotions from the man beside him. White-hot shame twisted into his lower intestines. Not only had he run away like a coward but he'd caused more distress than initially intended. George sighed and offered Dream the hand caressing patches. The blond flicked his eyes to it and scooted further away.

"Dream?"

"I should go," he muttered, moving to get up. "Just wanted to apologize because I..."

"Dream," George wrapped his fingers around a retreating wrist with pure and gentle intentions. "This is your bed."

That statement was all he could come up with.

Dream dumbly nodded, "I know."

George had a sudden realization, "where did you sleep last night?"

"On the couch."

"Dream.."

"It's okay I'm-"

"No," George tugged on his hand. "Come here."

Dream hesitated. Big, bad, apathetic Dream hesitated with every bone in his body.

George let Dream gaze into his eyes and look for any repulsion. Back and forth for a moment, he let the green invade his brown, it was like looking through a closed door. A juxtaposition of the night before. It had been warm and safe then now their walls were stacked back up. George tried not to let his ease falter.

Slowly, Dream crawled under the duvet a few inches from George's warm body. The blankets rustled cozy and safe between the two and George decided to ignore his quickened heart in favor of focusing on Dream.

"You didn't take advantage of me." The air was fragile glass and George was afraid he'd shatter it with an octave too loud. "I..." he looked away. "I wanted it."

"You were high," Dream argued. George wanted to roll his eyes at Dream's reuse of his words.

"So, were you."

Dream didn't refrain from the eye roll but let his gaze rest on the pillow beneath George's bedhead, "I've been high before, that was your first time. I shouldn't 've..."

"I told you, 'yes'." George's words were firm and final. The complete opposite of the way he felt on the inside.

This with Dream felt like teetering on the edge of a cliff. Feeling the wind from below. Green eyes were the peer pressure when offered pills, alcohol, and sex. And god George was tempted. He really was. Walking the line of that short pathway, the wind pushed harder and compressed George's decisions. It was often fear that won over anger and well... he was too hungover to have a spiked temper.

"Believe it or not..." he sighed and tried to stomach the pink flush accompanying his confession. "I wanted you to." A daunting whisper, "I wanted it Dream."

"Then why'd you run away?"

"I was," he swallowed. "Scared. And high."

Dream finally let his lips loosen into a gentle smile. George felt his skin buzz with... he couldn't explain it if someone paid him. Well maybe the better term was, *wouldn't* explain it.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

George shook his head, "I still feel straight if that's where this is going."

Dream looked confused so George continued with, "y'know because your straight-phobia and all."

Dream's eyes creased with laughter and damn George felt weightless by a simple sound. It felt like the night before. Unapologetic for who he was and what he wanted. The open demands for George to straddle him, the burn of smoke on his lips, Dream's lips close to his own. They hadn't kissed, not even close. Just smoked and... George simmered with the rest.

Cloud nine didn't always have to be a place George realized, it could possibly be a person. Warm flesh, straight teeth, and gentle caresses. George could float there forever if offered.

"Fuck off," fond and easy, Dream dragged a hand over his eyes. "This was a serious conversation, George."

He shrugged, "being serious, with you, makes me uncomfortable. That isn't us."

A warm palm fell with a muted *thump* back onto the mattress. Dream looked amused, George decided he liked the way Dream's hair fell when laid like this. Envy was an awful burden to carry. Or bury... at least that's what George tried to do with it.

"What is us?"

"Don' know," George grumbled. "Enemies?"

Dream hummed and brought his fingers closer to George's ear. He stared Dream down and let him know silently that he wasn't uncomfortable with this. With his touch.

With an index finger Dream traced George's jawline and said, "you aren't my enemy, George."

The intake of breath was quick, and if Dream noticed it he remained silent.

"No?" George tried to hold his composure but the touch was sending him to the clouds again. It was soft this time, caring. George was never used to touch, when Genevieve happened he learned to cope with it but now... He'd let Dream trace his cheekbones all day if he so desired.

"No."

Impatience filtered in, "what am I then?"

Dream's famous grin returned, "my little daredevil."

A groan tugged George's vocal cords when Dream gave him a grandma-like cheek squeeze. Dream was an *ass*.

"The fuck did you just call me?"

"Aww," Dream cooed. "He's all grown up and cursing at me. I'm so goddamn proud I could cry."

The deadpan in Dream's voice brought a chuckle out of George in spite of his vexation. He swiped at his cheekbone squeezes.

"Fuck off."

Dream sighed, "my little car hopper."

"Dream."

"My little weed smoker."

"God," George groaned. "Just call me your little whore and call it a day."

"George!"

"What!"

A wheeze broke their fragile atmosphere, "what is wrong with you?"

"You started it," he challenged with a winning grin. "I wanted to finish it."

"Right," Dream sighed. His hand dipped down to pull George's wrist. "Come here."

"Why?"

"There's this thing called hugging," Dream said. "Think it might clear the air."

George rolled his eyes and looked at the contrast between their skin. Dream was warmed-toned. His callouses must be from his car, working on it George figured. They felt harsh while Dream's grip was gentle. George felt his chest resolve.

"Okay."

George knew he was awkward. He knew he went into this embrace *extremely* awkward, but Dream didn't let it last long. That familiar warmth took control here. Wrapped in Dream's arms and tangled in blankets George levitated. Anchored to the earth by Dream's unmistakable scent and steady breaths, George let himself go. Floating into that warmth as far as he could. His stomach

swung with the height of emotion but ignorance was key.

He sighed into Dream's shoulder.

"I'm sorry." Genuine and mellow Dream's apology drifted into his clouds like rain.

"It's okay, Dream. Promise."

He hadn't done it since he was in primary school and a minute smile split his cheeks. Unhooking his left arm, he looped it around Dream's right. The younger man remained silent and let George wrap their pinkies together.

He said, "pinky promise."

Dream couldn't hold back his grin. George's body tipped further into the embrace when the blond's voice caressed his ear.

"Charming." The younger man let his lips brush beneath George's ear lobe. Lighting struck around the clouds of George's consciousness.

"Would think you'd call me childish again," George suppressed his smug grin in the juncture of Dream's neck and shoulder. Sweet diluted petrol twisted his gut in many ways while a warm palm ignited the flesh of his shoulder blades.

"I was angry I'm no-"

"Dream!" The man in question groaned into their shared pillow. He hadn't pulled from the embrace and George didn't know how to without this becoming awkward. He didn't want to. "Wake up! We're going out of town!"

"Where you guy's going?" George unhooked his chin from Dream's warmth, he was met with grumpy facial features.

"No fucking clue."

"Dream!" The door burst open before scandalized shrieks escaped Sarnap's vocal cords. "Oh shit! Are you guy's naked!" His hand rushed to cover his eyes. "Karl! You owe me fifty bucks!"

George's cheeks heated, "we weren't." He tried not to think about the lack of warmth when he pulled away from Dream's embrace entirely. "Were not even naked, dumbass."

Sarnap peeked between his ring and middle finger then sighed in relief.

"Great! Cool, now up. And clothes," he sucked in a breath. "Come on uptown is happening this weekend!"

"Uptown?"

Dream groaned and fell back onto his pillow, "uptown? That was a shit show last time."

"Yeah," Sarnap agreed. "But the entry fee is 1 grand and the prize is 50."

"Fifty thousand dollars?" George's brows met his hairline. "What are you entering exactly."

"Dream's going to race."

The blond snorted, "Dream, is not doing anything. Dream is going back to sleep." George wondered if he was really that egoistic to talk about himself in the third person. "Why don't you race?"

"Sapnap's car isn't that fast," the youngest man mocked. "Sapnap's car is for show and for his boyfriend. Sapnap's car wouldn't stand a chance."

"George is confused," George said. Dream's airy laugh entered their conversation like a mediator.

"Either way," Sapnap brushed off. "Quackity has business with Soot."

Dream groaned again, "what does he want?"

"Didn't tell me."

George looked between the two and said, "who's Soot?"

"I'll pay your fee, Dream." Sapnap opened his hands outward as presentation, "I know you've been itching to race again. This one is the safest you can get."

"George," Dream hummed. "I'll do it if George does."

"If I what?"

"George is in."

George scoffed, "George is not! I won't race. I can barely skid! What makes you think..."

"Fine," Sapnap said. "What if he rides with you during it? A compromise."

Dream shrugged and George wondered what the hell he was about to get himself into.

Chapter End Notes

Mmm, a bit of spice bit of angst. Also, what do you think Quackity is doing?
Something sketchy?

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

George talks to Genevieve

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"It's the way it doesn't hurt when I wish it did"

It's Ok If You Forget Me

Astrid S.

She was pulling on his heartstrings. Soft and languid in his thoughts, Genevieve danced around his dreamland apartment. His shirt hung low over her thicker thighs, soft with cellulite and excess skin. She used to complain to him about her body. Showed him pictures of who she used to be. When her stomach hung heavier over her hips and her arms weren't always inches in circumference. It was why her habits were so strict. The god awful health smoothies and calorie counting and doctors visits along with the unhealthy habits. George didn't know who she was before his father introduced them. He learned within three years.

George learned her hobbies, her favorite colors, her darkest and lightest secrets. What made her smile. What made her cry. What caused her spite, her anger. He knew it all like an easy monologue he remembered from school.

She was sweet in his dreams. Still cold and tiny but sweet. Her smiles shined in the sun and her hair fell over her dainty shoulder. George used to brush it away and kiss the skin there just to hear her laugh. When he woke that morning he wondered where that feeling went. The ease and want to be around Genevieve. George wondered when Genevieve stopped making him feel. He wondered if he'd ever felt anything to begin with. Maybe he'd just convinced himself?

Three years and now her doorstep didn't make him giddy. The practiced knocks didn't strike a fire in his heart. Instead, he stood numb to her and the thought of her.

The door was unlocked which was never the case for Genevieve. She had a fear of robbers even if she lived in the safest neighborhood she could find. With a bit of worry, he stepped through the threshold and called her name.

No reply.

Figuring she was in the shower, George shut the door behind him. Treading carefully through her apartment. He didn't notice the discarded clothes along the floor. Or the half empty bottle of wine on the counter. Two glasses. A foreign coat. George was far too caught up in the nostalgia of this apartment.

The time they baked a cake in nothing but underwear and soft smiles. He could still feel the icing sugar on his lips when Genevieve kissed him. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist to keep

them close. The hand he used to tuck her blonde strands away clenched and tucked into his Dream's hoodie. No, he still hadn't given it back.

The grey couch where Genevieve had poured her heart out to him and said those three words. He remembers being happy about hearing them. They felt like a success, like he'd finally done the correct thing, like he'd finally got it right for his father. George thinks back on it now and sees how right it was for the wrong reasons.

Genevieve's bedroom door was ajar. George pushed through it without thinking.

The cycle had happened with all of his past relationships. He'd like them for a while. It'd get serious and then... they'd cheat. Honestly, it wasn't surprising anymore. Although seeing Genevieve kiss someone else, hurt. He'll admit he was on his way to have the breakup talk with her. Kiss and cry and be on his way but now he felt like the only one who'd be crying. Well, maybe. His tears didn't feel worthy of this moment.

Frightful eyes broke from the kiss to gasp at his presence. George wondered if he looked as dumb as he felt. Standing ready with an apology while Genevieve had already moved on. It'd been two weeks since that engagement dinner and she was already in bed with another. George had no right to complain, he knew that, but it didn't make it hurt any less. It didn't really hurt at all...

Genevieve was the only girl he'd been with that long. The only girl he considered to love. Beautiful and lively and sweet. This didn't leave a glutinous grain in his mouth it tasted sour. Watching the guy roll off her in a hurry tasted sour. Her apologetic pleading eyes tasted fucking sour.

"George," she gasped. "Babe. Why are you here."

"Who's this." Being numb to the feeling was an advantage for this moment. Pain and heartbreak had already taken its course with his parents, why not add to the pile.

"I'm Meyer," the guy said. "Who are you?"

George felt his grimace before he replied, "her boyfriend. Well, I guess Ex-boyfriend now."

"George," Genevieve tried, pulling her shirt from the floor.

He held a hand out, "no. It's alright, G. I don't want an explanation."

Her look came back. The one George usually had to titer between as desire or anger.

"You can't just," she huffed and followed George out of her bedroom. "Where have you been? You haven't spoken to me since...since you're parent's house?"

"Been dealing with a lot of shit, G."

Her brows rose at his language choice, "clearly. By that mouth and these clothes." A well manicured hand gestured to George's ensemble. Mostly black with the hoodie and chains stolen from Dream and Sapnap. He knew what he looked like, he fit in at Las Vegas in that outfit. Not with Genevieve. Not with her Dior aroma and one of a kind lingerie peeking out beneath some other guys t-shirt. "You have no right to be angry with me. You- you dropped off the face of the earth and left me with all of this... *stuff*. I had to attend several events without a date, George. Do you know how bad that looks on me? On you?"

The smell of burnt rubber came to mind. A chorus of laughs and speeding past red lights in the dead of the night. The idea of champagne and small talk sounded dreadful.

"I've been cut off, G, I don't care how bad I look."

She impatiently shifted her footing, "we could still fix this. I could help you fix this."

George's jaw slackened with disbelief, "you're serious."

"Marry me like your father wanted you to," Genevieve suggested.

Bewilderment wasn't enough to cover George's absolute disbelief.

"I just caught you cheating on me, Genevieve."

She shrugged, "no one with money ever has a healthy relationship, George. Women are treated like trophy-wives and men sleep with whomever they see fit." George scoffed. "Look we could present the perfect family together. Like my parents want, like your parents work."

"What," he sighed. "Like an open relationship. That's not what I want, Genevieve."

"Exactly," she pleaded. "I could be with Meyer and you could be with your boyfriend. It would work-"

"Wait. Wait..." George cut in with a sharp bite of the tongue. "I'm not gay, Genevieve. I don't have a boyfriend! What made you think-"

"George." His name dripped with pity.

Genevieve stood before him, half-dressed, and somehow giving him a look his mother always managed. Knowing and some awful kind of condolence. It only started the fuel for George's temper.

"You hated to kiss me," Genevieve started. A nervous hair tucked behind her ear. "You hated to have sex with me. Your eyes were always so far away. I thought it could be me but I watched you eye our waiters. The men on the streets-"

"Fuck you," he seethed.

"-You looked too long for it not to be something, George! It's alright, you know, it isn't a-"

"It's not alright, Genevieve!" His fingers dragged through his hair. "My father would crucify me if it was true. *Disown* me more than he already has. It's not true Genevieve. I'm not... I'm just not."

"Okay, George. I'm sorry." Soft and careful. "I know you want nothing to do with me, don't lie I can see it in your eyes." George's reply died on his lips. "Just think about it okay? About the marriage thing. It would work for me. If it will work for you, I'm here."

"Right." George didn't give her any more of his time. The door shut with a somber shake.

George sped 70 mph over the speed limit.

George walked straight into the garage where his housemates were located as well as some of the other Las Nevadas members. A hand wrapped around Quackity's beer and yanked it from his grasp. The shorter man barely had time to argue before the bottle was emptied into George's mouth. Quackity grumbled and tossed George another.

"Rich boy can drink."

"Fuck off, Punz."

The man chuckled and straightened his bunched cargo pants. Soft R&B blasted out of the speakers on the wall. George could feel the fight simmer between him and Punz. And by the aggressive breathing the latter was ready for the fistfight.

This time George was in a better mindset. There wouldn't be any more beating him while he kneeled before this man, if anything It'd be the other way around. This rage could be from his interaction with Genevieve or maybe it was some hidden fury in his veins he'd never presented to the public.

George took a sip of his beer and decided it was because of Genevieve. He was wired off of it, off of her words. Anything could've pushed him over the edge and, well, Punz liked to play with his temper.

"You kiss your girlfriend with that mouth."

George's expression was a breath away from murderous, "no, but I'll kiss your mother with it."

What was he a schoolboy? It irked Punz either way. His chest puffed out as if he was ready to roll with punches but Sapnap cut in.

"George."

"What?" George's venom turned to Sapnap who looked irritated. The younger man's racing bandanna shifted under his oil-covered fingers. A wrench and a medium-sized funnel were held in one palm while he cleared the moving tool cart with the other.

"Stop pissing people off with your bitchy attitude," Sapnap huffed, "do me a favor and bring this out to your lover boy."

"I don't have a lover boy," George spat. "I'm not gay."

The group in the garage whispered to each other. Loud and quiet George felt he could hear every word of judgment.

Sapnap frowned, "it's a joke, dumbass. Take this to Dream and get out of my garage."

"No! Just because-"

The younger man shoved the items into George's hand and turned him towards the other end of the driveway. He stifled his crass words and stormed down the pavement. Fuck Sapnap and the rest of them.

Dream ignored him once he got to his car. The hood of his black Toyota GT86 was popped up while the top of the blond's torso dug deep into the engine. A mess of mechanical parts intimidated George when he peeked. Oil tubes ran unattached in awkward spots yet somehow connected to the main metal in the middle. He knew cars but knew absolutely nothing about what was inside them.

"Here." The word was clipped in attitude and George had no remorse for it.

"Try again," Dream's voice echoed a bit from his spot in the car's engine. "A little less attitude."

"Fuck you," George mocked. "Take this so I can retire to my room."

Dream stood up and rested his dirty hands on the car. Leaning his weight in a self-assured stance, he turned to look at George. The brunette wondered what he saw when those eyes caught him like this, much like he wondered with Genevieve. He wondered if Dream could see the heartbreak presented in the form of rage. Maybe he could see George's confused feelings, but Dream's apathetic expression gave nothing away.

"Formal," Dream said taking the tiny wrench from his hands. "You are upset."

George scoffed, "I'm not."

"I don't like," he strained to reach into the hood, "liars. Try again."

"This isn't a game."

"Then stop playing."

George scoffed and leaned against Dream's car. From here he could see the laughing and mingling of the garage goers. Punz and Jack laughing with Puffy. Sapnap talking with Quackity. Karl showed up a moment later with Sam and pulled Sapnap into a kiss. A few stragglers were still trickling in and George wondered if they were leaving for uptown as well or if they were having another drinking night.

"Why aren't you conversing with the fellow criminal racers?"

"Oh," Dream teased. "You visit your girlfriend once and now I'm a criminal." His mischievous grin irked George's temper, "you wound me, little daredevil."

"Ex-girlfriend," George corrected through clenched teeth. "And do not use that absurd name for me."

"Drop the, Arch Duke from the British Isles, grammar and maybe we can call it a day."

Contrary to their little fight Dream's smile sketched lines into his cheeks. The mask was discarded and tucked into the back pocket of Dream's worn jeans. George relaxed at the lack of ammunition from the younger man, he wasn't in the mood for their easy war-driven conversations. George appreciated Dream's silent attention to situations.

"Right," George looked away.

"So," Dream pulled the funnel from George's clenched fingers and set it aside. "Ex-girlfriend?"

"She cheated on me." George shrugged and wrapped tight arms around his torso. Dream's eyes flicked down at the moment but said nothing. "Has been cheating on me? I don't know. I walked in on it then she decided to justify it by saying I'm gay."

"Oh?"

George scoffed, "shut up with your straight-phobia."

"I didn't say anythi-"

"I know." He sighed and leaned his full weight into Dream's car. "Just stop making me feel like that."

"Feel like what?" His warm voice pulled him back in.

Aspirated George said, "like I never know who I am. Like you're in my head and know what I'm *not* telling you."

Dream snorted, "you give me too much credit."

"Do I?" George challenged. He faced Dream entirely, crossing his arms in the feigned confidence Dream had naturally. "Right. Prove me wrong, asshole. Tell me what you're thinking."

Dream rolled his eyes, "you just visited your girlfriend and found her cheating. And by this... odd angry reaction you aren't upset about that. It's something else." He pulled the screwdriver from George's fingers and tilted his chin up with the metal tip. "What are you really upset about, George."

The brunette gave in, "what if she's right?"

He thumbed over George's chin absentmindedly, "about what?"

"What if the reason I never felt anything for her, for any of them, was because," he couldn't utter the rest of the sentence.

"Does it matter?"

"Doesn't it?"

"We don't care," Dream tilted his head toward the garage. "Those bozos are every color of the rainbow."

"But my father..."

"Cut you off," Dream said. The touch on George's skin waned and he suffered from the loss. "Fuck what he thinks."

"And if I'm wrong?"

"Change your mind," Dream suggested. "I did about a hundred times before I decided I knew who I was. Experiment."

Dream went back to his car and placed the funnel in the oil spout after unscrewing its tight bolt. A container of oil, set aside, was now being put to use. George felt confused again.

A humorless laugh rose from his chest, "experiment? As in what?"

"Kiss some boys. Give them some hickies. Let them give you some," Dream's head went back into the hood of his car and added an echo to his voice again. "Let them get you off! Get them off! Fuck them! Let them-"

"Alright, alright!" George poked Dream's stretched shoulder. "I get what experiment means, idiot."

"Get your flirt on, daredevil." George ignored how flirty Dream's sentence was in itself. "Live a little."

Live a little, god George was trying, wasn't he?

When the breeze caressed around them it felt humid, hinting at the storm in the distance. The sun would be going down in a few hours leaving the sky midway into sunset. George knew they'd be driving all night much like spending the evening at Las Nevadas. He had never been on this kind

of road trip. A train of racing cars on their way to meet more illegal cars. Most definitely speeding past the limit in the dead of night. It was uplifting to look forward to after his encounter with Genevieve.

Karl's noisy giggle pulled George's attention back to the garage. Sapnap had tossed Karl over his right shoulder and proceeded to dance around with him. Karl's body was much longer than Sapnap's but the latter was much stronger. Like a rag doll, Sapnap hauled Karl around the garage and pulled different tools around. George snorted.

"A seven-hour drive with those two is going to be annoying."

Dream leaned away from the car and caught sight of George's attention. His lips rested in a lazy smile that nearly burned George alive.

"Karl also gets restless on long car rides if he's not driving."

"Great," George muttered.

"They'll have fun in his fire pit of a car," Dream said casually. "You can pick the music in mine."

George swallowed as both eyes shot to Dream, "you want me in your car?"

"Was the deal wasn't it?" The signature grin appeared again. "I race and you sit as an accomplice?"

"Didn't think that meant on the drive there."

Dream pulled the funnel from his car and tossed the empty oil bottle into the plastic grocery bag. He tied a knot into the plastic and chunked it into the rubbish bin. Well, trash can, as Sapnap had mocked. An arm shot out to push George away before the hood came down with a heavy *thump*.

"It's up to you," Dream shrugged. "The seat is always yours if you want it."

"Why?"

Dream eyes subtly traced George's features. With his brown eyes and fluffy hair, George felt a bit of fluster kick up in his cheeks. He still refused to avert his attention. Dream looked away first, smiling to himself. George couldn't tell if Dream was grinning because of George's presentation or if it was hidden knowledge he was yet to unlock.

"I won't explain everything to you, George." His apathy returned without warning. "You're smart, daredevil, figure it out."

He scoffed, "I'm not some pawn in you and Puffy's game."

"Puffy?" Dream's brows furrowed then realization set in, "that's child's play. You are worth more than a squabble with puffy."

"What does that mean?" No answer. "Dream!"

George watched him snatch up the used tools and head back to the garage.

Sputtering, George spit it out before he couldn't. He'd been chewing on the concept since it was brought up.

"Would you do it?"

Dream's steps halted. It felt like slow motion when he turned to face George. Although in casual jeans and an old band t-shirt George felt his knees buckle with intimidation.

"Do what?"

"Be-be," he groaned and embraced the burn of his cheekbones. "Be my experiment."

Dream's head tilted with indecision.

"Why me?"

"I..." George had several reasons he wasn't ready to explore. "I feel comfortable with you."

"What makes you think I'd want to do anything with you?"

George paled. His bottom lip became abused by his teeth. Nerves and regret held hands and danced around in his gut.

"Oh," he looked away. Dream took slow taunting steps towards him. "*Oh*. Right, I apologize... I think. I should've... it was just. I... what are you doing."

Dream towered over George in height but the latter still muttered "yes" when Dream reached for him.

He didn't care that Dream's palm was covered in motor oil, didn't care about what this meant, he didn't even care about the audience a few meters away in the garage.

Dream tilted his head up easily. George simmered in his newly found itch. Something Dream started back in Quackity's office when they were high. The younger man's lips leaned close and brushes against George's earlobe.

He whispered, "I like when you blush, George."

"Dream," he questioned. It felt like a pathetic plead.

"I'm not a good choice for this," he added. "I like to take pretty things and ruin them." Dream's thumb brushed over George's taunt jawline. George withheld from closing his eyes at the touch. Who has he become? "Turn people inside out so they don't remember who they were. A rich boy like you wouldn't make it three days messing with me."

George gripped Dream's wrist, "like hell I could. You don't scare me, Dream." The blond only hummed as a response. "And you know... maybe I want to be ruined."

Purposely Dream brushed his lips below George's ear, "we'll see, *daredevil*."

Chapter End Notes

Mmmm I have an emotional attachment to Dream calling George a daredevil. Don't ask cause I don't know 🤔

Love Only Left Me Alone

Chapter Summary

George is sleepy and Dream is annoyed at his obliviousness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"We should just kiss like real people do."

Like real people do

Hozier

"Where's your car, rich boy?"

George slung his duffel bag over a shoulder. It was near midnight when the group was finally ready to head out. Illegal and luxury cars lined the street of the house lit up bright. Every LED light was switched on max and painted a drab secluded road in beautiful iridescence. It reminded George of the lighting bugs he'd seen down in Texas once. A long Christmas business trip his parents had taken him on. The cabin in the woods was dark enough to see the insects through his windows. Twinkling and dancing to the silent cadence of the earth. This might not be beautiful bugs but it was a feeling George didn't want to wane.

"Parked in the garage," George replied. "Don't need it today."

Punz scoffed at George's lack of fire. They'd nearly got into it hours before but George had mellowed since then. Dream's intricate conversation had him chewing on more thoughts than he could swallow. This resulted in his drained body and indifferent mindset.

"What, you gonna walk?"

"George?" He didn't have to reply.

Dream stood leaning against the open passenger door a few feet away.

He'd changed out of the easy jeans and t-shirt. Instead, the mask was back and sealed tightly over his lips. The baggy t-shirt was replaced by a tight black long-sleeves.

While it seemed boring at first glance, the chest of fabric laced together with buckles which almost looked like seatbelts. Or in George's opinion, baby shopping cart straps. Dream's black cargo pants and combat boots completed his "scary" ensemble. George was amused by Dream's need to put on three different types of chains. They slung from his waist down below his left knee. It felt excessive. At least he'd left the gloves off.

"Not exactly."

"The fuck," Punz laughed. "He's letting you into his car?"

George grinned and adjusted Dream's t-shirt over his own black long-sleeves. He'd stolen it with no remorse when the blond was packing.

"This would be the fifth? No, Sixth time I've road in his car," George couldn't help but gloat. "Careful Punz, you're jealousy is showing."

"He doesn't even let Sapnap in it! Dream!"

George shrugged and spun on his heels to meet a frowning blond. Even without the mask, George could tell he had playful dissatisfaction. It was all in the furrowed eyebrows. Knit together to form little lines between his lofty brows.

He hooked a finger in one of Dream's chains, "these are excessive."

Dream scoffed, "you're acting like a whore."

"I don't know what you mean," George presented a frisky lip quirk.

"Punz looks like he might blow a gasket." George twirled Dream's belt chain absentmindedly and realized just how tired he was. Dream looked taller and more alert than he did... and far more attractive in the light. "And you look like you're high. Please don't tell me you hit something before this."

"I didn't," George reassured. "What are you, my father?"

"Funny," Dream deadpanned. George found it humorous enough to giggle. He... fucking giggled. Exhaustion was almost as bad as alcohol.

Dream relaxed a bit brushing a stray curl back around George's ear, "you're tired."

"M'not."

He leaned in a bit closer, words muffled by fabric, "liar."

"I don't like the mask," George stated. "Makes you look... mean."

"That's the point, George." Dream detached languid fingers from his belt chains. "Come on. In the car. You can sleep on the way there."

"Should I say something else to Punz while he's still watching?"

Dream couldn't help but chuckle, "no."

"Fine," he turned and gave the other man a very suggestive finger before sliding into Dream's leather seat.

"You're an idiot." Dream's words felt fond and warm, it chased the cold from the night air.

The weather was moving into the winter months hacking number after number off the temperature. It was 30 degrees Fahrenheit. Which, to George's surprise, felt freezing. He'd lived here for years and still didn't bother to learn the American temperature systems.

"I know."

He yawned as the door shut tightly. Dream joined him a moment later and shut them into a peacefully closed-off space. He hadn't been alone with Dream since the last time they were in this

car. It somehow settled his soul when he buckled up.

"What does she want," Dream asked.

George didn't catch Puffy's presence until she tapped on the car window. Tucked tightly in a black jacket, her smile seemed to drip with determination.

"Did Dream kidnap you?"

"Um," George tried to rub the sleep from his eyes. "No. Why?"

"Just askin'," she winked at Dream. "I also wanted to know if you would do Gambol with us?"

"What's Gamb-"

"He's not doing that," Dream fretted, voice low and forceful. "Now stop leaving fingerprints on my car and get ready to go."

"I didn't ask you, asshole," Puffy pushed agitated hair from her cheek. "I asked George. So, Mr. Not Found?"

"What is it exactly?"

"They tie themselves to makeshift zip-line and jump off the Uptown roof."

George's eyebrows shook hands with his hairline, "oh?"

"Just think about it," Puffy smiled. "See you guys on the road. And tell Dream to keep his hands and opinions to himself."

"Touché, Captain." The window rolled back up and not a moment later Dream said, "you're not doing that."

"I can do what I want, Dream."

The blond's jaw clenched when he reached for his gloves. George frowned at the sight of them.

"Don't put the gloves on," George tried only to be shut down.

"I can do what I want, George." Mocking and rude, George wondered if he'd made the wrong choice of seats. Too tired to care he muttered an "okay" and pulled an extra hoodie from his bag.

George's right shoulder dug into the seat faced away from Dream. The hoodie scratched his cheek but exhaustion was a demon. Coercing him to the peaceful dark, George let his eyes fall shut. Tendrils of quiet dreams or nightmares fought back and forth to choose a theme for his sleep. Well, that was until the human form of the idea called his name.

"George?" Soft and warm and gentle, George wondered why it couldn't be his forever lullaby. Caressed to sleep with that gentle tone. He could only manage a grunt in response.

"I'm sorry," Dream said. "I didn't mean to be an ass."

"It's okay, Dream." It wasn't but George was ready for the silence again.

He sighed heavily, "there's a pillow in my center console if you want it."

George groaned, "fuck you."

He sat up and slowly pulled the console from the latch. Low and behold a small throw-pillow was stuffed enough to fit in the tiny compressed space. George was choosing between hate and admiration for Dream telling him about it.

"Hey?"

"You had a pillow in here the entire time and didn't tell me."

"We just got in the car," Dream deadpanned.

"Right," George frowned. A hand came up to rub his eye again. "I'm so fucking tired."

Dream checked his mirrors and started his car. It was silent yet still powerful when he revved the engine.

"Go to sleep, George."

"You don't want me to keep you company?" It was supposed to be mocking it came out car to genuine.

George settled his pillow on the center console and pressed his cheek to it. It smelled like him, like Dream. Familiar in sweetness found mixed with petrol. It reminded George of the night sky. Dark and cold and only warmed by the moon's blue tone and yellowish stars. It was calm and comforting, his sleep was pulling at him again.

"No," Dream reassured. "Can I touch you?"

George hoped he was too tired to blush, "where?"

"Where do you think?" Dream's eye-roll wasn't visible to George, "you're sprawled out on my console and I need to shift gears."

"Mmm," George mindlessly reached for Dream's wrist. Dream looked amused watching him flail like a seal. After a few unsuccessful attempts, George grasped long sleeve fabric and brought Dream's palm in his hair. "Go ahead, Dream."

Fingers hesitated but soon sifted through brown strands, George sunk deeper into the pillow beneath him. Dream couldn't help but smile, "you're acting like a cat."

"Thought I was acting like a whore."

"Right," Dream's chuckled was muffled by his mask. "You ready to go."

"You're the one driving, Bucko."

"You are a handful when you're tired."

"G'night Dream."

The soft reply was drowned out by Dream's touch. Light traces left down his cheek and back through his hair before leaving completely to hold the gearshift. George's body didn't move when Dream sped off into the night, locked in by the seatbelt and Dream's arm he felt secure. Safe. He fell into a dreamless sleep.

George watched Quackity break off from the group to take a phone call. Dream had woken him up minutes ago when they'd stopped at the gas station. It was in the middle of nowhere and bigger than a local grocery store. Smokers and homeless people loitered around the entrances. Some begged for money, others for food, and some begged for an end to the pain they lessened with nicotine.

George, still not fully awake, stood close to Dream. The man easily cleared 6ft and looked scarier than the bikers George felt unease about. Badass or not George tended to avoid rather than interact. No one wanted to interact with Dream, he used that to his advantage.

"I think Quackity is up to something."

Dream didn't answer his clear conversation starter. Instead, he held the glass door open for George and waited, shoes tapping the concrete. George wasn't ready to back down so easily, he planted his feet and refused to move. Dream rolled his eyes and entered the door himself.

"Dream," George groaned. Tugging on Dream's sleeve like a four-year-old, he whined, "If you know what it is, why don't you tell me."

"Talk about something else. "

Aspirated he said, "fine."

George couldn't come up with anything important on the spot so he stayed silent and followed Dream around the store.

Rows and rows of junk food and drugstore items filled the building to the brim. Chips of every assortment, cookies, candy. Brands he knew and brands he'd never seen before. George managed to snag the UK candy he used to love, it was the first time he'd seen it since moving to America. It felt nostalgic.

On one of the isles, that Dream pulled him down, they found Karl and Sappnap tongue deep in each other's faces. Hands gripping in sweet caresses and clipped off giggles. Dream cleared his throat. Sappnap turned into a beet while Karl smiled and gave a little wave.

A tsunami of warmth seeped into George's veins and caused a smile. While following Dream's retreating shoulders, he asked "are they always like that?"

"Like what?" Dream pulled a random drink out from the wall of cold doors and started reading the ingredients. "Disgusting?"

George watched Karl peck Sappnap's cheek and mumbled something that must've been an endearment by the latter's reactive smile. He spun Karl around and handed him a pack of cookies, the taller man lit up and spoke of something else inaudible. George watched how genuine they were with each other. How each movement was almost calculated before it happened. They knew how each worked without much thought. Knew how to make the other smile.

His smile turned somber, "no, in love. They always look so... in love. So, happy." The earlier warmth was turning into bitter jealousy.

The cold door shut, "keep staring at them and they'll ask you what the hell your problem is. Or worse ask you to be part of a foursome."

George blinked and looked back at Dream, "right, I apologize."

Dream nagged, "jealousy isn't a good look on you, Daredevil."

"I'm not...jealous." He grunted, "and stop calling me that."

"Stop proving the nickname true and I will." He pulled a different drink from the door to examine.

"You said you've been in love," George mused. "What was it like."

Quackity was back from his phone call. With both arms and legs wrapped around Karl, he was taken around piggyback style to different isles.

"Painful," Dream said truthfully. "I feel like everything we did ended up hurting the other. But we stayed together because we relied mentally on each other. It was too intense and not enough at the same time."

"So, not like the fairytales?"

Dream shook his head, "not for me at least."

George hummed and pulled a Gatorade from the door before leaning against it. Quackity had several bags of chips wedged between his chest and Karl's shoulders. It looked like he'd been turned into a makeshift shopping cart. He gagged when Karl pulled Sapnap into another kiss.

"They weren't always so easy, you know." Dream leaned against the doors and mirrored George's stance. George tried not to think too much about the shoulder leaned into his. But it was hard when Dream's touch felt like fire. "They used to fight really bad. I'd come home to broken dishes and yelling and tears. I had hoped they'd break up it got so bad."

George looked at Dream's masked profile and asked, "what fixed them?"

"Quackity," he said. "They had a bad time communicating. Karl's love language is physical touch. Sapnap, not so much. He was about reassurance and words. Quackity sat with them for a few hours and forced them to talk it out." A humorless laugh. "Now they are all disgusting and inseparable. And Big Q just added himself to the equation. He stays out of their sexual stuff tho."

"Karl's love language is touch," George repeated. "Sapnap's is words... sounds about right." He turned to Dream again. "What's yours?"

Dream looked back, "Karl says it's the way I take care of people." He shrugged, "what's yours?"

George came up short, "I don't think I have one."

"Everyone has one."

"I don't," he frowned.

"It's how you treat the people you love, George." Dream's gaze became too intense for George to handle so he looked away. Back to the fiancé's and their less personal banter. "How you act when they love you in return."

"And what if there is no one left that I love," he joked. "What if there has never been anyone to love me that didn't feel obligated by blood."

"George..."

"Come on," George forced a smile. "You ready to check out?"

Dream was reluctant to drop the conversation but eventually didn't push. He muttered an "okay" and followed George to the checkout desk.

"You eat those," Dream pointed at the small wafers between George's fingers. The older boy held them close to his chest.

"Yes," he smiled. "These are my favorite."

"That brand of Stropwafel sucks," Dream said.

"And so do you, you're point."

Dream sputtered and lit up red beneath his mask. George felt deep satisfaction reign in when the rest of the group joined them.

"That was very crass, George."

"I learned from you guys," his reply to Dream was mocking and silly. It covered their heavy topic from earlier.

"Whatever," Dream snatched George's stroopwafels and Gatorade and put them on the desk with his own things.

"What'd you say to loverboy?" Sapnap poked George's side and dodged the playful punch headed his way.

"Nothing, because he's not my lover."

Karl hummed, "you two looked cozy at that red light. All snuggled. And at the drinks over there"

He rolled his eyes, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh," Sapnap cut in. "You know. How you were basically in his lap and he was letting you be."

George refused to blush, "says the man with his tongue down Karl's throat in a gas station."

That shut him up and turned him beet red again. Karl started going on about some drink he'd bought but George didn't listen. Instead, he watched Quackity talk in hushed tones to dream at the checkout. The minute hand gestures only made them seem even more suspicious.

Dream's head shook with vigor before he bit back a response. Quackity rolled his eyes and knocked his rings on the marble desk. After Dream handed the cashier the money he nodded to Quackity. The shorter man pulled Dream's wrist and shoved something into his palm. It looked like paper.

George caught Quackity's eye when he turned. He knew he was caught, George could see it in his paled expression. Opening his mouth to say something, Quackity swiftly cut him off. A finger brushed silence over his smirking lips. George's curiosity only deepened, but he followed orders.

Secrets weren't something that went on with this group, but Dream and Quackity were different. They worked more like business partners rather than friends. During Las Nevadas times that is, outside they bantered along together as if they've never spoken any differently. Here with Dream's mask and Quackity's duck rings, they must be some way of wicked. George just hadn't figured out which it was yet.

He followed Dream to the car and didn't ask questions. Instead, he tucked them away for safekeeping and asked a different one. Once the doors were shut and the engine started George spoke.

"Would you kiss me?"

Dream tried not to spit out his bottle of tea, "what?"

George looked unamused, "kiss me. Y'know, like lips on mine. Spit sharing and..."

"I know what a fucking kiss is, George." The screw found the top of his bottle again.

"So?" He felt anxious and didn't understand why, "would you?"

"No," Dream said. "Not on the lips."

"Oh," George hid disappointment behind a waffle. "Alright."

"That's not," Dream sighed. "I'll kiss you anywhere *but* on the lips."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Dream gave him back his unamused frown, "it means exactly what I said."

"Right," George scoffed. "You're saying you'll fuck me but you won't kiss me?"

"Well, that's..."

"Thanks, Dream."

"George, that's not what..."

"Calling me a whore and treating me like one are two different things." He refused to meet Dream's eyes, "so you'll kiss the redhead but not me?"

"Because she doesn't matter."

"And you won't kiss me because I do?" George sighed and sunk into the seat. "That makes a lot of sense, Dream."

"She's a hookup," Dream said calmly. "You are my friend. I can't mess that up."

"You ever hear of 'kissing the homies'?"

"You're not supposed to like it when you kiss them, George."

Realization always came a little too late to George, "and what? You'd like it?"

"Too much," he grimaced and pulled his mask up. "Now, put your seatbelt on."

"So, you'd date me?"

"No," Dream huffed. "You said you don't like boys."

George frowned, "right. And if I did?"

"Put your seatbelt on, George."

"Whatever, asshole."

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I've never written a book so fast. I think it's because I myself want to know what happens next haha.

Weightless

Chapter Summary

A race and George's need for adrenaline.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"We are cold and see through"
I need you
M83

"Welcome all, far and wide, for the Midnight Blackout. Here tonight my friends, colleges, and foreigners welcome each other in an event we call breaking through streets In illegality and far deeper hopes of divinity..."

Tall and pinched the man stood above the street on a strip of metal attached between two run-down buildings. Like Quackity a beanie was part of this man as well, but his clothes were different than the lot of Las Nevadas. There everything was dark fabric and chains here-well George felt like he was in a different century. Suspenders and ties and slacks. Not like his father's business. No, this felt medieval, or 1800s. 1970? He couldn't put his finger on the date exactly.

"May we all hold hands and come out of this Damnation we call earth as *family*..."

George's shoulders chilled with how condescending this man's voice felt as it wafted over their heads. Older in grammar but wreaked with greed, envy, and immoral tones. George was surprised to hear the accent as well, distinctively British.

Dream and Quackity were a big deal in Las Nevadas and here so was this man. George didn't even need to hear his name to know where he stood on the hierarchy. Admittedly, he must be at the top and George was not.

Leaning closer to Dream, he tried to relax. Dream's arms were crossed tightly in front of him while they leaned against the hood of his car. A few race watchers were eying George with thirsty gazes. They looked dehydrated, as if one look at him was like watering a man in a desert. He'd always liked a little bit of attention... but not this. Not the odd catcalls and mentions of how hot he was. This always happened to Genevieve, not him. Here he was a new face. A new toy for someone to sink their claws into.

"Eret, my second in battle, will read the rules..."

The man gestured to a bit shorter man dressed to the hills in a king's cloak. Checkered over the shoulders and red around the bottom. George would even go as far as to say it represented the blood of enemies... what the fuck? This place felt as if the second he'd walked in his mind was medieval and ready for battle. He shook his head.

Most people at the start line had done this sort of thing before and disregarded the second British

man's words, yet they still held respect by speaking in hushed tones.

"Gonna race for us pretty boy?" A man missing several teeth snickered at him from a car away. Dream had mentioned they weren't from uptown, George hoped the real residents were better behaved. "Give us a show with that jawline of yours," another called.

George forced himself not to look and threw an offensive finger towards the gaggle. Instead, he whispered to Dream, "will you really not race if I'm not with you?"

"I'll drive off this lot right now." His voice felt hard and foreign. It didn't bring George comfort like he hoped it would. His limited edge only gained closer and closer to the end. "Why?"

"What you scared of us so you're hiding behind your boyfriend?" The man's voice sounded vile and filled with saliva. "Come on we'll give you a good time, right boys?"

George muttered, "I don't care if you race or not. I'm going back to Sapnap."

"Stop," Dream gripped his wrist with quiet discretion. "Give in to their words and they win. Now, put your arm around my waist and act like you don't give a fuck."

George reluctantly nodded and slipped his arm around Dream's lower half. Sturdy beneath his grasp George felt the tension seep out of his body within seconds. Dream's arm wrapped tightly around his shoulder. It showed more possession than it did comfort.

"Can I touch your ass?"

"Um," George shrugged abruptly. "Yes."

A stray hand put on a show for the drivers next to them. It slipped down the dip of his lower back and into George's back jeans pocket. Dipping and filling the space for a moment.

A soft squeeze to his ass clipped his breath and sped his heart. The hand didn't linger long, instead, it traveled back up to George's shoulders and intertwined their fingers. That was a show of possession and god George fucking loved it. He couldn't help how red his cheeks turned but at least it was hard to tell in the dark street.

Dream finally looked over to them and said, "last time I checked, Marty, Las Nevadas recruited half of Shit valley's men. Said I was a better leader than you." The man scoffed at the misuse of their capital name. It was Mud Valley, Dream, although George didn't find that any more appealing. "I'm not only a better leader, but I'm far more manic than you pretend to be. So stop making men, with no interest in fucking you, uncomfortable."

"Dream?" The man's entire demeanor changed when he realized who was speaking, "you're racing again?"

"Apologize."

"Dream," George chuckled, grinning like the Cheshire cat. "He'd not gonna-"

"Right," the man swiped saliva from his lips. "I'm sorry."

"Thanks, now fuck off."

Hackling like a hyena, George returned the reassuring hand squeeze. Dream didn't let go of him and neither did George, here he felt safe. And all the eyes were no longer on him. Instead, they fell

to Dream and that's when the whispers started.

"Now everyone's looking at you."

"Let them look."

George snorted, "you and that narcissistic ego is fucking appalling."

Dream didn't have a reply. George couldn't deny that he was envious again, although this time it was because of how hot Dream was without much effort. Fuck him and the confident energy he radiated.

Not only was he egotistical but he was also gentle and it scorched George alive every time. It was for the audience just as much as it was for George when Dream held open his passenger door for the other. George felt like some side piece of ass, but he was a top-tier piece of ass. The girls and boys on the side of the drag strip watched in complete vexation. While others waited in envy, green looks tracking Dream's car, his body, tracking George. He'd never felt so god damn important in his life, it lit that fire in George's adrenaline-chasing heart. No one had ever wanted to be him, he hadn't even wanted to be himself, but here? In Dream's car, he never wanted to be anyone else.

"Are we going to win?"

"I never lose."

George rolled his eyes and watched the flag team get ready on the metal.

"Who was the speaker?"

Dream tugged on his glove and checked his gearshift, "Wilbur Soot. The deranged uptown leader that died once and lived."

"He died?" George's brows kissed his hairline.

"Flatlined," Dream chuckled and met George's honey brown eyes. "Then came back and started reciting *Hamlet* to the doctors."

George hid his chuckle behind a palm, "seems dramatic. Fits his bearing." He let the silence sit heavily between them before making a reckless decision. "If you win will you kiss me?"

Dream sighed, "George we talked about..."

"Yeah," he scoffed. "I know you're boundaries, asshole, I meant the other stuff."

"Other stuff?" George hated when Dream played dumb just to make him blush or clam up. It was quite a fucking inconvenience, one George wasn't willing to give into this time.

"Ya know," he waved an arm. "I'll be your plaything."

"You aren't a plaything."

"I know that's not," he dropped his head back into the seat.

Grinning at George's growing frustration he said, "ask for what you want, George. Specifically."

Both hands raised before dropping onto his lap with a soft *smack*. George tilted his head and found Dream's soft eyes already turned on him.

"I want you to give me a hickey," he whispered, slightly pink in the face. The flags were being unraveled and ready for a start. Dream pressed his clutch and gripped his gearshift.

He leaned into George's ear, "just one?"

George's lip became abused by tight teeth, "as many as you want to give me."

"Where?"

The flag hung in the distance. George's mind fell quiet.

"Dream, the flag..."

"Where?"

"On my neck," he groaned and made close eye contact. "My chest."

Their noses touched and Dream asked, "what about your inner thighs?"

An intake of breath was his only reply before Dream sped off at the wave of a green flag. George shot back into his seat by pure acceleration. He gripped the armrest and blinked.

Fast.

His heart was being fast. A rabbit running from a predator. It wasn't soulfully because of the speed. Dream's words beat like a promise through his brain, his heart, his groin. Turned on and tipped over the edge of excitement he hollered into the night.

Dream shifted gears and overtook a pink car cruising beside them. It was coming to the middle of the drag strip when the lights of the road cut off. That was when George realized what Midnight Blackout meant.

If your car didn't have suitable lights you were shit out of luck. Several cars behind them slammed their brakes and squealed off to the side. Spinning off into the grass and into abandoned buildings, George let out a shaky laugh. His body was wired like this, watching people spin out in a vehicle and call it *fun*. No one was hurt, but three cars were out and they were still in the game. Dream flicked a switch and lit up every part of the car. Green LEDs sliced through the darkness and showed the obstacles laid in the road.

"Oh, fuck off," Dream hissed and swerved around a pothole. George whipped his vision back to the road and couldn't help his devilish grin. They sped up a small ramp and caught enough air for George to feel it in his stomach.

Coming up on the side of them were the toothless men from the start. Hobbling along in an old Eclipse, they had a large makeshift flashlight originally used in construction work attached to their dashboard. George hackled and Dream smiled beneath his mask.

"They are gonna pass us, Dream!"

"No, they won't." A stack of barrels was presented as a pyramid in the distance, George worried his cheek about what Dream had in mind. "Hold on, daredevil, we're about to win a race."

The cans grew closer.

And closer.

And closer.

And George knew if they hit them headfirst they'd spin out. They'd end in the river beneath the bridge approaching in the distance. A meter away Dream pulled the emergency brake and rammed his wheel to the right. Dream was in the way when the cans hit, but as calculated they glided through. Each must've been at least 10 to 20 pounds but looked and felt like nothing against Dream's car.

Small pops almost sounded like bubble wrap as the cans bounced off the the mental to the ground. They skid through the middle before Dream unhooked his break and shifted gears again.

George's breath was captured by adrenaline and released by his need to watch their opponents. Cans bounced down the pavement like cartoonish monkey barrels and made contact with several headlights. They swerved but some weren't lucky enough to miss them. Dream shifted gears and warned George.

"What?"

"They have a jump," he said. "It's small but if we don't make it you're gonna have whiplash."

"We just drifted into can's Dream!" His voice was shaking with the speed of his heartbeat, "you can make the fucking jump."

Dream's laugh was harsh, "you're turning into an adrenaline addict!"

"You can make the jump, Dream!"

"You have a damn death wish," he hollered then shifted to full speed.

The jump was like flying. Paused in the air for a moment that felt like infinity. Strapped into Dream's racing car and holding on for dear life, he exhaled a very deep breath. This was the moment he longed for. This kind of acceptance, him against gravity, but it only lasted a moment. A taste when George felt so starved.

They made the jump and landed a lot easier than George expected. With a straight shot to the finish line, George fueled air into his lungs again.

Checkered flags never felt so good.

Sapnap and the rest of the group erupted at the sight of Dream's car. Beer was flung and congratulations and hugs and George never felt so alive. So at home with people he never knew existed. Strangers that didn't feel so strange. People that had the same thoughts as him, people who excepted him. He drowned in it.

Puffy picked him up and spun him around whispering, "that was fucking amazing."

Dream frowned but didn't have long to comment before he was pulled away by Sapnap and Punz. George kept eye contact with the blond as puffy pulled him in another direction.

"Don't injure yourself, dumbass!"

"Hey, Dream," George presented a lopsided grin. "Stop telling me what to do!"

Dream rolled his eyes and pulled down his mask to mouth, "come find me later."

Puffy and Karl hauled George away before he could reply, but Dream's words stayed with him as he left the drag strip. Warm, tight, and confusing in his gut.

George knew he should have turned back the moment he realized how high up they were. An old abandoned skyscraper was just low enough to not be hidden in the clouds. This is where the hoards of people came. They all shimmied up an old fire escape inside the building then climbed to the roof.

Karl was drunk and giddy as ever and Puffy was laughing along with everyone else. And George... well George was so close to the edge he felt his heart throb with anticipation. One wrong move and they'd have to scrape him from the ground below. One wrong move and nothing would exist anymore. That scared him. And George loved the feeling.

Scared to fall. It was a *feeling*. Real and alive. It made him accept his leaping heart. It flushed his brain of wayward thoughts. It kept him present. George had gone so long without feeling anything at all that this... this inkling of controlled fear sobered him. It Woke him and made his bones *hum*. He was alive. God, he was alive. Breathing in the clouds and exhaling his shattered past.

"George!" Karl pulled him from the edge. "You wanna go first?"

"First?"

A heavy-duty line strung straight down to the rundown city below. Karl held up a harness and smiled.

He didn't have a death wish as Dream had mentioned. He didn't. George wanted to live. Breath. Feel. But the last option had gone and he was left to chase it. Within cars. Within people. Within heights.

So, he said, "hell, yes."

Puffy helped him into the straps. Her voice was soft in his ears, a welcome feeling he never heard from the women in his life. George couldn't help but smile at her. Her hair was braided over her shoulder and nearly tucked into her thick coat.

"Who came up with this?"

"Wilbur," she said. "He read a dystopian novel and one day Uptown had a zip-line. And now we have Gambol."

"Wilbur... he's intense," George muttered and rechecked his harness.

"Has to be after 'Hell Fire'."

George paled at the mention, "what'd he lose."

Puffy stilled then looked away, "a young boy. He looked up to Wilbur as a brother. After 'Hell Fire' he was coerced into a different group. Said he wanted Wilbur to join him."

"Why didn't he?"

"Wilbur felt he needed to pick up the pieces here and rebuild," she shrugged. "Anyway. Are you ready for this, Mr. Not Found?"

"Will I remain breathing by the end," his fingers wrung together and his lip became worried again.

"Yes," she reassured. "Dream wouldn't let me live if I didn't return you to him safely."

George frowned, "Dream doesn't own me."

"I think it's the other way around." Puffy clapped him on the shoulder and pushed him up on a platform, "you just haven't realized it yet."

Someone hooked his stomach to the top of the zip line. George felt his body shaking again. The adrenaline was pumping when he stepped to the edge. A countdown blurred behind the drums in his ears. The air was cold nipping at his nose. His toes. His fingers.

He inhaled at 1 and fell.

George had been cheated earlier in that car. He'd only gotten to taste what he yearned for.

Here it lasted forever.

Both eyes were shut tight at first and a vise grip held onto the wire that kept his body in the air. He counted to five. Then slowly, he realized he wasn't falling.

This.

This felt like flying. Strapped to wire thousands and thousands of feet in the air. George rode the wave. His head leaned back. Little hairs kicked up into his eyes and he didn't care. His arms reached outward.

This is what living felt like. When Dream called him a daredevil he didn't understand *this*. Dream couldn't understand the feeling George was chasing. The need in his soul. How George was always grasping to be weightless.

Safe from judgment, invisible to disappointment, and hidden from pain. Far away from those aches in his chest engraved by his parents. By Genevieve. By himself.

The thoughts held their breath here. Each intricate detail about Dream, or his friends, or himself was on pause. His mind finally found peace and George felt happiness swell. High on the feeling George laughed.

This was what most drug addicts searched for. Peace. The quiet in mind. A weightless heart. George refused to become addicted to something so tangible, but this. For this feeling a thousand feet above the clouds and concrete... god George was tempted to break his own rules. Rip that contract to pieces and live off of this.

It was similar to the one Dream managed to illicit. The blond calmed his mind and sped up his heart all the same. George wasn't ready to accept that fiend yet.

Instead, he shut his eyes and drifted down from the clouds savoring the moment deep within his soul.

Fun Easter egg George's eyebrows are in a committed relationship with his hairline.
Haha

This zip line scene was originally a divergent scene but I wanted something similar in my book.

Sun And Stars

Chapter Summary

Odd encounters and Dream.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Cause thoughts devour. Thoughts of you consume."

War Of Hearts

Ruelle

It wasn't George's fault, it was Karl's.

The taller man was a bit tipsy before he'd even trekked up the skyscraper to Gambol. Leg by wobbly leg he'd hammered on and breached the roof. And once he'd gotten to the bottom he'd instantly had another beer convincing George it was a good idea as well. They hackled at each other and George forgot he had any obligations at all until Puffy cut off their drink supply. She dragged them from the edge of a road sent them to bed much like a scornful parent.

Karl and George held each other up on the way back to the city center. One foot in front of the other on the sidewalk near abandoned buildings. Laughing through the cool wind of the night. He was far from home, so far it felt like centuries. The buildings they passed had holes and stray animals inhabiting what once must've been a beautiful city. Full of life and uptown culture, George found that particular name fitting for how well it was a juxtaposition to now. The decay on the walls was off-putting enough for George to disregard it entirely. He didn't want to think about what had been what used to be. Because his mind was present and focused wholeheartedly on the taller man beside him. They tried to keep their steps even enough to avoid injury but Karl was trying to get him to dance. One foot in front of the other.

It was *Karl's* fault they went through the grass towards the home stretch of the walk. George should've known that "it's a shortcut, Gogmister" from a drunk man was a bad fucking idea.

It wasn't a shortcut. Instead, a lake about waist deep waited for them. The bank cut off as an illusion of grass and they tumbled together in drunk giggles into frigid water. Dirty and smelling of fish and sewage, they made their way through it. And, not to mention, the air and water were dropping below freezing. Just from walking they could see their breath accumulate from their lungs.

As they swam to the lake's bank they caught a glimpse of a fire. Stuffed into a metal trashcan, several people huddled around it and spoke inaudibly. George grinned at Karl and pulled him towards their friends, both ready for a warm welcome.

That wasn't exactly what they received.

"Karl!" Sapnap stood up from the semicircle and rushed over. With a swift movement, he discarded his own coat and wrapped it tight around Karl's shaking shoulders. "What the hell are you two doing?"

"Karl," George giggled into his frozen fingers. "Made me take a shortcut," an invasive giggle joined George's, "through the lake."

"Karl," Sapnap reprimanded. "It's 25° dumbass you're going to get sick."

"Yeah, yeah," Karl waved a dismissive hand. "We just had the time of our life, right George?"

"Hell yeah," George hummed. He felt the eyes on him from around the fire. It didn't feel so welcoming, instead that odd bit of judgment simmered between George's ribs. He searched faces and came up short, "where's Dream?"

"He went to his room about an hour ago," Quackity chuckled oddly from his seat at the fire. "Pretty sure he has your duffle bag."

"We're hungry," Karl told Sapnap. The latter didn't have his typical heart eyes when he gazed back at Karl. Here they looked dark almost frightened, George couldn't understand why.

Sapnap sighed so deep it'd have no comparison to George's father. That made him giggle despite himself, Karl joined his inebriated laughs a moment later.

"I saved you food."

"What about me?" George wanted to pout but didn't when Sapnap's head snapped to him. An annoyed expression turned to him, it felt colder than the wind nipping at his nose. Sapnap had never been so standoffish towards him, something was wrong.

"I didn't know I was supposed to babysit both of you." That dropped devastation onto his shoulders. Babysit? Karl never had to be *babysat* nor did George. Just because they got a bit tipsy and reckless didn't mean they deserved this kind of reprimanded attention. George felt his chest tighten with uncertainty.

Wilbur looked amused next to Quackity at the fire, the glass of amber liquid in his right hand swirled heavily. George tried not to feel as stupid and vulnerable as he did, but failed. He fit in when allowed but everyone had known each other before him. They knew the secrets, and the inside jokes, and the lingo, and George did not. Karl had Sapnap and Quackity, he was wanted. George didn't feel so wanted at this moment.

Punz looked smug about it. Laidback against an abandoned barrel, he stayed silent and it spoke more words than if he opened his mouth.

George made to speak but Quackity's subtle hand movements stopped him. Much like in the gas station, his hand raised to his lip with quiet discretion. This time he tucked a ring against his lip and pointed to the hotel building. George canted his head in silent question. Quackity raised his beer and tapped three times against it. George hummed and looked back at Sapnap.

He wasn't being left out, it was just another situation he wasn't allowed to hear. And neither were Karl and Sapnap by the look of their departing backs. It seemed several people were packing up. All except Quackity, Wilbur, and a few of the Uptown residents.

Drenched to the bone George wrapped his arms around his torso and dripped up to the makeshift hotel. He caught a glimpse of Sapnap speaking in harsh whispers to Karl by the entrance of the

hotel. It almost looked like an apology, his guess was sealed when he watched the couple hug. George felt the cold daggers of envy sink into his chest. He was tipsy and that usually meant emotional. And the freezing temperatures weren't helping clear his foggy mind. Nor was the squelch of his soaked shoes.

The stairs to the suite felt exhausting and George finally realized just how tired his body was. Taking Quackity's quiet directions he walked past the first two doors and stood before room number three. The adrenaline he chased hours before had finally drained him to the bone and left his limbs empty.

He knocked on a door, "Dream. I need my stuff." No answer. George rested his damp forehead on the wood. "Dream, I'm cold. Please open the god damn door."

It took a moment but soon the wood clicked. George fell forward out of surprise and made contact with Dream's steady chest. Clad in pajamas clothes George could barely comprehend this man was real let alone check him out. Yet his mind still spun seven miles from Sunday thinking about what was beneath Dream's long sleeve t-shirt.

"George?"

"Move," he said after ripping his dry tongue from the roof of his mouth. George didn't wait for Dream to obey, instead, he placed his shaking fingers to the blond's chest and walked into the room. The younger man noted how red and blue his skin was turning on each finger. His shaking shoulders. His damp hair. George looked on the edge of hypothermia.

Like most hotels, the room had a bed, a bedside table, and an en suite bathroom. A small TV hung on the wall over a small chest of drawers. It looked out of place to George, mostly because everything was themed for the 1800s. The engravings on the bed frame looked ancient and the color scheme didn't help the representation whatsoever. Like the streets, something about this place felt off. George's duffel was placed neatly on top of the old dresser, untouched and unzipped, he walked toward it.

"What," Dream shut the door and disappeared into the bathroom returning with a fluffy towel. "Why are you soaking wet? George, it's freezing outsi-"

"I figured that out, Dream."

The younger man abruptly wrapped the cloth tightly around George's torso and pulled him away from his duffel. Both hands became sweetly trapped to his chest and forced George to make eye contact with Dream. The concern between the emerald hues was clear as day.

His mask was gone, as well as the silky chains and black clothing. Dream stood in front of him ruffled as if he'd just been woken up.

"Did I wake you," George scoffed. It was meant to be soft but his bitter curiosity was eating him alive.

"Why are you dripping water onto the floor?"

George's attention shot down to the rustic wood beneath them, he bit his cheek, "I'm sorry."

Dream sighed and started rubbing the towel over George's exposed skin. His neck, his cheeks, George felt like a child. The last time someone had done this for him was his mother. After a day at the pool, she had rolled her eyes and rubbed his skin dry not even checking his sunburn. This should've soured Dream's intentions, but it didn't. It felt comfortable, safe. It melted George's

rough edges just a bit.

"I didn't ask for an apology," Dream muttered. "I don't care about the floor. I'm asking why you are drenched and shaking?"

The towel grazed over his hair and brushed several strands into his eyes. Dream worked silently to move them away. Two fingers grazing his skin, George blamed his shiver on his soaked clothes.

George leaned his heavy head into Dream's warm palm, "Karl's an idiot."

"Thought you knew that?"

"We thought it was grass and walked through a lake."

Dream's frown felt fond, "I thought you were smarter than that."

George pulled away from Dream's grasp, "fuck you."

The air was warm in the hotel room. And George couldn't tell if it was the heater in the corner or Dream's breathy laugh. It seemed to fill the corners to the brim with life. Wheezy and careful, he felt like a dip of heat on a warm summer's day. George had compared Dream to the night sky but when he laughed he was daylight. Bright and scorching the earth for attention.

"Come on, daredevil," he motioned to the bathroom. "Take a hot shower and I'll go get you something to eat."

George's easy expression dropped, "you don't have to babysit me you know."

Dream shook his head, "I'm not. Who said you were someone to babysit."

George rolled his eyes and turned to rummage around for clean clothes in his duffel bag. With his hand on sweats and a hoodie, he said, "Sapnap was really upset with Karl and me at that fire."

"Asshole," Dream muttered. "That had nothing to do with you. We got into it after the race."

"What happened?"

Dream tilted his head in debate, "he likes to stick his nose in things that don't involve him."

George had a gut feeling, "It was about me wasn't it?"

Dream pulled on the door handle, "take a shower, George."

"I think it also had something to do with the deal between Quackity and Wilbur." Dream paled a bit and his smile dropped tremendously. George wanted to look smug for receiving so much reaction out of the blond but his lack of energy kept him neutral.

"How do you know about-"

George scoffed and looked down out the window. From here he only caught the little lips of the ban fire but knew they weren't done settling their business, they couldn't be.

"I don't know exactly," George admitted. "I've just heard things."

"Like what?" All the comfort from Dream's voice vanished and left him cold and stiff before George. Stood in the doorway with crossed arms, George wasn't enjoying all these paternalistic

actions from his friends.

"You don't have to do that, you know." He gestured to Dream's posture. "I'm not going to cause problems if that's what you two think. I just-"

"What do you know, George?"

George tried not to let his disappointment ring out into his words... but he was tired. "Not enough to understand. I know something happened at 'Hell Fire' involving you and someone named Techno. I just-"

Dream's head snapped up, "don't say his name. You don't understand enough to..."

George chuckled humorlessly and wrapped his arms tighter around himself, "what? Is he a 'he should not be named'? Did he interrupt the magic system?"

"It's not a joke, George."

"Then fucking explain it to me!"

Dream looked apathetic again, "I can't."

"You can't or you won't?"

Dream turned his back to George and gripped the doorknob, not before muttering, "drop it and go take a shower, George."

George sighed. He didn't have much fight left in his body, "okay, Dream."

The mirror always felt like a battle for George. He'd spent countless hours staring at a reflection he wasn't familiar with. The haircut his parents had always wanted, the clothes his family's stylist approved of, his well-groomed face. There were times when he was advised to attend gym sessions. His body wasn't perfect. Too thin. Too round in the wrong places. Use weights. Do cardio. He realizes now how toxic it all was. How degrading it was for his mental health.

There was a long mirror in the hotel room. It hugged the corner right next to the TV's chest of drawers. At least 6ft, George stood unapologetically in front of it. Although the reflection still felt foreign he knew this version of himself.

The edges of his hair were the longest they'd ever been and his jawline had a shadow of stubble. Although healed now, he grazed a thumb over the once busted lip Punz caused on the first encounter with Las Nevadas. His body was still a blank canvas. No scars. No tattoos. Only a few sunspots around his shoulders from the summer he forgot his sunscreen.

He twisted to look at the curve of his waist. It was smaller than most. Tiny around but set with strong muscle from his forced workout regimen. George was nowhere near as buff as Dream or Sapnap but he had muscle. Toned and cut muscle. It wasn't obnoxious and the only way you could really tell is if George was clad in underwear. The last person to see him like this, unapologetically himself, was Genevieve. She never had much to comment on his body, mostly because she didn't want him to comment on hers. They had a mutual agreement.

His thumb and first finger played with the hem of his boxers. Thinking and calculating he couldn't understand what he was missing. This group had a hierarchy. Power overpower, but Quackity was

a variant. He wheeled and dealt with topics George didn't think even Dream knew about.

The blond was in a category by himself. Not only did he dislike Dream's egoistic personality, abrupt apathy, and crude remarks, but he disliked how much he admired it. Sure he had an ego and could quite literally be hit over the head with something, but his confidence was comforting. Dream didn't seem like the type to stand in front of a mirror and nitpick his flaws. He wasn't the type to do things he didn't want to do. George admired that aspect of him. How Dream gave no fucks about who he was or what anyone thought of him. It was comforting.

That statement only confused George further because why in god's name could he go on waxing poetic bullshit about a criminal. Dream raced and smoked and broke several laws daily. But there George was thinking about how captivating his confidence was, or how his eyes darkened when George met his gaze, or how bad George wanted his lips on his skin. None of it made sense. That's how he was supposed to feel about Genevieve. George refused to acknowledge what that observation meant.

"Hey." George glanced back at the door through the mirror and nodded. He gripped his sweat pants and slipped them on easily. Dream had a drink and a plate of something George would no doubt eat. It didn't matter what it was he was starving.

Silence fulfilled their space and George didn't know how to break it. They looked at each other through the looking glass and George held his breath. He was glad Dream caved first.

"I'm sorry."

George grinned to his reflection, "you know you apologize a lot for someone who doesn't give out apologies easily."

Dream scoffed and set the food down on the bedside table, "you are the exception to that rule."

"Lucky me," George remarked. Apologies didn't diminish his curiosity.

Dream's steps were calculated as he came up behind George. Their gazes mirror again. Taller than George, he barely fitfully in the mirror. The height difference was just enough for Dream to place his chin on top of George's hair comfortably. The brunette huffed at the domestic action.

"You won 25 grand today."

George sputtered, "what?"

"Our race." Dream hovered a palm over George's side and waited for his reluctant nod. George was too busy short-circuiting at the amount of money to comprehend Dream's touch. "The prize was 50 we split it."

"That's your money," George disagreed. "You drove the car."

Dream snaked his hand around George's. His next protest died when Dream touched him. Long fingers traced over his stomach started small circles around the waistband of his sweats. George pretended to remain unaffected but that warmth started to seep into his bloodstream and pulled his shoulders taut. His breath ceased to small gasps.

Dream didn't give him an answer to his protest. Instead, he hummed and raked his eyes up and down George's body in the mirror. George wondered if he was supposed to feel self-conscious or uncomfortable when Dream did this. Shirtless and bare. He didn't. He only burned where Dream's eyes dragged over. His stomach, his arms, his neck, his cheeks. George could feel the invisible trail

of tension all over his body.

"You're bewitching, George, did you know that?"

He didn't, he only knew the mortification of his reddened cheekbones. Dream's chest rumbled with laughter when he pulled George back against him. The fabric of his long sleeves felt soft against George's bare skin. He refrained from letting a soft whimper escape from his lips. George was still exhausted from his drop off of adrenaline and Dream seemed to want something he couldn't give tonight. Or ever. George wanted to scream.

"Came into Las Vegas with broken fingers and an attitude," Dream reminisced. His fingers dipped beneath George's sweats then moved back up. "Stood in front of me after a lost fistfight and challenged me. Brown eyes and that virgin tongue." He drew close to George's ear, "you had a death wish even then, *daredevil*."

"Dream," George whispered. It was the only response George could muster.

His hand slid around George's waist before scoring his sides. Over the curves of his ribs. And what the fuck was happening to his body? His Goosebumps were out of control and his heart skipped beats. Up and up and burn and burn over George's chest Dream's fingers traced. Panting breaths came easily with this light but heavy touch. He swore Dream's fingers would be engraved on his body after this.

"What is it about adrenaline that you need," Dream questions lips brushing over George's ear as he spoke. George's body involuntarily leaned into the caress, he gave into vulnerability and Dream treated it tenderly. "Rebellion? The eye of others? Or is it just for the feeling?"

"My," George exhaled and forced a bit of composure back into his bones. "My brain never shuts the fuck up. And when... I don't have to think."

George felt Dream's hum rather than heard it, "what are you thinking about right now, George."

Honesty was a bitch and George knew he was Dream's when he said, "you."

"Good."

His signature smirk became buried in the juncture of George's shoulder and neck. Inhaling vanilla and warm petrol George gained enough confidence to say, "Kiss me."

Dream brushed his nose up the tight tendon on George's neck, he hid a shiver. Dream was a foreign sight in the mirror. On him, around him, fuck George had to remember to breathe.

"Here?"

He learned to give more access, "yes."

Dream nosed down to George's shoulder, "here?"

"Yes," he sighed.

Dream didn't need to be told twice.

George's eyes shut the second lips smoothed over his skin. Rough in small increments he felt his knees go weak. Dream was skilled at this. He pulled George's skin between his lips and left pretty purple marks in its wake. The brunette exhaled shaky breaths when he felt Dream's tongue swipe

over his skin. And when his teeth grazed beneath George's ear he groaned and leaned fully back into Dream's touch. George was pottery to a man he hoped knew how to sculpt.

George's hand shot up to grip Dream's wrapped around his midsection and breathed through the a sudden burst of pleasure. Hot and slow Dream's mouth worked over his neck. Genevieve never felt like this. She never burned and scorched his mind, she never held his soul captive with words, she never turned him on.

In between feverish spots with far more attention, chaste kisses were placed. George couldn't help but smile at their presence. Sweet and something entirely Dream, it only made the hot kisses *hotter*. Scorched by the sun and healed by the night Dream was a both opposites in George's world.

"Tell me to stop," Dream whispered.

"No," George defied leaning further into the blond behind him. "Never."

"I can feel you're exhaustion," Dream chuckled against his skin. "You'll," a kiss. "Fall asleep," another. "On me," and another. "If I don't stop now."

"I don't," he exhaled his lust and felt what Dream was referring to. "I want..." George sighed. "You keep my mind quiet when you... I just..."

Dream pressed his cheek against George's, "come on, daredevil. You need to eat. And sleep. My kisses are always available."

"You're such a," George rested his head back against Dream's shoulder with a deep exhale. "An ass. With an unattractive ego."

"You know what *is* attractive?"

"What," George groaned. The last increments of lust were waning leaving George with a small buzz beneath his skin.

"These." Soft kisses trailed up his neck to his cheek and George was scared to look in the mirror again. Because what if what he saw felt right. What if he would never be able to accept it. And what if he did and Dream found this as all a game. An experiment. Or worse what if he didn't. George peeked.

This was going to be a problem. Wasn't it?

Chapter End Notes

Ngl I wrote this at 3 am after waking up sick with Emperor's new groove playing in the background.

Hope you enjoyed this angsty kissy chapter.

Wilt Me. Burn Me.

Chapter Summary

George and Dream fight. Smut warning ⚠

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Now, shut your dirty mouth"

Choke

IDKHBTFM

At a rundown diner the table felt sticky beneath George's long sleeve t-shirt... well it was technically Dream's. He'd stolen it from the blond's bag because his only warm clothes consisted of the outfit soaking wet in a plastic bag. He stretched his neck and buried his nose in fabric.

It was at that moment the table went completely silent. George raised a brow hidden in his elbow before he looked up. Several pairs of eyes bore into George's soul with blatant curiosity. He felt his stomach drop.

"What?" His accent felt prominent due to the hour of the morning. The sun had barely graced the group with its presence when Dream shook him awake. Five minutes later he was in the car spitting profanities.

"What'd you and Dream do last night?" Quackity looked about ready to vomit with laughter, George was too fatigued to comprehend anything other than the diner menu.

"Slept," he retorted. "Well, *Dream* slept. Asshole hogged the covers the entire damn night and left me freezing." More silence. More odd exchanges between the group. George groaned, "what? Just spit it out!"

"Your neck," Karl muttered genuinely confused. "Looks like you've been beaten. Did something happen after I left you.."

"Karl," Quackity snorted. Karl still looked genuinely confused and George's cheeks hugged mortification in greeting.

"Oh..." George's palm flew up to cover the evidence. He swallowed, "I um... stop looking at me like that."

"Like what?" Sapnap said taking a seat in between Quackity and Karl. Dream took his spot next to George's and ruffled his hair. It only deepened the color of his cheeks. They hadn't talked much after the night before. And the morning mostly consisted of their addiction to push and pull each other's tempers.

"George got beat up last night," Quackity added unhelpfully. George pulled an arm from beneath his chin to flip Quackity off.

"What?" Sapnap looked up from his phone. "By who?"

George groaned and dropped his forehead onto the table giving up the hiding. He heard the 'oh' escape from Sapnap a moment later. Then all hell broke loose.

"Dream," Sapnap hissed.

"I don't want to hear it, Sapnap." Dream shifted fully into the booth and pressed his thigh against George's. That odd warmth returned to George's stomach and his heart beat a bit faster. "I can do whatever the fuck I want. I don't need your permission."

"Yeah," Sapnap said. "Went real well for you last time."

"Sapnap," Dream bit out but George already had enough.

"Fuck off," George said. Resting his chin on his arms again, he glanced at Sapnap's creased expression. "He sucked on my neck. It's not a big fucking deal."

"Right," Sapnap mused. "Thought you were straight, George. Don't know if you know but Dream is not."

"And I thought Dream told you to stay out of his business." George shrugged, "guess both of us are a tad bit wishy-washy."

"Fuck you," Sapnap grit.

"I think your boyfriends would feel cheated if you did that."

Dream snorted and ran his fingers over the back of George's neck. His thumb brushed discreetly over the tiny contusions scattered up George's tendon. A silent show of possession on Dream's side. George was in denial about the shiver wrecking his nervous system. It was the weather. George was fucking cold. And hot. And fuck you, Dream.

"So, you two fucking now?" Quackity took a casual swig of his orange juice.

"No," they answered simultaneously.

With a deliberate eye roll, George tucked his forehead back into the warmth of his elbows. Muffled he said, "it was fun. Don't make it a big deal."

George couldn't see the flash through Dream's eyes but Sapnap caught it. The younger man gave the blond a knowing look. The moment was gone before he could comment though, apathy replaced any mundane emotions Dream refused to have. He pulled his hand away from George's hair, George burned in secret.

"Right." Quackity sounded so damn amused that it stuck a pin in George's side. "So, have you talked to your family, George?"

"No?" He picked up his head. Its weight felt like a bowling ball. "Why?"

"Just a thought." He shrugged, "was going to check if you're going back to the snobs before I ask you to train for Roster."

"Roster?"

Karl nearly shrieked but realized they were in public last second, "Are we going to Roster this

year?"

"Do I even want to know what Roster is?" George kicked Dream beneath the table and concealed a grin in his elbow. He wanted a rise out of the blond who seemed to have fallen into a void of thoughts. Dream's eyes snapped down with a clear message of 'careful' laced into them. George liked danger. He kicked him again and stuck a childish tongue out.

Quackity waited until the perky waitress set down their order before continuing, "it's a novice race. The only requirements are knowing how to drive, knowing how to skid, and knowing how to avoid a burnout."

"It's a race I'm usually in," Karl added. "You can win expensive car parts, clothes, bags, glasses, stuff like that. It's for the younger beginner generation."

"Sounds great," George mocked. Dream hooked his ankle around George's silent assault and kept it there with that smug grin. George dug a fork into his oversized pancakes, "problem is I can't skid."

"Dream is teaching you that."

Dream snorted into his apple juice and Sapnap said, "that didn't go well last time."

Quackity raised a brow, "what?"

George felt the need to gloat, "I got pissed off and left him at the end of the drag strip to walk his ass back."

Silence.

"In 30° weather," George added. Karl hid his laugh behind an elbow and George smiled from across the table.

Quackity made eye contact with Dream who shook his head.

"Dream."

"No."

"Why not," he questioned.

"He doesn't listen-"

George cut in like a child, "I do too!"

"And he has a shit attitude about it."

"I'm not asking you," Quackity said. "I'm telling you. Have him ready for Roster in two weeks. Wilbur bargained property over it."

"And what do I get out of it?"

"I have her location."

Dream's brows raised then he looked away, "fine."

George was so fucking confused. To Sapnap and Karl, this must've been a normal occurrence because they were in their own little world feeding each other fruit.

"What just happened?"

"You're gonna race in two weeks," Dream scoffed.

"Wilbur," Quackity nodded along, "has a newbie in his mix. And he said he'd bargain for an east sector if his racer won. You are mine."

"What's in the east sector," George asked.

"Strip clubs," Sapnap joked. Karl smacked his arm and said, "More room for Las Nevadas. Our group has gotten too big. They need expansions. And well... it is downtown... strip clubs are also there."

"Okay? And what location does he have for you?" George nudged Dream with the back of his fork. It was a wrong move. The blond's playful mood soured, he pushed George's fork away and released his ankle.

"Something that doesn't involve *you*." Harsh and final, George hid his frown.

George's fork wilted and the warmth against his thigh slipped through his grasp. He suddenly felt dirty in Dream's presence. Marked up like a slut and absentmindedly flirting like a schoolgirl with a crush. He forced composure back into his bones.

"Right."

George pushed around the food on his plate and let the conversation start back up naturally. Dream remained silent and brooding while everyone else chattered along about the upcoming event.

It wasn't until they were all headed back out to the cars that George spoke to Dream again. Shivering in cold wind George pushed himself to have enough confidence to speak.

"I um," he pressed a cold hand against his soiled neck, "I'm gonna ride back home with Quackity."

"Why?"

"Just think it's a good idea..."

Dream rolled his eyes, "why cause I didn't tell you about something personal? You don't need to know everything about me, George."

George flinched at his harsh tone, "that's not... that isn't what I'm.."

"Then what?" It felt patronizing. Much like an argument with his parents... one he knew he'd never win. Dream's mask was tight against his lips blocking George out completely. He tucked uncomfortable hands beneath his armpits.

"You look like you need peace and quiet," George tried. "Time to think or whatever."

"Right," Dream scoffed an arm pressed to the passenger door. "I give you hickies and suddenly you know what I need?"

George's expression hardened, "that is not what I was implying..."

"It isn't," He mused. "Whatever, just get in the car and stop acting childish."

George huffed a cold breath, "no."

"George..."

"I'm not in the mood to be torn down, Dream." He motioned to his neck, "I already feel like harlot no need to sit through your emotionally degrading silence as well."

"Fuck off," Dream snapped. "You're acting dramatic."

"Am I? Thought I was acting childish," George mocked and turned in the direction of Quackity's car. The passenger door to Dream's car shut abruptly.

"Where the fuck are you going!"

George threw him a finger and hopped into the passenger seat of Quackity's Mustang. He watched Dream stomp around the hood of his Toyota and slam the door shut behind him. Quackity was losing it to laughter and George punched his arm. Dream sped off down the road without even letting his car heat up.

In the worst British accent, he could muster Quackity said, "I'm a *harlot*, Dream. Oh, Dream you are an asshole."

George couldn't help but smile, "shut up."

"We're worried about you George... your mother and... no I already said that Sweetie... no I can't tell him that he won't come back if he knows that... no I didn't hang up... oh how do I delete a message?"

George gazed blankly at his screen in complete bewilderment. They wanted him home bad enough to call again. To leave that message. George figured his father had finally lost temper to gaining the short end of their fight. He hated to lose anything. George felt smug.

He looked up from his hood and realized what he was doing. Why he was on his phone. Dream hadn't shown up to their training again. The first three days George had let it slide and felt he deserved the cold shoulder. He had started the fight in the diner parking lot... well more or less caused it. George felt he caused Dream's annoyance and that sat heavily on his shoulders. It wasn't something his parents ever wanted him to do, upset people with his own feelings. That was what the press always preyed on, vulnerability. They twisted it and ran it as headlines. There was no press now, but old habits died hard.

So, George woke every morning at five and was out on the drag strip by six, just like Dream had asked of him. Yet Dream had yet to show up, George knew he wouldn't. He let his hopes die out on the second day. Now he sat on the hood of his car and watched the sunrise with his parent's voicemails as his somber intro to the day.

Instead of going back to the house to tiptoe around Dream's glares and crude remarks he got into his car.

He had eleven days left to learn how to skid and doing nothing was only going to embarrass him during that race.

This time he started his car and pumped the clutch. It was a bad idea to practice something you had no idea how to do but, as Dream had said, he was reckless.

George sped down the strip much like the first time he'd ever attempted this move. And just like

then, he spun out again. And again. And again. And again. And again until he gave up. His hands slammed against the wheel and he threw his head back against the seat.

George wondered if this was how everyone would treat him. Spin him out when he made the wrong move. Like he was something to discard. He didn't come out as the perfect son for his parents so they cut him off. Stole his money and took his home from him. Discarded unless he cleaned up his act and followed their rules. Genevieve was a different story with the same ending... and Dream.

Despite himself, George hoped Dream would've been different. He wanted him to be different, but it looked like one bad move and Dream had discarded him as well. Left on the drag strip as an ironic jab back at George. He didn't understand what the trigger was for this fight, they'd had so many. Yet this one crossed a line George hadn't known existed.

George wasn't perfect. He was so damn far from it and he wondered if anyone noticed. He couldn't just fall into line, know when a relationship wasn't working, know where the imaginary boundaries were. He wasn't a damn magician or a machine and he didn't want to be. George's bar of expectations had been set so low that acceptance was his only requirement. And no one seems to be able to give it to him. He groaned and restarted his dead engine.

George didn't return until the nightlife of Las Nevadas was in full swing. The lights held their dim purple glow and music blasted off of every nearby speaker. This place had become a comfort to George. He knew the people, the life, the cars, he even had a spot for his own. Wedged between Karl's midnight purple Mitsubishi Eclipse and Quackity's yellow and blue Mustang fit George Porsche.

All his self-pity had simmered down to a boil and replaced with white-hot frustration. He wasn't walking into Las Nevadas as a wounded animal he more or less pranced in like a predator. Piqued with rage and little rationality, he found his prey in a crowd.

Familiar fingers fisted tightly into fiery red strands and George's brows creased. Surging through the rowdy crowd he made to do something stupid. Sappnap called his name as if George would stop. As if George would listen to anyone other than the war drums in his ears. Pressing through people and spilling beer he came up near Dream and his girl.

In a wave of negligent rage, he shoved Dream. Hard. The blond, caught off guard from his make out heaved over a few steps. George shoved him again. He crashed into several people.

"Fuck you," George seethed. The group was suddenly ripped off of their high spirits and focused on them. The bass of a rap song beat to the pace of George's heart. Rapid and erratic, he heaved a breath. "What is your problem, Dream?"

He released a harsh laugh and straighten up, "*my* problem. You are the one storming in here and shoving me."

"Three days," George spit. "I sat alone on that drag strip every morning for three days waiting for you to get your act together and teach me something!"

The girl beside him rolled her eyes and tried to cut in, "how about you go bitch somewhere else. You're killing our vibe with-"

George held a hand up between her face all while keeping both eyes trained on Dream said, "how

about you find someone else to fuck you tonight. Because clearly, that's the only reason you're speaking, I interrupted your attention from Dream and you want it back. Isn't that what it is between you two, your his slut?"

She gasped.

Several people stifled laughs along with some blown low whistles. George hadn't looked away from Dream who'd started walking towards him. Shoulders straight back and hands clenched into tight fists. George smirked. He was digging himself a grave with a damn spoon to raise a reaction out of Dream. All he got was his sweet and lovely fucking apathy. George scraped out more dirt and spoke again.

"Oh no," George cooed. "Did I hit a nerve?"

The girl looked to be in shock, "did I say something a little too truthful?"

"Lets go," Dream snapped. His mask was pulled back up over his lips. Snatching George's elbow like a child he dragged him backward. George let him pull without a fight. Instead, he waved to the redhead who was on the verge of tears. *Fuck you*, he thought for an envious moment. It was too much to unpack right now but that feeling, that ugly green, was another reason for George's need to self-destruct.

His laugh felt manic when Dream dragged him into a secluded room. Hackling like a villain who finally lost, down on his last legs, Dream dragged him. The door shut heavily behind them and George leaned against it to catch his breath.

"She was bout the cry," George panted with a smile. "You pick the soft girls don't you, Dream?"

"What the fuck, George?" Was it anger? Concern? George couldn't tell Dream's emotions through the apathetic aspects of his expression. It only pulled more laughter out of him. "Stop that."

George dropped his head back against the door and looked at Dream through his bottom lashes. Both of his hands were tucked between the wood and his back, nails digging into it, the laughter continued. George realized the room they were secluded in turned out to be the bakery kitchen. The person that owned it had sold it to Quackity a while back, George had never seen it open. He briefly wondered what happened with the deal before Dream shifted his footing clearly impatient. George's thoughts jumped to if Dream would play along to the self-destructive movie he already directed in his head on the drive up here.

"You gonna kick me out now?"

Dream blinked, "what?"

"I didn't listen and I embarrassed you just now," George's words were a statement. He tipped his chin down. It looked taunting from the outside but George was only hiding his defeat. "Didn't I? Are you gonna ban me from being here like you did with Punz?"

"Where would you go?" Absolutely fucking nothing, George received no reaction.

George laughed painfully deep and shut his eyes, "home. My parents called me this morning begging me to come back. It's all a ploy to get me to do what they want but I figured why the hell not."

Dream's brows held up disbelief, "so your gonna go back and what? Get married?"

"Seems to be a fun option," George mused. He wanted to cry now but George didn't even think he was capable of doing so. The numbness in his chest was far too thick to get any actual sadness out of him anymore. Every occurrence just caused George to fall deeper and deeper into nothing. Deadened by disregard. Floating on everyone else's high, everyone else's fiends, because his own was giving him nothing. It stared straight into his soul and revealed *nothing*. "Should tell Quackity you need to drug it out of me again. Tell him I'm sorry I didn't listen enough to be trained for Roster."

"Why would you go back?"

"You don't want me here anymore," it seemed like a very simple answer.

"That's not true." Still no reaction. George didn't have hope he had anger and hurt. He didn't show the last one. Dream stepped closer resting his forearms on each side of George's head.

"It is," he hissed nose to nose.

Both of his palms splayed fingers on both sides of Dream's ribcage and yanked him closer. If Dream wanted him to stop he would've said something. He wasn't told to stop. "Because what other reason would you leave me out in the cold like that and not bother to explain why? Not say a fucking word to me for three days. I *know* what getting used and tossed away feels like, Dream."

"That's not fair," Dream swallowed. George watched his Adam's apple bob before his rage boiled again. Dream's actions moved his mask around and George wouldn't allow it. He wouldn't allow Dream to hide.

Ripping the mask from Dream's mouth George leaned close to the blond's ear, "nothing in my life is fair, Dream. *Nothing*."

Dream felt almost pliant between George's hands, "I didn't use you."

"No, but you'll use her," George said dripping with green. "Does she get the silent treatment when you're upset? Do you leave her ass to freeze on the drag strip?"

Dream hummed into George's ear, "thought this wasn't about jealousy."

"I'm not jealous," George protested. "You tell me I'm your friend but treat me worse than your personal slut. Put the pieces together."

Dream sighed, "you crossed a line."

"How the fuck am I supposed to know that if you didn't *tell* me asshole." George shoved their body's closer and nearly groaned at the contact. With his knee wedged between Dream's legs, he felt a growing problem. His manic laugh returned, "is that from me or her?"

"Does it matter," Dream grit.

George bravely slipped a hand down between their body's to cup the other. Dream stifled a groan by biting his lip.

"It does if you want me to fix it." *Bold*, George thought. Anger caused a lot of odd behavior when he messed with it.

"George," Dream warned.

The brunette pulled Dream's ear lobe between his teeth and caused a hiss, "was it me or her?"

"You," Dream broke. "Fuck, George. You."

George decided not to think much past that. Instead, he dropped to his knees and reveled in the shock present on Dream's face. With nimble fingers, he unhooked chains and ripped Dream's fly open.

"Can I?"

"George what-"

"Yes or fucking no, asshole?"

"Yes," Dream sighed. "God yes."

George didn't know what the hell he was doing or how to do it. It's always been received never given. Despite George's fragile sexuality, he had something to prove. This wasn't like, nor was it about jealousy anymore, this was control and Dream knew that.

George slipped his fingers beneath Dream's boxers and pulled down. The man before him exhaled deeply when George wrapped his hand around him. He'd never held anyone else's dick in his hand beside his own and even that was a rare fucking occasion. It meant George was turned on enough to get off, and that was a difficult thing to achieve. Yet there he was gripping a problem like he'd done it a thousand times and sporting his own between his legs. They made eye contact and Dream seemed to notice the flash of fear in George's brown gaze.

"You don't have to prov-"

George ran a thumb over Dream's tip and Dream cut himself off with a moan, "shut up, Dream."

He'd never done this before but it didn't stop him from taking Dream in his mouth. The blond dropped his head against the door and threaded a hand through brown strands. He didn't pull, it just rested there as encouragement. George moved in the same manner Dream had all that time ago on Quackity's settee. Up and down, high off the hill he hoped he remembered enough to not embarrass himself doing this.

Dream groaned when George took him all the way in to brush against his throat. He moved a bit faster and pulled more sounds out of Dream. They could be classified as whimpers. Dream the bad, apathetic, asshole who ran half of Las Nevadas, was mewling at something George was doing to him. Putty in his hands George squeezed just to tease.

Dream groaned, "George."

He squeezed again as a warning to shut the hell up. George's knees ached and his jaw was going to be sore but determination was a bitch and like this, Dream was his. He pulled back to focus on the tip and George received another warning.

"George," Dream hissed. "If you don't stop now you'll have to..."

George pinched Dream's thigh and continued his ministrations. Nothing but his name fell off Dream's lips when he finally let go. George was filled with enough sheer rage he didn't even comprehend what he'd done until he swallowed. A thumb wrapped in his fingers to help him cope with the texture and taste before he sat back on his heels, more or less shocked.

Dream pulled himself back into his boxers then collapsed forward on shaky legs. He held onto George's shoulder for dear life sitting on the ground with matched breaths. George gripped the back of his t-shirt and buried his nose in the juncture of Dream's neck. With sweetened petrol and slow breaths, George didn't feel the need to run this time. He wanted to sit right here and break.

"George," Dream whispered and ran gentle fingers up his spine. "You okay?"

"Don't," George croaked throat raw, partly from hidden tears and partly from what he'd just done.

"Don't what?" The apathy had finally filtered out and left warmth in Dream's voice. Sweet honey-coated words buzzed beneath George's skin and thawed his numb chest.

"Discard me," he whispered. "You... here... it's the only things I have left."

"I wasn't going to," Dream reassured. "And you didn't have to suck me off to tell me that, you know."

George huffed but it came out more as a gasp for breath, "you have to tell me when I... cross a line asshole." He sniffled and swore he wasn't crying Dream just held him closer. "I didn't know..."

"You didn't know and I'm a dick for not saying anything," Dream muttered. It was a silent debate before Dream spoke again. "The location you asked about. It's my sister."

George rested his head on Dream's shoulder, "you have a sister?"

"Yes," he whispered back. "But my parents won't let me see her. And that's all I want to tell you about it. For now."

"Okay," George nodded. He traced languid circles over Dream's shoulder.

Dream hummed, "you're hot when you're angry."

George groaned and muttered something inaudible into Dream's shoulder.

"Give it to you, daredevil, you had me freaked for a bit out there," Dream's admission was covered by a kiss to George's shoulder. "Thought you might start punching someone or try arson."

"I didn't have a lighter," George sighed. "Thought I'd use my mouth instead."

A snort, "you were hot when you did that too."

Dream pulled back and took George's head gently between his hands. Thumbs brushed over George's dusted cheeks and swiped away excess liquid from the corner of his mouth.

"Okay?" Dream wasn't just asking physically. He meant about this. About what happened. About what step George just took, about all of it.

George read between the lines and nodded, "I'm okay."

His smile felt fond, "that's my little daredevil."

The kiss to George's forehead would burn his soul for the next several weeks or even years.

Thank you for all the love of this story Im so goad you guys are enjoying it as much as I am.

Also, this link is the Spotify for this story. It has all the songs used as quotes at the beginning in a playlist as well as a few more I use as inspiration for this book

If the link doesn't work search

Champagne Burnouts

It's made by H_A

[https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2L7oHKPul2o6t48Oa7kSH0?
si=7H5zbq0eQxCY4nnJnxUGVQ](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2L7oHKPul2o6t48Oa7kSH0?si=7H5zbq0eQxCY4nnJnxUGVQ)

Trepidation

Chapter Summary

George gets a tattoo and Dream gives feelings.

Chapter Notes

Warning!!
Mentions needles.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Swallow every single lie. Take all of me."
Lover Of Mine
5sos

"Sam! Sam... ow! Alright... alright you can sto...ow!"

The buzzing in his ears only made the situation about a thousand times worse. Not only did it hurt in the section Sam was designing but George's entire shoulder *throbbed*. Needles were not his forte but there he was strapped to a tattoo table hissing through a thousand pokes every ten seconds.

"Shut up," Sam joked. "I'm almost done with the square then I'll do your neck."

"I have so many... Ow! Fuck off, Sam!" The tattoo artist chuckled into his gas mask and replaced the placement of a hand. The Brit tried not to flinch when the tattoo gun came back down onto his skin. Over and over, George had stared at that stupid tattoo hung on the wall. It was only two-quarters big but, like a dumbass, he made adjustments.

The rectangle with the two 'Xs' as eyes and a tongue mouth rested just below the peak of his shoulder and right before the round of it. Right on that tender part of the body was flat until it met with the armpit. The words originally sat beneath it said *Error 404* but George found that a bit tacky when put in its original placement. Now the stencil was projected to run a bit bigger... and up the side of his neck. It laid nicely along the one tendon that Dream loved to abuse with his lips during their... moments. It was always painted in soft pretty marks that everyone eyed. George liked it because it reminded him he wasn't always numb; Dream liked the possession and attention they received.

The door to the shop jingled when people entered. Weighted and squeaky George groaned hearing it swing open. Sapnap's boisterous laugh filled the room immediately. Loud and completely disruptive, but Sam didn't falter. He held his hand steady and brought George more agony with each press. They'd been at this for an hour already.

"Fuck!" George dropped down against the sterile tattoo pillow.

"Woah," Sapnap chuckled hovering in George's peripherals. "You're getting a tattoo?"

"No," George hissed. "Just putting permanent ink in my skin."

The door jingled open before slamming the cold air out again.

"Smartass, Since when have you ever wanted a tattoo?" Sapnap was abruptly shoved forward dragging another deep laugh out of the man. Sprawled on the floor like a dog he heaved with laughs. Warm and familiar, George smiled until the pain took over again. Striking up his arm and forcing a lip between tight teeth. The brunette swore at Sam and placed a forearm over his eyes.

"I thought you didn't burnout anymore!" George's heart elevated at Dream's lofty voice. "Told you those fire hazards would ruin your start off."

"I'm not racing for money, dumbass," Sapnap retorted. "I only race you!"

Dusting himself off he snatched Dream's head and yanked it to his chest. Held in a headlock, the older man fought around and chuckled until Sapnap ended it. The final straw was hands covered in black soot, he ruffled with no remorse both through Dream's hair. George's cheeks were about to split with his own laughter before Sam pressed down on a hard line.

"Ow! Sam!" George gripped his forehead, "you said you were almost done!"

"Fine," he hummed. "Take five minutes while I see what these two want." George's shoulders dropped against the table and he took several deep breaths. In through the nose out through the mouth. He hoped the constant ache would subside for a moment. It didn't leave it weakened to a dull ache.

"Sapnap needs the plunger again," Dream's voice, muffled behind his mask, came up around the crown of George's head. "Either something is in it again or he needs to replace the whole damn thing."

"Alright," Sam sighed. He set down the torture device and started heading to the back of the shop.

The familiar bittersweet aroma ghosted over him before Dream spoke.

"You look sexy like that," he whispered. "Spread out on a table, shirtless."

"And in pain," George's accent felt articulated. He believed it was caused by the pain or maybe it was just Dream's presence. The pain... god please be the pain. "What are you, a sadist?"

Next to his ear Dream whispered, "you'd like that, huh?"

The heat in George's shoulder filtered through his veins until it shook hands with his lower stomach. Deep-rooted and uncomfortable, he grimaced.

Ever since their encounter in the bakery kitchen, it's been like this. Suggestive. Lustful. Painful. George hadn't sorted through his feelings about what he'd done, instead, he figured ignoring it was a good idea. Dream didn't seem to mind, after their fight he's been focused on George. Their skidding practice was getting better and well... if they couldn't keep their hands off one another afterward... George wasn't complaining. He didn't have to think with Dream. He just felt and ignored what those feelings meant for his teetering sexuality. The kisses on his neck felt good. That's all he needed to understand for the time being.

"What'd Sapnap do to his car?"

"Can I touch you or are you in too much pain," it sounded mocking but George knew how genuine it was beneath the surface. Beneath his mask.

"Yeah go ahead, asshole."

Dream pulled George's forearm away to squint down at his brown eyes, "he had a burnout and the fire muffler shot off."

George cracked a smile that Dream's eyebrows returned. He hummed into Dream's sudden touch a second later. Long fingers moved George's stray hair from pain-clad skin. Clammy and shivering, George sighed at the kiss placed to his temple. It was... unexpected.

"Stop being sweet," George reprimanded with no bite in his words. "I can tell you're enjoying my pain."

"Not my fault when you have the same look and expression every time you co-"

"Here!" Sam interrupted, "tell Sapnap to keep it."

Sapnap stuck his head into the room, "sick dude. Thanks!"

A small toilet plunger flew through the air much like a bird but Sapnap caught it like a football star. A screech bounced around his victory before he slapped Dream soundly on the shoulder. The blond shook his head and caught the last of Sapnap as he ran back out to the cold air. The Las Nevadas crowd roared praise at his return before the door shut. Dream didn't follow, he leaned down to whisper something else in George's ear.

"Alright, love birds," Sam said. "No pillow talk on my table."

"We aren't... ow!" George's grip shot up to Dream's fingers a little too tight when Sam started up again. "Fuck off, Sam!"

Dream chuckled and pulled a chair right beside George's head, "it's not that bad."

"Feels like he's- Ow! Carving into my skin with a fork." Dream unlatched George's grip from his two fingers and correct their placement. Slotted one by one between his, Dream held his hand warmly between his own.

"Are you ready for your race?"

Dream set his chin on top of their laced fingers and looked down at George expectantly. The tedious mask was up but that wasn't what caught George's attention. A chain, with several different sized loops, hung around Dream's neck and hovered an inch from his George's cheek.

"That's new," he pointed out.

Dream let George tangle his index finger around it, "It's what I raced Sapnap for. He has a thousand of them but I liked this one. It's the most expensive."

"You had to race for it and I'll just take it while you sleep." George winced, partially because of Sam's deeper outlining and partly because he just said that out loud. And it sounded... odd.

Once this experiment with Dream had started George realized how shit he was at flirting. Girls were easy to charm but Dream... what were you supposed to say to someone apathetic about fucking everything? How was he supposed to flirt with someone who could also flirt circles around

him? He'd barely gotten a reaction out of the man and he'd been *on his knees*. George was on the verge of telling him to fuck off out of embarrassment before the man spoke again.

"While I sleep," Dream repeated, hot like the sun. "That means you'll be in my bed. Will you be shirtless?"

"Strike one, loverboy," Sam said, wiping excess ink from George's skin. "Two more and I kick you out. Doesn't matter if you're *Dream* or not."

The blond rolled his eyes before George replied, "would you want me to be?"

"That goes for you as well," Sam pressed down a bit harder and George hissed.

Leaning down to George's ear so Sam couldn't hear, Dream whispered, "I'd love to see you naked in my bed." A suggestive bite to his earlobe caused a jolt before Dream continued, "I have the race route for this weekend."

George swallowed and tried to cover the color rising to his cheeks with pain. Focus on the tattoo. His efforts were appreciated but not useful when Dream raised a self-satisfied brow. His stray finger brushed over the color. George felt desperation seep in along with mortification.

Dream's eyes seemed to glaze over, clouded with a thousand thoughts. It happened so suddenly like the flick of a switch, so fast George could barely keep up. One minute Dream was a scorching sun lighting everything in his path, the next he was a wintery midnight freezing the harvest. The brunette frowned and brought their hands up to Dream's mask. He could always tell more emotions from Dream's mouth than he ever could through those hazy green eyes. The angry lines below his corners, the happy softened lip line, the sexy teasing smirk. It was easier when he wasn't blocked out and Dream knew that. So, George made to move the mask before Dream bit out an abrupt, "no."

George flinched from Dream's sudden harsh tone. Frozen in place they gazed at each other. A war brewing between eyes. He held his breath.

George snapped out of it first and let his brows quirk. Easily, he unhooked their fingers and tucked his own beneath the cold tattoo table. Dream rarely said 'no' to anything George asked to do. Kisses. Touches. Even take his mask off. He didn't usually deny him. Even now it shouldn't have been a problem, George wasn't being irrational. They were secluded here and Sam had seen Dream without the mask, George didn't understand.

Dream had given George several stories of when he didn't have an option to say 'no'. Told him about how bad it'd made him feel and, fuck that, George loathed every second of those talks. The soft times in between their heavy caresses. Times when Dream's lips were unguarded and his eyes were clear. Green and bright as the summer's heat shine. George didn't want to be that person to Dream, that harmful form of controlling. Even if it was something minute. Dream's brows bunched together to form worry lines.

"That's not why I was saying 'no' -"

"Is the route long?" George changed the subject and ignored Sam's peeking attention. The tattoo artist was nosy for someone that didn't tolerate much drama.

"George," the latter refused to look directly at him.

Maybe he was thinking too hard about all of this. Too hard about Dream, because now that he thought about it this wasn't the first time Dream had said 'no' in the last few days. In the kitchen

when George made to hug him as he'd done with Karl, a sharp 'no' was given. The day he asked to kiss his cheek in the car it was 'no'. And when George wanted to lean against Dream during a house bonfire, that was also a 'no'.

It was domestic touches George realized, the sexual ones didn't need thinking. When he kissed Dream's neck, or asked to touch Dream, for Dream to touch him instead. He kept his gaze entirely on Sam's moving hand. Dream had days when he didn't want any form of touch or kisses and George was fine with that, but what if it wasn't just a bad day. George hoped it was Dream's personal boundary and not something to do with him.

Dream sighed, "no. It's a lap around downtown and it ends at the edge of Las Nevadas."

"And do I have a chance at winning?"

"Possibly." It sounded neutral, but George knew Dream enough to hear the words left unsaid.

George scoffed, "possibly? You don't think I can win."

"That's not what I said," Dream argued, his tone now uninterested. George followed suit by pulling his emotions away from the surface so that this *logical* reply didn't hurt. He didn't want Dream to unknowingly add the numbness within his chest. Push and pull, it was almost exhausting.

"I said possibly. You have good turns but your skids are still unpredictable. You never know if it's going to be a good day or a bad day. You might be pissed off and spin out, or level-headed and nail them. It's hard to say when you use you too many emotions to drive."

Beneath his breath, George said, "sometimes I don't think *you* understand what emotions are."

"What?" Dream didn't catch it but Sam did. The artist paused and wiped George's ink three times, it felt like a condolence.

"I said, I'm not a robot." Dream frowned beneath his mask, it showed only slightly in his brows. "I can't just drive perfectly without emotions it's," he scoffed. "Anything else to add?"

"What are you upset about," Dream tried. "I was just telling you-"

"That you don't believe I can win." That you don't *believe in me* went unsaid.

"That's not what I said, George." He tilted his head, "logically it's a possibility."

"Right," George looked up at him and held back too many messy things he could've said. He wondered if this is what Dream felt like behind that mask. "I bet Sapnap needs your help."

"You don't want me here?" George shrugged. "George."

George looked away, "no, not right now."

Dream sighed and brushed a hair out of George's eyes. Dream had the ability to open a wound and soothe it with little actions. Ones that this, George didn't know how to cope with them. He also didn't like to be petty but Dream sucked at communicating and George was determined to teach him, whilst not bringing it up at all. George knew he also sucked at communicating but wouldn't admit it.

He just didn't know how to talk when Dream was so.... intimidating, erratic, magnetic. Fuck him.

When Dream moved to kiss his forehead George replied with a solid, "no."

The life within Dream's eyes seemed to have a flash of realization but it died before George could comment. The sun was replaced by the moon within seconds. He nodded and extracted himself completely. The slam to the shop door was music to George's ears. Music to feel somber with, that is.

"That was a shit show," Sam muttered.

"Tell me about it."

He wiped more ink, "look, Dream is closed off, but not as bad as you. Don't look at me like that, you just had an entire internal conflict within three words he spoke to you." Sam shook his head, "he can't read your mind and you can't read his. *Talk* to him."

"How," George chuckled, lifelessly. "He doesn't want to talk."

"He doesn't or you don't?"

George scoffed, "are you almost done?"

Sam had an answer to both questions.

"Try this on top of those long sleeves." George stifled a groan and pulled the royal blue t-shirt from Dream's grasp. They'd been in his room for an hour trying to come up with a racing outfit. According to everyone else it was a statement moment, George didn't see the point.

Dream stood against his closet door with arms crossed tightly over his chest. The chain-hung over his shirt and George had to look elsewhere before fuck Dream for looking hot. He didn't even want to think about when that switch happened. When he suddenly started finding Dream attractive.

Once George shuffled the shirt over his body Dream trailed his gaze over George's body. It simmered and burned but the older man stayed quiet and waited for a nod of approval.

"That's fine," he finally decided. George huffed and fell backward, with dramatic flair, onto Dream's bed. Dream snorted, "is finding an outfit really that hard?"

"Yes."

Carefully Dream moved to hover over George. The chain-hung over his nose, "maybe you're just lazy."

"And maybe you're a manipulator," George teased. Two fingers hooked onto the metal and tested it with a tug. "You pulled me up here to get off and instead started rummaging through your closet."

"Rummaging," Dream smiled at how British it sounded. When George tugged him again, his forearms came down and held his weight around the brunette's head. George felt the fire in his chest stir. "Sometimes I might just want to spend time with you, you know. Not get off."

George frowned, "no you don't."

"Yes," a protest, "I do. Do I have to repeat how charming I think you are?"

George didn't believe it, "then why don't you let me touch you when we're not." He flailed a hand

around. "You don't even let me hug you unless we've just done something else."

"Can I," Dream hushed over George's tender neck. The tattoo was still healing but Dream didn't seem too worried about it.

"That's sex," Dream mumbled. "I don't see the need for it outside of this."

"Right," George's expression deepened. "I wasn't doing it to be," he pulled Dream up by his cheeks, "I was doing it as a friend. Like with Karl or Sapnap, you hug them."

"You're different," Dream whispered.

He looked away, "is it the same reason you won't kiss me?"

"George..."

"Is it a boundary?"

"No, I just..."

"Okay... never mind," George sighed. "Forget I said anything."

Dream was put in a heavy spot. His shoulders were tight above George and his breath seemed to fall still. Quiet in the small room George could hear Sapnap and Karl's laughter from downstairs. It almost interrupted the tension between himself and the man above him. George almost wished he hadn't said anything. Because god he didn't think he could handle it from Dream. He couldn't handle that disregarded rejection. The kind that was on the tip of the blond's tongue. If anything George would avoid it for as long as he could.

In a rush to keep the words away, George pulled him down to whisper in his ear, "I want you to, fuck me."

"To what?" Dream caved and let George take control.

"Fuck me," he repeated with only a bit of embarrassment.

Dream wasn't one for reactions but this cracked his code. White in the face Dream's jaw slackened beneath George's gentle hold.

"That's a broad statement for someone who claims to be straight."

George fell from afraid to hurt, "it's what experimenting is right? That's the whole point?"

"Yeah," Dream pulled away. George's arms felt as empty as his chest and been for the past few weeks. "But I think you might want to treat your first time a little less lightly."

George pushed Dream out of the way to sit up, "I'm not a virgin, Dream."

"I know that," he said, the apathy replaced any surprise George clawed out of him. "I just think you're going too fast. You haven't even talked about the bakery incident."

His cheeks burned, "what's there to talk about."

"Well," Dream drawled pulled George's back to rest against his chest. Small kisses danced up to his ear. "You gave me a blow job. And before that, you protested until red in the face that you are straight. So, how about we talk about that."

George groaned as teeth grazed tender skin. When Dream pulled him back so that they rested against the headboard George let him. Languid in this man's arms George was a goner. He wasn't even afraid of what that meant anymore he just *wanted*. He wanted that sensation Dream brought. The buzz beneath his skin, in his heart. That high he'd slowly started to become addicted to. The adrenaline.

"I don't think," George sighed. Dream's hands traveled down his body in lustful increments. Gripping his waist suggestively, George felt his pulse speed. Pedal to the metal it thumped through his veins, his soul, and caused a problem in his groin. "I don't think I'm gay. But I'm not straight either."

"And why did you suck me off." Dream's hand hovered over The apex between George's thighs.

George pressed the hand down and muttered, "cause you pissed me off, asshole."

Dragging knuckles over George's bulge he unzipped his jeans, "why else?"

"Dream," George dropped his head back against Dream's shoulder. He soon realized what game they were playing. Dream's hand hovered where his last question left off. The bastard would only continue if George answered the question. Fuck him and his egoistic need to... "because I *wanted* to."

"That's it, *daredevil*." Palming him over his boxers Dream asked, "did you like it?"

A shaky breath, "it tasted like shit."

Dream stopped, "that's not what I asked."

"Fuck you," George heaved. "Yes, I liked the fact that you got worked up over my anger. I liked how you let me take you apart."

Dream's hand slipped beneath the last fabric layer and gripped George between his fingers.

George realized that this wasn't healthy for them as friends. Fucking around during serious conversations, but how was he supposed to complain when Dream made him feel like this. Flushed to the hills with pleasure burning every nerve in his body.

Dream's hand moved at a slower pace because fuck George's need there were more questions.

"Have you ever fingered yourself?"

George choked on a moan that turned into a surprised chuckle, "no."

Dream's hand moved quicker and George felt the rush curl his toes and pool into his stomach.

"Dream?"

"Let go," he said into the skin of George's neck. The feeling of teeth on his skin pushed him over. Spilling into his boxers and Dream's hand George muffled a whine with his own. The rabble downstairs didn't need to hear this. It'd start a fight between Sappnap and Dream, it make George feel high strung, it'd force them to talk more.

Dream's kisses continued while George came down from his orgasm. His chest heaved but Dream remained steady behind him. George's breath felt almost as erratic as his thoughts.

"Now talk to me," Dream whispered. His soiled hand wrapped around George's middle but the brunette didn't care about the mess. He relaxed into Dream entirely. A quiet surrender.

"You don't like when I touch you outside," George panted. "Outside of this. I make you uncomfortable."

"No," Dream said. "I just don't want you to get too attached."

"I've never been attached to anything," George said somberly. "You don't have to worry about that."

"I don't want you to fall in love with me." Harsh and assertive, George could hear through the façade Dream's emotions mirrored his own, they were afraid. Not of any foreign matter, they feared each other.

"Why not," not George dared to whisper.

"I break everything I love," his correction was softer. "Everything that loves *me*."

George said, "again you don't have to worry, Dream. I'm already broken."

Chapter End Notes

I had to rewrite this entire chapter because I hated it the first time and I don't love it this time. It's a filler chapter because the next one... plot stuff is about to go down. Be ready.

An Uncovered Hog

Chapter Summary

George races and plot walks in with a mischievous grin (thunder) Are you telling this story or am I (I'm sorry, mi vida, go onnnn)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Grip the wheel if I drive too fast."
WHAT YOU CALL THAT
Chase Atlantic

George's playlist of stripped-back songs carried his Porsche up to the start line. Softer in compression to his nerves. They were wired. Every inch of his skin felt irritated, his eyes seemed to dart for an escape. He was happy his heart had a cage, if it didn't it would have dragged him halfway down the strip in a false start. And how fucking embarrassing would that be for his first race? He put his break in park to be sure he didn't send his car flying on accident.

Dream tapped on his window a moment later. George pressed down his automatic latch and looked at the man flatly, "I'm going to fail."

A scoff, "with that playlist yes." Dream reached into his car and shut off his radio, "a slowed Heat Waves is not going to help you right now."

"Fuck off," George chuckled. "Are you here to give me a pep talk?"

"I'm here to tell you about your opponent," Dream leaned both elbows on the window sill. "Badboyhalo is a careful driver, but he's precise. No wrong turns. No half skids. No fun."

George's mouth pulled up into a grin, "did you just say fun?"

Dream leaned further into the car and pulled down his mask, "yes, I said fun." A full smile crept up to grip George's cheeks. "I know I've been hard on you about this race and I've been a..."

"A dick," he finished then motioned for Dream to continue.

"A dick," he deadpanned in repeat. "But I wanted to say you have a good chance. And... I'm rooting for you."

George's need to tease melted a bit, "thank you, Dream."

He nodded but his gaze lingered a little too long on George's eyes. His cheeks. His jawline. George knew there was something else, he didn't feel afraid to ask what it was this time.

"Just," Dream huffed frustrated with himself. "Just don't do anything too reckless, alright? I need you back here in one piece."

"Aww," George crooned. "You need me?"

The tip of Dream's nose dusted with color, "George."

"The Dream needs me," George continued. "Oh god, call in the cavalry the man needs someone." His smile dripped with warmth, "I'll be fine, Dream."

Dream clicked his tongue and reached a hand out. George pulled it to his cheek with a relaxing exhale.

"You better be," Dream tried to sound assertive but George saw right through his wall. "Or so help me It will not end well. I will have to..."

George pressed a thumb over Dream's lips to shush him, "Dream, you're love language is showing. And you're not supposed to love me," in a mock whisper he said, "you're breaking a rule, asshole. Get it together."

Dream let George brush over his lips before he said, "just because I can't love you romantically doesn't mean I can't platonically."

"It was a joke," George grinned. Dream rolled his eyes. "I'll be fine."

"And I'll be waiting at the end of the race, with Sapnap and Quackity and Puffy... and all the other people that annoy the shit out of me."

George playfully pushed Dream's cheek away, it was rewarded with a laugh. Hot like a cup of cocoa, Dream settled his nerves. He felt he could beam with just a taste of Dream's laughter. And when those green eyes came back to him they were open. Readable enough for George to know he was genuine.

Dream rubbed over George's cheek with his retreating knuckles, "fuck. Don't do anything stupid. Got it?"

"Got it," George said with a mischievous grin. He didn't make any promises.

"If you win you can get a prize."

"I know that already."

"No," Dream hummed. "A prize from me."

George felt his cheeks warm with realization, "like what?"

He tapped his fingers against the window, "you'll have to win to find out, daredevil."

"Fuck you," George chuckled. Dream pulled up his mask over his soft smile and disappeared into the crowd. George couldn't help but look like a schoolgirl with a crush, smiling down at his lap like an idiot. Fuck Dream, if this kept going on George was going to need therapy. They'd have to prescribe him a better addiction to wash away whatever damage Dream does.

"You guys seem like a sweet couple." A higher-pitched voice pulled George's attention back to the window. Standing where Dream had a moment before, was a stranger. Dressed in various designs of red and black he shifted on his feet unfazed by the buzz of the night.

Dark circular sunglasses sat on the bridge of his nose and, like Dream, a black mask covered his chin. This one spelled out BAD in red letters. The D in the word made George quirk a brow, it had

little devil horns. Even a tail. That was interesting. Not tacky at all... just interesting.

"Oh," George forced composure back into his cheeks. "We're not together... were just fri..."

"Oh my word," the stranger brought a hand to his heart. "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to assume I just thought," he growled. "Look I'm messing this up already. I just wanted to introduce myself. I'm BadBoyHalo, you can call me bad."

George chuckled and took shook his hand, "I'm George...notfound. You can call me George."

That was the first time he'd said his racer name and it felt... good. Maybe a little off due to his lack of preparation but it felt fucking good. He beamed at the man.

"It's nice to meet you."

Bad hummed gratefully, "nice to meet you to George. May the best win."

With his window rolled up tight he watched the flag crew start to unravel their pieces. After starting his engine George checked his opponents.

Bad was on his right in a little black and scarlet Corvette v7. On his left was Karl in his familiar midnight purple Mitsubishi Eclipse. George hadn't noticed the spirals on his car glowed until this moment. Up close and personal, George realized that Karl's car wasn't just cartoonish. The way his engine started could almost rival George's Porsche, it had to have been modified. Most likely Sapnap's doing, he figured. Bad's car, on the other hand, was quiet and George couldn't tell his odds from just a look. Dream told him that the rest of the racers weren't worth worrying about.

The green flag raised and George revved his engine. *Don't burn out dumbass*, Dream's reprimands were so clear in his mind he could punch him. Screw Dream for being so god damn memorable.

The flag dropped and George sped off the start a moment later than Bad.

0 to 60 had George pressing back into his seat like on the front of a rollercoaster. The adrenaline started like the bass in a rock song, strong and steady behind the sounds around it. He tuned out the pops of some other car's burnout engine. Honed into the road George shifted gears and let his tyre devour the asphalt beneath them.

To his right, he passed a slower racer as well as to his right. Left in the dust he shifted gears and revved his engine to sub it in. Two down two more to go. Bad and Karl were neck and neck before the first turn. It was a narrow right hook into back ally streets. Those were the ones Dream had talked about the most. They were narrow and George liked to fishtail when he felt boxed in. Closed in a space it did something to his mental state. *You drive with too much emotion*, shut up Dream.

Bad cut Karl off and sent him into a short shrieking wobble. George took the opportunity to pass him and hoped he caught up later. He had no time to feel bad for his friend, they knew the stakes before they started their engines. More space for Las Nevadas was riding on George's back, that prize at the end of this finish line, and so was Dream's prize.

He shifted gears and plowed through the alleyway to catch Bad's taillights.

The next turn was one away from the bridge to Las Nevadas. George knew if he didn't gain the lead before that he wasn't going to win. Or he'd have to make a reckless decision.

The second the ally ended and the road opened up he shifted again. Flooring it to 120mph he came up beside Bad who sweetly waved at him. George snorted and flipped him off. He could've sworn

the warning of "language" floated past his window... but he was too busy passing the guy to care. The bridge was on the horizon, all he had to do was enter it first.

The road proceeded to shave off inches. Bad saddled up beside him.

The bridge got closer. Bad refused to move.

The road was far too narrow for George and Bad to go at the same time, something was about to give.

Closer.

And closer.

The bridge's entrance was upon them.

Dream's worry of being reckless was playing on a loop in his head and George was going to murder him after this.

He let Bad pass.

Speeding over the bridge the road opened up to another turn, then this was the last stretch to Las Nevadas. The crowd was packed up the streets. These George knew well enough to be harebrained.

He shifted gears and sped down an opposite road. It was like the ally, small and tight. This road was the one Dream had lectured him on, George tighten his grip to keep from fishtailing. He turned hard down another road and shaved off a car's worth of time between him and Bad.

It wasn't enough.

The checkered flag was hanging in from the tower in taunting anticipation.

Fuck Dream's rules he wasn't losing this race. Dream said bad was a safe driver, so that meant safety. The man wouldn't want a dent in his car let alone the whiplash from it. George had a plan and knew Dream would dig into him for it but screw it. He was winning this race.

A quarter-mile from the finish line George let his car fishtail right next to bad. His taillights swung out of control purposely and Bad had the choice to swerve or crash into George's car. Adrenaline was the only thing in George's mind. Lit up like a firecracker George felt alive. His chest was beating hard enough to feel. Fear, the rush, the need, the excitement, he felt it all.

Bad swerved to the right and George spun out.

His car's engine remained intact and all he had to do was pop the clutch the right way. Every time he'd done it he'd ended up with a dead engine. Rounds and rounds of this on that drag strip led up to this moment.

"This is it," he hollered and slammed the clutch until it clicked. His engine roared to life. George picked a direction and shifted. He'd done it. "Fuck yeah!" George's voice hollered until it ran raw. The bite of his engine followed suit and sped him down to the finish line.

This was the last task, the skid. Ten feet from the flag George pulled the brake and slammed the wheel to the right. It wasn't perfect, far from it, but it still burnt tyre and kicked up smoke behind his wheels. And George didn't kill his engine.

With a harsh rock George's car stopped right below the swinging flag. He exhaled. And the world

seemed to fall silent.

The roar of the crowd was overwhelming, they swarmed his car. With a click of his keys, George stepped out into the combustion. Chants, hugs, screams, beers flying, people crying. George just won his first race.

Quackity was first to find him amongst the crowd. With his ease through his people, he dragged George off to the side to watch Karl come in third after Bad. Sapnap nearly screamed their ears off.

"You're fucking crazy!" Karl hollered, once he'd found them, tight into an embrace. "What was that in the ally ways!"

"I don't know!" He was breathless and living off of adrenaline. It was so addictive he could barely handle it. Buzzing beneath his skin he jittered and jumped around with Karl like a child. This is what he chased constantly. The endorphins that made him feel alive, that made him feel happy.

Karl nearly choked him when tugging George to follow the flag guys. Karl's hand-hooked on his collar before George redirected it to his hand. Down some stairs and around to another crowd they forced their way to the front. Car parts, lights, bags, shoes, clothes, jewelry, it was all laid like pirates loot on several tables in front of Sam's tattoo shop. The flag guys nodded at him and held up the number three. And one to Karl.

"I get three things?" George asked him dumbly. Karl jumped a few times, high off of the energy drink in his hand, he pulled George along the tables.

It felt nostalgic in a way. When he lived in England his mother would often take him to small thrift shops. She'd smile and let him pick whatever he wanted out of the used toy bin. The memory made him smile at these tables.

The first thing George grabbed were the LEDs still in the box. He felt left out every time Las Nevadas lit up and his car didn't have the look. The second item was a ticket to a free paint job for his car. He'd talked with Dream about wanting to add detailing. The blond had smiled and started spitting out design ideas.

He walked amongst the rest of the items and found no value or need for them. Jewelry, wires, phones. It didn't have much appeal.

Karl picked up a box of expensive cards and called it a day, running off to find Sapnap in the middle of Las Nevadas center.

George continued walking. Looking up and down the tables with little interest. Standing at the end of the accessories table, with false nonchalance, was Dream. His mask, with familiar black and green designs, was like a second skin over his lips. But the way he was looking at George, he knew his famous grin was presented. Present in his eyebrows George let out a sharp breath.

"Told you it was a possibility, Daredevil."

George didn't hesitate when he saw him. Like a teen seeing their lover, George rushed over and wrapped his arms around Dream's neck, knocking the wind out of both of them. Body to body he laughed out the last of his adrenaline. It was replaced by the warmth Dream's presence brought. The lights and paint ticket fell to their feet before George realized what he was doing.

"Oh, fuck," he made to move away. "I'm sorry I didn't mean to... I should've asked..."

Dream pulled him back in, "it's alright." Arms wrapped warmly around George's smaller waist he

sighed.

George squeezed and tried to memorize the feeling, "I won!"

"I know," Dream laughed into his ear. "I watched you. Very, very recklessly win that race."

George shot back and smacked Dream's shoulder, "fuck you, I won and I'm in one piece be happy for me!"

Dream pulled down his mask and let out a small smile, "I am, George."

He returned the sentiment, "good."

Dream's eyes drifted to the flag bearers approach and pulled his mask back up.

"Has he picked his things?"

"Oh," George looked down. "I still have one more. I don't know what to get."

"What about," Dream reached for the designer glasses and pulled out a white pair. "These?"

The flag guy smiled and walked off seeming to take that as good enough. George turned a frown to Dream.

"Glasses?" Dream unhooked their arms and showed them off as if it was a prized possession. Rounder around the edges than the black lenses, it made them look silly, almost like goggles rather than glasses. But they were flat, George wanted to laugh.

Dream hooked them around George's ears and let them rest perfectly in his car-fluffed hair.

"They are charming," Dream muttered then pulled down his mask to say, "Just like their owner."

George's skin prickled with chills, "fuck off."

Dream pushed George's chin up with a relaxed knuckle, "I'm proud of you."

"I'm proud of myself," he admitted out loud. "My parents wouldn't have thought I could drive past the speed limit let alone race... so it's uplifting to know I could do something like that."

Dream hummed and caressed George's cheek. Warm beneath his palm George felt safe, secure, content even. Eyes locked on his lips for a moment and George's heartbeat heightened. He knew Dream wouldn't break his own rule and George was too afraid of being like Dream's painful past to break it either. So, he mourned the loss when green eyes traveled back up to brown.

George swallowed, "what's my prize from you?"

Dream's eyes darkened, "I want to-"

Pow. George flinched. *Pow. Crash.* The sound reverted in the air like missile. Shattered glass followed a moment later. Dream's fingers immediately latched on to George's wrist, he whipped around toward the crowd. Several people were running toward them in a frenzy but Dream kept George grounded.

Several people were muttering a name and the second Dream caught wind of it they were off. With his prizes forgotten, Dream ushered George along with him. The group from Las Nevadas were all crowded around a car and someone else. George quite literally felt the fear enter Dream's body.

Dream wasn't easily scared. George watched this man see a jump during a race and not catch a lip of fear. But there he was frozen in place, every bone locked like a safe, and his eyes wider than the time in the bakery with George on his knees. George felt his stomach drop to the floor with whitened cheeks. His heart hammered.

"Dream?"

A shaky breath escaped the younger man, "George, I need you to go and follow..."

A bout of panic rose in George's chest, "no. I'm not going anywhere. What's going..."

"George this isn't a," he clenched his jaw. "You're gonna be stubborn aren't you."

Dream still hadn't looked at him, both eyes stayed trained on the crowd, "yes, I'm going to be stubborn."

"Then listen to me." His voice shook when he clasped George's wrist a bit tighter. Turning to face him he said, "You don't speak. You don't move if spoken to by anyone other than me. You stay behind me and don't say a god damn word."

"Dream?" He pleaded, "what the hell is going on?"

"You will not make it out of this *alive* if you don't listen to me." Dream sounded desperate now, the shake in his voice was noticeable to George even through the mask. And his eyes... they felt like standing at the top of the Gambol building, a straight fall full of terror. "Do you understand?"

He searched both viridescent hollows for an answer, "Dream?"

"Do you understand?" Harsh and final, Dream gripped George's cheek's between both palms. The comfort from before was lost to this moment. This was press for obedience that George would never usually agree to, but Dream's plead felt honest. Not a plead for his own life but for George's. It soured any of his need to rebel.

George nodded frantically, "yes. I understand."

"Hold my elbow," he directed. "And do not say a word."

George threaded his fingers beneath a strap on Dream's long buckled sleeve and squeezed for comfort. It didn't help. The tension on both shoulders seemed to straighten even more.

The walk through a self-parting crowd to the main group was excruciating. George couldn't hear anything over the thump in his ears and all he had to ground him was Dream.

In the middle, Karl held tight onto Sapnap's right arm with Quackity right in front of him. Sam stood back with Punz who looked whiter than the color of his ivory hoodie. All eyes tracked on the middle of the road like hounds, they barely moved. Barely breathed. Several side-eye glances caught George and Dream's movement before a low voice called out into the group.

"Where the hell is, Dream!" The crowd revealed the two of them and time seemed to freeze. George felt cold with all eyes on them. Numb to any other feelings but anticipation. His gut wrenched.

The center of attention was a tall man covered in a king's cloak, much like the one he'd seem on Eret in Uptown. This one was darker and stained with... George sucked in a silent breath. Bloodstains, old but slightly darker than the velvet. George understood Dream's need for him to

follow the rules. If the cloak wasn't terrifying enough this man's mask took the cake. The face of a hog stared back at them with full abhorrence. George hoped it was fake but the flesh of it seemed so real. He felt a wave of nausea hit him and gripped Dream's elbow tighter. The younger man's muscle flexed beneath his grasp.

"Ah, my old friend," the man said. Arms out like some theatrical presenter. His voice disturbed George's sensitive ears with how low the octave was. Deep and menacing the man continued. "Long time no see."

"Technoblade," Dream said. "What the fuck are you doing here."

George felt his heart stutter at the man's reply.

Chapter End Notes

Duh duh duh!!!!

I like suspense :)

Also if you guy's have drawings or predictions come holler at me on twitter!!

Haileyainnit00

Or tiktok

Haileyainnit_

April. May. Juniper. July.

Chapter Summary

Techno wrap up and a Lotta feelings.

"Burn, Crash, Romance.
I'll take what I can get from you"
Talk fast
5sos

"Looking for you," he hissed. George eyed his left hand and caught the glimmer of a crowbar and suddenly the crashing made sense. "Haven't talked in a good year or so... do you miss me?"

"No," Dream replied. "None of us miss you."

His hum felt deadly as he stepped over broken glass. George's knees wanted to liquify at the sight of *his* car. He'd left it in the middle of the road right where they'd finished the race. Locked and dormant, Technoblade turned it into his own personal punching bag. The front window lay shattered beneath Technoblade's steel pointed shoes. Words were on the tip of his tongue, ready to bubble over with a crass temper, but Dream gave him specific orders.

"I see," the crowbar dragged through glass shards, and the scratching grated George's molars. "You've just replaced me haven't you?" He tapped George's tire. "This his car?"

"Leave, Techno," Dream's voice was far too calm. "You aren't wanted here anymore."

"Right," he pulled his hands up and dropped the crowbar on George's windshield. It cracked on contact and George shut both eyes in a wince. Technoblade's shoes crunched as he approached and Dream's muscles tensed beneath George's grasp. It was the only tell to Dream's emotions because the rest of him looked calm. As if he was standing in a coffee shop people watching rather than a road confronting an enemy. George knew the real Dream, the one beneath the mask, beneath this leadership, he had fear coursing through his veins. Technoblade's eyes shot from Dream down to George. Dream took a step to discretely close the distance between the two.

"Oh, I see. You *fancy* this one. Like and fancy, eh? That's why he was chosen." Technoblade stepped closer and took a better look at the brunette. The mask was close enough for George to see the flesh of it. There was no way the skin wasn't stuffed. A real hog. The only part of this man's face George could see was his mouth, full of unrealistically sharpened teeth and two fangs that hung over his bottom lip. Who was this guy, a wannabe vampire? Gremlin? George held his breath when a hand came out to grip his chin. "What's your name?"

George's eyes shot to Dream, he received no reaction other than a head shake.

"Don't look at him, look at me." George glanced back and felt his fingers dig into Dream's sleeves. Techno's grip demanded attention. Several rings encased his fingers and George wondered if they'd leave a mark on his skin. "What's your name?"

"George," he stuttered out.

Technoblade gasped and gave Dream a brow, "he's British."

George sucked in a quick breath, it was a wrong move. Techno whipped back around to look at him eyes looking wild through his mask, he leaned in, "you seem valuable. Very valuable. Like a diamond." He hummed. "How'd you like to come join my clan?"

"He's not interested," Dream said. "Get out Techno."

"He has a voice I don't see why he can't answer," sarcastically he gestured to George. "Speak."

George said nothing and Technoblade continued, "Cat got your tongue?" Silence. "Such a shame they replaced me with *you*. Are you enjoying it at least? My room in the house with the creaky floorboard, my parking spot, my old friends? Or do they treat you like something is missing? Like you'll stab them in the back if you know too much? Or maybe you don't care because you've been warming Dream's bed. You seem like his type."

Dream tensed beneath his grip again, George was over them tossing him back and forth like he was a rag doll. He spat, "fuck you."

Techno gripped his chin until it hurt. The ring on his thumb had definitely carved designs into his flesh, "he has a temper. Like a feisty little cat. How about we race for him, Dream?"

Dream finally put a hand on Technoblade's chest, but didn't push. It was more of a demand for attention, "he's not *her*. I won't play along with this. If you have something to announce, announce it or get the hell off of our property."

"Fine," he dropped George's chin and backed up. George's hand touched his skin and felt a bleeding scratch.

To everyone, Technoblade proclaimed, "I was cheated out of Hell-Fire! Dream blazed the base so that I couldn't win. I demand a rematch. We can call it the Final Flame. All who want to race will be in my territory in two months from today. And if Dream doesn't show up, there will be consequences to Las Nevadas." He winked at George. "And my replacement." He bowed, "until we meet again."

George never felt so relieved to watch a man drive off. He waited until the car was out of sight to breathe properly. Not even the crowd moved.

"Dream?" His eyes were far away. Deep in his own thoughts, living whatever hellish memories Technoblade had brought back up. George's palm met Dream's cheek, "breathe."

A sharp inhale, "I'm fine." He moved George's hand away then announced, "put Las Nevadas in lockdown. Go home, that means everyone!"

Quackity cleared his throat, "you heard him. Lock up!"

Things started moving fast and Dream stayed glued to the pavement.

"You have to go." George looked at him with furrowed brows.

"What..."

"Back to your parents," he said. And caught sight of George's chin. The brunette wiped the bit of blood from his skin with the collar of his shirt. Dream's expression hardened. "They can keep you safe, I can't."

Dream took steps towards George's car but the older man caught his wrist. "Dream."

"It's not up for debate George," he said. "You can't come back here."

"No," George said firmly. Cutting off Dream's steps, he pressed both hands on his chest. "You can't do that to me. You can't send me away because you're scared-"

"I'm not scared," his words hit the air as hard as the crowbar on George's windshield.

George raised a knowing brow, "Dream. You're shaking."

Those pretty green eyes dropped down to his own fingers. His usually warm skin holding George's wrist was cold, and indeed shaking. Unsteady on fabric, Dream took a deep breath.

"You're being irrational because you're scared," George said, he'd never heard his voice so calm. "And it's okay, Dream. It's okay, to be scared."

George never thought he'd see Dream break. And he never imagined it'd happen in the middle of the Las Nevadas road. His knees buckled beneath him and the next thing George knew he was holding him by the waist. Dream's arms latched tightly around George's neck and his shoulders dropped. No moon, nor sun, George held up desperation while he breathed into his neck. In the middle of the night standing on the broken glass from his car, George held Dream together. His leadership role burned off with the rubber from Technoblade's tires.

"It's okay." His words perspired in the cold air, making little clouds around them. The crowds were moving now. Cleaning and yelling and driving off, but two of them didn't move. Wrapped tight in each other's embrace they breathed. For seconds, minutes, hours? George didn't know, here it felt like time stopped and all that mattered was Dream. His need to ground himself, George was going's to be his grounding element if it was the last thing he did. Because believe it or not, Dream was that for everyone else.

"Just breathe." George hooked his chin over Dream's shoulder and locked eyes with Quackity. A possessive hand snaked up the blond's back.

Quackity stood at the end of the road next to Wilbur, holding the keys to the surrounding gate. The purple lights were slowly starting to dim one by one from the end of the strip down to Las Nevadas center. Blacking out the night life.

George wondered what deal they had made. It was more than just property, it was more than just a little race, Wilbur and Quackity had something to do with Techno. George wasn't going's to assume but he wasn't going to let it off the hook so easily.

Quackity shifted and handed the keys to Wilbur.

"He'll never race." Wilbur chuckled and lit a cigarette. "And we need Technoblade out to get it back."

"He'll race," Wilbur spoke through nicotine clouds. "His honor is higher than his fear for himself."

"And what about, George."

Wilbur grinned, "I have a backup plan if he gets in the way. Or if we just need leverage."

"Please don't tell me that you..."

"Yeah," Wilbur chuckled. "I figured out Technoblade's underground. He put it in the hand of complete idiots."

"Great."

George stood in the door of his room and tried not to think of a hog with condescending future demands. The floorboard creaked when he walked over it and suddenly George felt nauseous. This was Technoblade's former room. The man who took a crowbar to his windows and reaped bad memories from the depths of Dream's mind, lived in his room. He couldn't sleep.

George aimlessly walked around the room and wondered if he'd hid things here. Written things down on the walls? George also thought too much about what he'd said. Was he only here because of Dream? Just because they were missing something and tried to fill the loss with George? All he knew is that he hadn't warmed Dream's bed.

Anytime night fell and George was still around Dream kindly kicked him out. Something about needing to sleep or whatever bullshit excuse he had. George knew he was just afraid feelings would suddenly become involved. That somehow talking about their favorite foods and past traumas was anything other than platonic past midnight. But what did George know, he'd never had friends like these. He'd never had a best friend either. It felt silly to consider Dream his best friend, he worried he would laugh at the term. Find some way to tell him to stop because it was too close.

George laughed to himself instead.

On his dresser sat framed photographs. Both from Karl. The first was a picture of all of them. Grouped in a selfie the night he and Dream won the race. The pregame party was far more exciting than the race's aftermath. They'd walked around some of Uptown and eaten sweets on the way to the track. Karl took the photo while Quackity tried to smear jelly over George's nose. Sapnap smiled as if he had no other thoughts in his brain and Dream... well Dream was looking at George. His mask pulled down to reveal a soft smile.

The second photo was of himself. Leaning up against his car with both arms crossed he faced Dream and Quackity. It was a capture of his first official night in Las Nevadas. George smiled. He'd almost cried when Karl handed him these on a normal Tuesday afternoon. As if it was something he did for everyone, and it probably was, but it healed something George didn't know hurt so bad. He tried not to let what Technoblade said ruin the feeling.

These were *his* old friends... and what if George was just a replacement. He didn't realize how horrified he was losing this. Screw Dream's romantic rules or George's identity to Las Nevadas, he didn't want to lose these people. His friends. People that have become his family. It didn't really matter if they felt for him in return, George cared so deeply for them all and it twisted his gut to think otherwise.

A soft thump in the hallway pulled George back into his body. Peering through his open doorway he found Dream with a duffel bag. Ruffled with restless sleep and comfortable clothes, his mask hung between long fingers.

"Dream?" The blond flinched but turned coolly to meet George's curious expression. "Where are you going?"

Broad shoulders paused then he proceeded to tug his bedroom door shut, "to see my sister."

George's brows brushed against his hairline, "oh."

Dream nodded, "yeah."

George wanted to talk to him. Speak about Techno, about what was interrupted before he showed, wanted to ask if Dream was okay. Talk about their moment in the road. Ask about what quackity was really up to. Why he'd avoided George ever since the race. Why he was on his way to see his sister *now* after knowing her whereabouts for two weeks. None of those things came up to his tongue, instead, he presented a false smile and gave a quiet, "okay. Drive safe."

He made to escape back into his caged bedroom before Dream stopped him. A careful call of his name in the middle of a sleeping house, it raptured George's dormant heartbeat. He could hear the fiancés' snores from the bedrooms down the hall, it was almost comforting.

They stared at each other with silent breaths. Green versus honey black, unarmed and bare before each other. George counted to ten before he disturbed the air, "Dream?"

The younger man opened his mouth and closed it, regrouped, then asked, "why are you awake."

George shrugged, "I can't sleep. Not... it's his room. Feels odd now."

"Oh." Dream eyed George's door frame. "You could've come in my room."

George scoffed and found his socks against the floor, "we both know that's not true."

The silence felt so loud. George believed trying to sleep in a manic person's old bedroom was better than this painful quiet. He moved to slip back through the door but Dream stopped him again. Their hands brushed each other, and George burned beneath the surface.

"George," it hit the air as a plead. His hand hesitated between them.

"Yes." To his touch, to the call of his name, to anything Dream asked of him.

Dream pulled his fingers into the warmth of his own, "I need..."

George could see the struggle of his words in Dream's expression. The apathy was fighting a war for dominance but his lip betrayed him. It slipped between tight teeth and forced him to speak again. But not a word escaped him.

"What do you need, Dream?"

It felt like syrup dripping into his veins, slow as molasses, gluttonous as sugar, one unimpressive word, "you."

One word and Dream had George wrapped around his finger. Sat in a sports car at 2 am he was raptured. He blamed this on his parents. That need for attention, for care, for acceptance, because all it took was one word. One god damn phrase and George jumped. He briefly wondered if this is how he'd act for anyone, but when Dream pulled his fingers to the gear shift it made sense.

It was only Dream. Dream and his promise of races and friends. Dream and the skidding lessons, the experimenting. Dream with his annoying ass apathy and hurtful insults. It was his hair between George's fingers, soft as silk. His lips that carried laughter warm enough to cause a smile. The body that held his own with care, with gentle attention. The soft placement of kisses. The talks in the dark. The way they didn't talk. The fights. The comfort. The drives.

George dared to wonder if that was what love felt like. Like burning. What if that warmth he found with Dream was love? He thought about it and hated himself for doing so. That was what Dream didn't want. He didn't want George to love him.

It was a *boundary* and George wouldn't break a boundary to ponder a simple word. He didn't even understand it. So why say it at all if it would break this... it would push Dream away. George knew it would and he'd do anything to keep Dream here.

The only worthwhile lesson his parents taught him was to avoid upsetting others with his own feelings, so he trashed the phrase and discarded the feeling. Dream needed him and George didn't know how long that would last, he'd make the most of it. And when he was eventually let go this is what he'd remembered, Dream's warmth. That agonizing burn.

"How far are we going?"

"A hotel two hours away." Dream's voice fell quiet, "we'll talk to my sister tomorrow morning. We are also going to see my parents as well."

"We?" George exhaled a breath of surprise.

"We," Dream's repeated. "You ready to meet my parents."

The remnants of a smile sank into Dream's cheeks and George's shoulders lost the bit of rising tension. He rolled his neck and dropped his head back against the seat.

"Seems like this experiment just got serious," George joked. "Where's my wedding ring?"

"Probably on Genevieve's finger. You gave her the ring didn't you?"

George choked, "fuck you!"

He snatched his hand from Dream's grasp. The latter laughed softly and filled the car with light. George's heart needed to learn to beat normally. This straight not straight thing was really fucking confusing.

"You walked right into that one, Daredevil."

"Whatever." George dug his left shoulder into the seat and faced Dream. His lip pulled beneath his teeth while he debated a new question.

Slowly he let Dream hold his fingers again. It was courage to ask a question that could go in a pretty bad direction. But Dream's eyes didn't seem as haunted as a few nights ago. "Hey, Dream? May I ask you a question?"

"He sounds British *and* formal. Oh no, I'm in trouble," Dream teased the huffed genuinely. "Yes, George. Go ahead."

"What," he swallowed. "During Hell Fire... why did Techno say... what happened."

The sigh George endured could rival either of his parents.

Dream kept his grip loose on the steering wheel and turned onto the highway. They weren't speeding and George was thankful for that. It was too late at night for him to handle.

"I had my sister with me that night," he started. "And my girlfriend at the time. Hell Fire was just supposed to be any other race but with the best racers from around the world. The group from

Tokyo wanted to up the stakes, so they added obstacles. They weren't any worse than the ones in the uptown race but they could be."

George squeezed Dream's knuckles as a comfort. The younger man returned the sentiment before continuing.

"A lot of bets went on. And Quackity was betting fifty percent of El rapid's earnings on Technoblade. That's what we were before Las Nevadas." He sighed. "My Ex-girlfriend and sister were at the end of the race in the warehouse. Waiting at the end because they were excited to see me. God, she begged my parents for weeks to finally come out with me."

George caught the glimpse of regret wash over Dream's expression before apathy choked it out.

"No one thought I was going to win but something happened halfway down the track. Sapnap's engine shut down. Leaving me, the Tokyo clan, and Technoblade in the final roster. It was near the end when I realized Technoblade wasn't going to win. I was. Right up until Tokyo cheated and dropped barrels of oil and Technoblade's car caught them on fire. He'd stolen the idea from Sapnap and it didn't end well."

"So, he started the fire?"

Dream nodded, "he started it but I spun out of control on spilled oil. And in the process, the barrels rolled into the warehouse where they blew up. I drove into the fire the second it started and found my sister. She was running from the fire... she was burned pretty badly on her arm. And I couldn't find June.. my ex-girlfriend." He huffed and used a turn signal. "I got my sister to Sapnap and when I went to find June. The fire reached the propane and..."

"She was still inside." George felt bad for asking. "I'm sorry."

Dream shrugged, "several people died not just June. It... and then Technoblade lost it because she." He rolled his eyes, "we fought over her a lot. And she liked the thrill of having us fight over her. An adrenaline junkie of sorts... much like someone I know."

George grunted, "really? Who?"

"Smartass," Dream shook his head fondly. "Technoblade stole a lot of things before we sent him off and I stopped racing. I just couldn't handle anyone else in that seat after seeing my sister hurt. And Juniper well she visits it in my nightmares. Burned like toast."

George couldn't help but snort, "that's morbid."

"My favorite kind of humor."

"Was she the one you fell in love with?" He couldn't help but ask because it would bother him if he didn't.

"Yes, I lied about where she was now because it's easier than saying you killed your own girlfriend."

George frowned, "It wasn't your fault."

Dream shrugged and readjusted George's hand to shift, "any other burning questions you have in that pretty little mind of yours."

"Why won't you let Sapnap sit in here," George asked.

Dream cracked a smile, "he'd make it smell."

"Like it doesn't already."

"Oh, come on," Dream drawled. "Don't act like you don't enjoy the way I smell. I see you stuffing your nose in all of my clothes you steal."

"My nose gets cold it's fucking freezing," George deadpanned. It was a lie they both knew that. His heart felt light again, warmed by Dream's voice. His words. He hated himself for enjoying it.

"Right," Dream glanced at him and shook his head. "Okay."

"Since you're such an ego-chasing asshole," George huffed. "I'll tell you something I don't hate about you."

"Amuse me, Daredevil."

George knew he was waiting for a snarky comment. Something rude to bite back at but George couldn't do it. He had about a thousand answers but he didn't want to lie to Dream.

"I like your laugh."

The car fell silent and George regretted every breath he used to speak.

"George..." Dream swallowed. "I..."

"Right," his laugh fell flat. "I'm kidding. It's the obnoxious chains. Why do you need four with every outfit."

"Fuck off," Dream scoffed hesitantly.

George let Dream talk until the quiet felt comfortable rather than tight. And he burned beneath everything, covered and locked safe away George scorched in his own mess of feelings.

Feels Like Home

Chapter Summary

Hotel Rendezvous and parents.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I wish I was good enough. If only I could wake you up."

Hold Me While You Wait.

Lewis Capaldi

"Sapnap... yes. Calm down. We're fine..." George rubbed sleep from his eyes. "Why the fuck are you awake at 5 am. No. We're in a hotel a city away. His sister. Yeah. Okay. No, I got it okay."

"Shut the hell up," Dream smacked a pillow against George's ear. His phone smushed into his cheek while he bid goodbye to Sapnap.

"Why are you on the phone?"

"Sapnap," George muttered. "Freaked out because we were gone."

"Mm," Dream's voice was still caked in sleep. It was slowly pulling George under again. "Come here."

An arm held out for grasp and George was too tired to worry about its meaning. He let Dream pull him close, harboring him in a warm grasp. George's limbs became languid once more and sleep gripped his neck.

"This okay?" Dream's chin rested above him light on George's bed-mussed hair.

George sleepily tucked in closer and said, "yeah."

Hours later when the sun peeking through the worn curtains did George stir again. Heated by foreign blankets and a lingering smell of vanilla and diesel, George woke up alone. The deadbeat clock on the opposite bedside read 9:45 and George let out a guttural groan. A hand through Dream's ghosted warmth and wondered where he went. A grip to the bedsheets, scratchy between fingers, he wondered if the memory of Dream's arms were real or just a really good dream. Was the warmth of his chest an abstract concept or did it really happen?

He couldn't think about it for long before the room lock buzzed and revealed the man himself. 6ft of absolute muscle appeared to George. Arms exposed, his legs in shorts, his chest nearly bare. Dream pulled the hem of his shirt up to swipe the sweat from his forehead and George's breath became nonexistent. The sliver of skin revealed was tainting with George's malleable sexuality.

"Oh," Dream smiled and brought more light into the room. "You're awake."

George unstuck his dry tongue from the roof of his mouth, "yeah. Um." His eyes betrayed him and dragged down Dream's body again, "just um woke up. You look..." he cleared his throat. "Like... productive. Like um, you've been up a while."

Dream's smile slowly turned devious, he leaned against toe dresser, "yeah. Woke up with not-so-pleasant dreams and decided to make use of the free gym."

"Mm," George hummed with no thoughts. His brain felt empty, filled with Dream and a sweaty shirt. Dream in shorts. Dream staring at him like he knew what George was thinking. And those shorts, "gym."

"My eyes are up here, Daredevil."

George flushed and looked away entirely, "I um.. apol... I'm sorry."

"Charming," Dream chuckled. "How did you sleep."

His lip pulled tightly between his teeth. Keep your eyes up, that's all you have to do George. Honey brown peeked back and landed on the landscape of Dream's jawline.

Speckled with shimmering sweat droplets George hated himself for finding this attractive, but not as much for Dream for absolutely enjoying it. George wanted to kiss that shit-eating grin from his face, but boundaries were still live. And George... well George felt a bit sick to say but he wasn't entirely straight anymore, was he?

"Fine," he finally uttered. "You should... you should go shower."

"Should I," Dream mused. When he leaned both arms against the dresser George's gaze shot right to their muscle. Broad and strong, he was either going to throw up or give Dream another angry blowjob, there was no in-between. His stomach was in knots and that warmth was threatening to eat him alive. "How about you tell me what's going on in that pretty little mind of yours."

George felt he might suffocate from the flush in his cheeks, "I want to suck you off again."

Dream quirked a brow as if he couldn't damn well tell what George was already thinking. "Do you?"

He exhaled, "yeah."

Dream pushed off the dresser and sauntered over to the bed, George's shoulders stiffened. One knee pressed onto the sheets as he crawled up like a lion on the prowl, and fuck George was the prey.

"You know," Dream said offhandedly. "I never got to give you the prize for winning that race."

"Yeah," George scoffed. "Technoblade trashed my car and freaked you the fuck out, we were kind of occupied."

"Right," Dream hovered over George's smaller figure and grinned. "We have a few hours before we visit my family."

George's jaw slackened with want, "what was my prize?"

"Can I touch you?"

It came out breathless, "yes."

Dream leaned down and attached his lips to the underside of George's jawline. It yanked a soft gasp out of the brunette and fire started to burn in his groin. Hot and unwavering George pulled Dream's sweaty body down against his own. The younger man groaned and reached off to the side of the bed where his duffel bag lay open.

A tiny bottle was presented before them and George couldn't help but snort, "you bring that with you everywhere?"

"No," He rolled his eyes. "I was hoping you'd come with me."

George poked the bottle of lube, "clearly."

"Smartass." Dream set it on George's pillow. "You said you've never fing-"

"I haven't," George's face flushed. "Have you?"

Dream placed a soft kiss on his cheek, "don't be embarrassed." The kisses trailed down to his collarbone. "And yes. Do you trust me?"

"The last," he hissed at the feeling of teeth on his flesh. "The last time you said that to me I jump out of the window of a moving car."

"Is it a yes or a no?"

George held Dream's cheeks between both palms. Sweaty and soft in his grasp he knew he was a goner. Fallen into the depth Dream dug out, George exhaled, "yes."

Dream kissed his forehead and left kisses down his body. Over his nightclothes, George felt worshiped beneath him. Caressed with attention, warmed by the skin of another, he keened into every touch. Each gasp was plucked like a harpsichord, minute and slow. Dream formed a melody with George's body, plucking and caressing until nerves interrupted the simple symphony.

"Still okay?" Dream's hand held the tiny bottle between anticipating fingers.

George panted beneath the other. Pushed to the edge and pulled back was so fucking annoying but George understood Dream's hesitation. He understood his need to be sure. Searching green eyes he puffed out his own worry, "will it hurt."

"I'd never hurt you." George knew that'd sour later on in this friendship, but he tried not to think about it. Forced himself not to think about *when* Dream would let him go. He focused on now, and the heat, and the need, and Dream's fantasy-filled promises. "It will be uncomfortable for a moment. But I won't hurt you. And if you say stop we will."

George gnawed at his abused lip, "okay. I trust you."

It was all the assurance Dream needed to pop open the bottle. With coated fingers, George flinched at the contact. Dream whispered in his ear before pushing his a finger forward. Uncomfortable was an understatement. George's entire body tensed at the intrusion.

"Breathe," he coaxed. George breathed. "Relax." He relaxed and suddenly the fire dial turned up.

The need and the want turned into desperation. Pain turned into pleasure and George mourned the exit of his teetering sexuality. Because fuck him he'd never felt so high. Floating in the clouds of

content and lighting he groaned. Pushing back on Dream's added finger. And Dream praised the sound, the movement. That need to be perfect and fulfill everyone else's needs drowned in Dream's words.

"There you go." George burned. "That's my, Daredevil." Scorched alive he canted into the third finger added.

Shortened breath and uncovered nerves pulled George's hands to Dream's back. Nails scraping his skin. He breathed in the smell of him sweat and sweet and chemical, it short-circuited his brain at the same time Dream pressed upward into George's final demise.

"Dream..."

"Let go," he told him. "Let go for me."

And fuck him George fell again. Just like that night in the car. He fell for Dream and let his eyes find the back of his skull. This was going to be a problem, because he didn't think he'd ever come so hard before. From hand and words, George was wrecked. Body and soul.

"I'm sorry," George whispered over the splash of shower water. His finger traced the lines left on Dream's back. Red and irritated, George felt his gut wrench. He hadn't meant to leave marks.

Dream chuckled, "that's alright. Just tells me I did something right."

"Still." George's frown felt heavy when he rubbed over the scratches. Dream let him. Warm underneath the water they stood in easy silence. George had sucked him off again like he wanted to staring at Dream's sweaty body.

Surrounded by post-highs and vanilla body wash. George had too many thoughts digging at his conscious. Holes and graves and places to hide beneath. He'd kept them away as long as he could but you can't ignore things forever. Something had to give.

In the peaceful air of the shower, he wondered what *this* would become. How badly would they fall apart? What he would feel when he inevitably found Dream kissing other people. Would he himself kiss other people? Would Dream ever kiss him. He tucked that far from his mind because boundaries were still boundaries.

Although burying it didn't make George burn any less. The question that scared him the most was, what if it's him? What if Dream was the only one to make him feel like this. George felt nauseous again. Ill from his own god damn thoughts.

Without thinking he palmed over Dream's scratches. Coaxing them to soothe, although in vain. Then with great hesitation, he placed soft kisses over them. Lips to water warmed skin. One by one it ripped him to pieces until he reached Dream neck. He knew the rejection was coming but it still sliced gashes into his chest.

"George," it felt like a warning. And George grimaced to himself because why did he have to know Dream so fucking well.

"Sorry," he mumbled. The curtain was pulled and George broke the easy peace between them, and a part of himself threatened to shatter with it.

"You sure you want me to come with you?" George wrung his fingers together and chewed on his lip. "I will be happy to wait in the car if this is a..."

"Yes," Dream said. "I want you there. They can't yell at me with someone else there. Well, they will do it in quiet tones."

George frowned at the suburban house they were parked in front of. A quaint two-story with cute little windows and a pretty front garden. Dream's car felt out of place here. Mom cars and Subarus thrived on these streets. Kids and children played in these neighborhoods, George felt out of place. Before he joined Las Nevadas he lived in a gated neighborhood nothing like this. The apparent 'American Dream' everyone talked about was this, not his parent's mansion with a hot tub and bar. He sighed.

"Okay." He would do this for him, for Dream.

Dream knocked on the door and fidgeted with a chain. He'd toned down the Las Nevadas style to just black jeans and a dark green hoodie. George looked about the same minus the belt chain and somber expression.

His sister answered the door and suddenly George understood why this was so hard for him. The scars.

"Clay?"

"Hey," Dream smiled. She tugged him through the door. With a little reluctance, George stepped over the threshold and shut the door.

This is what he wished he'd had as a kid. Everything in this house looked lived in. The old mantle with family photos. The worn couch in the living room. George's harbored tension seeped out of him.

Ironically, the 'welcome home' sign above the little foyer entrance did its job. George smiled genuinely and got lost in the walls. Lost in a family's life.

The family photos were cute. Dream at six with an ice cream cone. Again at maybe twelve with his sister. She was painting his face with a brush and George wanted to gush. Because they were having a tea party. Dream was stuffed into a fairy bow and a dress holding a fake cup.

He dragged his fingers over the edge of the wall and stopped at another picture. Dream and... George squinted. It couldn't be but... his suspicions were correct, Sapph stood next to him. Round in the face with toothy grins, both awkward in body shape due to age. They looked about sixteen or seventeen leaning uncoordinated against a beat-up Toyota. George couldn't hide the grin this picture caused, because they really were friends in high school, it was one thing to hear it and another to see it.

Eyes followed along to the kitchen entrance. Measurements plagued the white wood. It started down at George's calf marked Dream- 3. And up to his hip at 10. And his chest at 12. At 16 they were eye level. It stopped a little above George's hairline at 18. There weren't any more lines after that one, it looked like his sister's continued though. Up and up until present day at his chest. He pressed a palm to the wood before someone caught him.

"Hello," a woman said brightly. "Who might you be?"

George pulled his hand away and stood straight, "hello. I'm George, I'm here with Dre..." Oh fuck Dream, he couldn't call him that to his parents. What did his sister call him? "...Clay? He- his sister

disappeared with him the second we walked through the door."

The woman, George figured was his mother, sighed, "those two. Always up to no good."

George smiled awkwardly and scratched at his neck. The woman waved a dismissive hand.

"It's nice to meet you," she said. "Come, how about a cinnamon roll."

Then she disappeared into the kitchen, George didn't know whether to follow or call it a day and wait in the car. Eventually, curiosity won and he rolled his neck and walked through the doorway.

The kitchen was cute. Decorated with fat little chefs with red and black accents. It was nothing like his parent's house. They had an entire room filled with people at beck and call to make you something, George liked this more.

Dream's mother set a plate in front of him with a cinnamon roll bigger than his hand. He took a seat at the bar and smiled at her.

She handed him a fork and said, "a special recipe. Clay used to love them and his sister always begs me to make them. I agreed because we knew we were getting a visit today. It would have been nice if he'd mentioned his boyfriend was coming as well. He could hav-"

George choked on icing, but Dream's mother rambled on and set a water bottle before him. She said it as if it was the easiest thing in the world and George panicked. What was he supposed to say? "Sorry ma'am but I'm not his boyfriend. I'm the guy he recruited into his illegal racing group that asked him to help figure out his sexuality. Which means we aren't together we are just fucking. This cinnamon roll is divine by the way." That wouldn't blow over well, so George kept quiet and hoped Dream would save him soon.

"So," she said bright as day. "What do you do, George?"

"My parents own a car company," Was George's well-practiced reply. "I'm usually the COO and help run everything with my father."

"Usually?"

George twisted his fork into the pastry, "my father and I don't always see eye to eye on things, so I'm taking a small vacation from work. Family can sometimes be stressful mixed with work." That was the world's biggest understatement. George was amused by his own lie, god PR training really did set him up for interviews.

"Yes, it can be," his mother agreed. "Clay was going to go into the medical field like his father but the pressure was extreme."

"Clay wanted to be a doctor?"

"Mhm," she moved around the kitchen as if she was making something else. Eggs, milk, flour. George watched and listened. "He had a pediatric internship but was thinking about going into Neuro. But his father and I knew he just didn't have the passion for it. Surprised he didn't tell you about it."

Caught in headlights George tried to recover. They were supposed to be in a relationship, George shrugged.

"He hasn't told me anything about it." He was going to ruin this before Dream even stepped into

the room.

She waved a hand, "that boy. I swear he talks about nothing important. Always fun and silly." A knowing smile danced over to George while he stuffed more cinnamon roll in his mouth. He was nervous eating. "I take it you fell for the car if not his personality."

George swallowed and admitted, "his car is intriguing."

"Intriguing," his mother repeated. "My word where did he find you? Pretty grammar and the accent, I find you far more refreshing than... I shouldn't speak of her like that."

"About June?" George tread carefully.

His mother grimaced, "tragic but yes. She wasn't as lovely as Clay claimed her to be. And that mouth on her, dirty in comparison to anyone. But he loved her so I tried my best." She cracked an egg into a bowl and grinned, "you, on the other hand, have many rounds of brownie points. You seem very sweet."

George felt warmth enter his chest, "thank you."

"So, how long-

"Mom!" Laughter cut off their conversation and brought attention to Dream's sister. She hung off of Dream's shoulders much like Karl likes to do when Piggybacking. "Clay wants a cinnamon roll."

His mom smiled and pulled the tray from the warmer. Dream's sister slid off and dashed to grab plates from the cupboard. Dream raised a brow at George and took a seat next to him. George couldn't help the stuttered beat in his heart he'd learned it to be a side effect of Dream's presence. He didn't mind it.

"What have you two been talking about," Dream reached a hand out to George's chin and waited for his silent nod before continuing. Gently he swiped a bit of icing from The corner of George's mouth. George burned watching him lick it from his finger. Dream moved on easily as if that was normal. As if he'd done it a thousand times before.

George hid his flush in a bite of cinnamon roll, "she was telling me about how you wanted to be a doctor."

Dream groaned, "mom. You have to stop telling people about that."

"No," she chuckled. "I'm proud of it even if you didn't pursue that field."

George wondered what that was like, to not want praise from his parents. He couldn't tell you, he'd never gotten any from his parents.

Dream huffed, "where's dad?"

"He got called in. He'll be here for dinner if you two want to stay."

George looked down and realized he was running out of cinnamon roll. Shit, how was he going to avoid conversation now?

"I don't know," Dream muttered. "What do you think, George?"

George shot daggers with his eyes and yelled 'fuck you' silently with his last bite of cinnamon roll. Dream looked too god damned amused for this. Luckily Dream's mother saved him.

"Clay, it's rude to ask that," she reprimanded. "Your family. Your decision. Don't put it on your boyfriend."

George enjoyed watching Dream choke on water. He wiped his mother with a self-satisfied grin while Dream forced composure into his bones.

"Right," Dream sputtered. "I guess we'll stay for dinner."

His mother smiled and started talking to Dream's sister. Dream's head snapped over to George. The expressionless man had eyes of a manic... it was just a bit funny.

"What did you tell her?" He whispered.

"Nothing," George reassured. "She just assumed. I let her."

"George," he warned. George was over this dramatic freakout.

"It's not a big deal. Just get through dinner and tell her you broke up with me the next time I come up in conversation."

Dream looked hurt and George couldn't find a bone in his body that cared. He liked Dream's mom and wasn't going to cause a scene just because of an assumption.

"Fine." Dream sounded defeated. George wondered if Dream enjoyed feeling the way he did all the time.

Dream's sister, that she claimed to call her Drista, pulled George up the stairs to let Dream talk to his mother. Those green eyes begged him to stay but George knew they needed to talk. The tension was in the air despite the happiness. It was covered because George was there, that bit was obvious.

"You aren't actually together are you?"

George blinked and stares at Drista, "what?"

"You and Clay," she said opening Dream's old bedroom door. "You seem odd."

"Right," George laughed. "And you are nosy."

He caught sight of the burns when she flipped her hair. The skin on her right arm was darkened and pinker than the rest of her warm skin. It twisted oddly and sat stiff. At first glance, it looked like a birthmark but up close George could tell the difference.

She caught him looking, "that's why dad hasn't let him come back."

George's jaw slackened, "what?"

"Keep up," she said walking into what looked like Dream's old bedroom. "Mom was concerned about him but my dad went ballistic when it happened. Said all this stuff about how irresponsible it was for someone who wanted to be a doctor blah blah blah." She popped down onto a beanbag chair and watches George coolly. "They originally told him I was going to boarding school because of the 'trauma'." Drista held up sarcastic quotation marks. "Said I didn't want him around because it reminded me of the accident. It was all lies of course. My father just couldn't stomach what he'd done."

George stepped carefully into the room, "so you went to boarding school?"

She snorted, "hell no. I stayed here and watched them lie to my brother and I couldn't say anything." She shrugged. "Mom is the one that wanted him back, Dad only slightly agreed. Dinner should be fun."

"Couldn't be any worse than the last dinner I had with my parents." George took a seat on the carpet a bit away from Drista's chair. She poked him with her sock, encouragement to continue. "They wanted me to get engaged and I basically said fuck no and walked out."

She laughed, "well George I thought you were a bore. Clay has taste."

He rolled his eyes and tossed a stray string at her, "he doesn't like me like that."

"Then how," her arms crossed. "He was making goo-goo eyes the entire time you were eating a cinnamon roll. And you looked like an idiot doing that."

"I'm like a stray cat him and his friends took in," George said. "You know like entertainment."

"I don't believe that for a second." She ruffled his hair. George shoved her and she shoved back. It was like having a sister he never had.

Dinner started off well. Really well actually. It made George feel like shit. God, George wished growing up had been like this. The family dinners, the warmth, the love. George had never felt so included in his life and he wasn't even part of the family. They asked him about his life and his achievements and listened like they actually cared. And Dream's father was nice. Nothing like his own. He was more of a backyard barbecue dad than like George's business formal one.

The table was set with mixed-matched silverware and random colored mugs. No perfect mahogany table with perfect glasses. This place felt so much like home George envied Dream for more than just his looks.

It wasn't until dessert that things got tense. Dream started talking to his father easily before someone snapped.

"I just don't understand why you wouldn't let me see her."

His father sighed, "we wanted what was best for her. And you were still racing. We wanted a good influence, Clay."

"Yeah, so you lied to her about what really happened." He shook his head, "real good influence dad."

George pushed around his cheesecake and tried to avoid eye contact.

"And you are?" His dad sounded sad rather than angry. "You weren't alright after juniper, Clay. You needed to move out. Move on. Live with your friends. We wanted you to be mentally stable before you can back."

"I have been for a good two years," Dream scoffed. "I tried talking to you and you lied to me."

"Your sister got burned, Clay. It's a lot to take in while your son was also going off the rails."

Dream's apathy replaced his anger, "I was fine. I am fine."

His dad sighed, "I know you are now. You don't seem haunted. You aren't jittering off of something, not high. You have a nice boyfriend. You're doing better and I'm glad."

Dream exhaled and George could feel his covered anger, "right, and if I told you I started racing again? That I still indulge in things." He dropped his fork, "George isn't even my boyfriend."

"Clay," his mother sounded heartbroken and George... he had gone stiff as a board.

They didn't give him the disappointment glare, it was sadness. Seeping into their eyes and pouring of other their hearts, they cared for him. And Dream just lit it all on fire purposely. George didn't have any room to dictate other people's relationships with their parents, but George was on the parents' side. Dream was being an ass.

"If you'll excuse me," George muttered. "I need air."

"George," Dream seemed to register what just happened. George mustered a fake smile and shook his head.

"We love you, Clay," George heard his father say from the kitchen doorway. "It doesn't matter what you do. We just want you to be happy, to be stable."

"Am I what," Dream sighed.

"Happy?"

George was staring at the picture on the wall of Dream and Sapnap when he heard Dream's answer.

"I'm getting there."

The car ride was quiet. A warm box of cinnamon rolls rested between George's shoes on the floor while he watched the lights pass. Neither knew what to say and George felt sick about the entire situation. Not only had he'd messed up in the hotel but going to that house left him feeling more hollow than he'd thought it would.

Eventually, he said, "I like your family."

Dream let out an unimpressed breath, "thanks."

"Everything feels welcome there," he admitted. "Mine feels like a prison."

Dream seemed to soften with realization. The tight grip on his wheel waned in George's peripheral's.

"Your mom gave me the cinnamon roll recipe before dinner," he mumbled. "Think I might try and make them one day if-"

"Can you not talk about it?"

George's lips shut immediately, "I'm sorry."

A pause sat heavily on his chest, George was going to be stubborn.

"They love you," George stated.

"Yeah," was Dream's sardonic answer. "It's not going to fix that they lied. And told my sister lies."

"Well, no," George agreed. "But they are trying. And they are so proud of you for just being *you*, you have to cut them some slack."

"You don't have any say in how I forgive my parents." George's chest felt like ice because Dream was right. He didn't have a say in any of it.

"No," he shrugged. "But I'd switch situations with you at any moment. Because at least yours love you without conditions." George wiped away a snuffle. "I've tried for years and all I get is more rules. More expectations. I gave up after a while. Because they will never give me what you have."

"George," it was breathless and worried but George couldn't find any sympathy for him.

Instead, he reached for the center console and turned on the radio.

Chapter End Notes

These are all the heavy chapters because of character development. And ya know rising action and all that junk.

I also write smut more abstract than crass and explicit. It's still explicit but for this story it needs clouds and feelings. So if you are reading this just for the smut I don't recommend it. Its all soft. Lol

I also only looked over this once because it's long and I hate editing.

Casino Royale

Chapter Summary

Casino fun. Dream falls.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"You've got me right in the palm of your hand and you know it."

Worst Of You

Maisie Peters

"What do you mean you don't find her attractive!"

George tilted his head and eyed the girl holding a flag. Fishnet tights hugged her long legs with purposeful rips in them. They ran all the way up underneath her leather miniskirt. The lacy crop top was frilly and paired with a matching leather jacket. She had to be freezing in this weather, and George was tempted to bring her his thicker jacket like a gentleman. She was really pretty, the hair and the lips, but he didn't feel anything looking at her. Was he supposed to? George understood the appeal but he didn't understand the *appeal*. How was he going to explain that one?

"I mean," he chewed his lip. "She's pretty, I see that."

"She's hot!" Sapnap corrected, "I would totally be all over that."

George leaned back on the hood of Sapnap's car and tried to understand this. He'd never really thought about girls past Genevieve and he'd never thought about boys either. George just couldn't fathom how someone could look at a person on the street and suddenly want to fuck them.

"Might I remind you that you have not one, but *two* boyfriends?"

Sapnap scoffed, "doesn't mean I can't appreciate all the hard work women go through to impress us racers."

"Impress," George repeated. "Which one is she trying to impress."

Las Nevadas was still on lockdown but that didn't take the fun out of the nightlife. With no racing and no skids, it was a car show. Everyone showed up with alcohol and their cut engines to show off. Lights and car door tricks, George tried not to feel too left out. His 'baby' was in Punz's shop despite his chagrin about that decision. Technoblade had blown out the windows and windshield leaving them to wait for the correct glass to come in. And he might have been modifying some things while he was at it.

"Has to be Dream," Sapnap fake gagged. "They all want to get into his car... or his bed."

George refused to appear green, "yeah? But she's all over Punz... never mind."

George watched the girl push her perfectly curled hair over her shoulder and lightly tap Dream on the shoulder as if he'd made the funniest joke in the world. George doubted it, unless she liked dark humor Dream was shit at jokes. The blond's ability to converse was also terrible, George pondered why anyone would entertain his mild apathy beneath the mask. He guessed it was like himself, the need for a challenge. The adrenaline rush of something off-limits.

"See," Sapnap drawled. "That man gives them absolutely nothing and they kiss at his fucking toes."

George chuckled lightly, Sapnap wasn't wrong.

"Well, Dream seems to have his night planned." They both watched the blond pull the girl into his side and warm her hands between his own. George felt sick, and green, and... he wasn't allowed to feel hurt. That was a boundary, emotions. He looked away, back at Sapnap and his mirrored disgusted expression, at least they were on the same page. "What about you? What are you going to do tonight?"

George huffed, "not some girl I don't know."

"What about him," Sapnap pointed out a new racer from uptown. He'd just moved into the east sector of Las Nevadas. That's all George knew about him and he didn't care to know anymore. At least six foot and dark skin, George shrugged.

"No," George muttered. "I'm not... I don't just fuck around with people."

"You fuck around with Dream."

George looked back down the row of cars and disregarded his flush, "that's different. I *know* Dream."

"We all know Dream." Karl popped out of nowhere stretching against the expanse of George's side much like a cat. A small memory of Cat popped up, warm beneath his bedsheets at home. He enjoyed the soft affection from Karl, it was sweet every time they interacted. George nudged his shoulder against the taller man. "He's that tall blond guy, maybe? Don't know, could be wrong?"

"I'm trying to get George laid," Sapnap announced.

Karl perked up, "really I know the perfect-"

"No," George muttered. "That's not what I want to happen."

The girl's giggle traveled in the air from several cars away. High pitched and lovely like sugar. George couldn't help but look. Watching Dream whisper something in her ear, his hands on her hips, the grin presented in his eyebrows, George was was poking the bear with watching. Torturing his own self.

"I think George is pan," Sapnap said offhandedly. With his phone out he scrolled through pride flags and flashed them at Karl every few seconds.

"What does that one mean," George asked.

"It generally means you don't care about gender or who someone is presented as. You just love the person, either romantically or sexually."

George leaned his head against Karl's shoulder, "as in sex?"

"Yes and no, just in general." Karl smiled and wrapped an arm around George's shoulder. It sheltered him from the cold wind while Sapnap tried to debunk his sexuality. He really appreciated these two even if they didn't know it. Family didn't always mean blood.

"I don't care about sex," George shrugged. "I want it sometimes but I could live without it."

Sapnap snapped his fingers like he'd won the lottery, "asexual!"

Karl laughed, "I think he's Demi." George waited expectantly for an explanation. Karl chuckled and ruffled George's hair, "you have to have an emotional connection with someone to feel sexually attracted to them. It would explain why you don't want to have sex with some random stranger. It's a bit of a gray area."

George watched Dream pull his girl in again most likely nipping at her ear, warming her skin, putting a kick in her heartbeat. If that was the case why was he attracted to Dream? What was their connection the need to push and pull each other? Maybe it was the odd trust they'd created. He huffed, "I think I'm just broken."

"You're not," Karl reassured. "You don't have to have a label you know."

George nodded, "I know." And suddenly everything felt too soft and sappy, he pulled from Karl's hold. "I want to do something. Can't we go for a drive?"

Sapnap sighed, "Quackity and Dream locked the gates. No one leaves unless they are going home."

George groaned and laid back against Sapnap's car, his head made a soft *thump* on the metal. Karl perked up with an idea after a moment.

"You want to go to the casino?"

"And gamble?" George rolled his eyes, "I suck at cards."

"So?" Karl tugged his sleeve, "we can always have a pool tournament! And we can eat the-"

Sapnap shot to cover Karl's mouth muffling his words behind a palm. A worried laugh escaped his chest, "Quackity told us not to say that out loud. It's illegal, love."

Karl pulled Sapnap's hand down and leaned back against him, he smiled, "I forgot." Both eyes shot back to George, "Ducks. You'll enjoy them. And popcorn. And candy."

George shrugged and let the two pull him down the street.

The casino felt expensive, and George figured that's how most casinos felt. Doused in gawky gold and red they walked through clouds of cigarette smoke. It was bound to stick to their clothes long after they left acrid and particular. George pulled a drink off of a server's tray once Karl told them they were VIPs. That meant free drinks and refreshments, George would take full advantage of that.

They set up in the corner with several lavish pool tables. George was starting to agree with Sam's comment on Quackity, the duck thing was excessive.

Each of the pool balls had the logo on them and in the center of the ducks belly sat the number. The table itself was red with his logo obnoxiously in the middle. Glasses had the logo burned into each drink bottom, the floor was scattered with little raven-colored ducks, and then the pastries fit in as well. Shaped and colored accordingly, he snorted at them.

When George made to pull a yellow-dyed brownie from a plate a waitress stopped him. In a tight working skirt and revealing button-up, she smiled almost mechanically, "warning, darling. These things are so good you'll feel *high* on life."

He stared back and tried to decipher what the fuck that meant. She only smiled and offered him to take from the tray. Eventually, with reluctant fingers, George took the brownie and walked back to the pool table.

Sapnap snorted, "don't eat all of that."

"Why not?"

"It has pot in it." George's brows caressed his hairline. Sapnap eyed him while chalking up his pool cue. "You ever been high?"

George's mouth felt dry, "I smoked once."

"You smoked!" Karl came round the corner with sugar-coated popcorn in, George shouldn't have been surprised, a large duck-shaped bowl. With one glance at the bowl, he wondered what it was laced with. "When?"

"Uh," an awkward hand gripped his neck, "with Dream in one of Quackity's offices. It was after that fight about skidding."

He left out the fact that Dream had blown him on the couch in that office. It felt like a secret between the two, something to never bring up unless entirely necessary.

Sapnap's jaw tightened, "great. It's Juniper all over again."

George wondered what *that* meant. Was he referring to Dream or was he saying George was the Juniper repeat? His gut twisted and Karl threw popcorn at Sapnap.

"Party pooper," he said. "And those aren't as extreme as smoking it. It's slower, but this is different." A piece of popcorn popped George in the middle of his forehead. "You get a rush. And it's called a sugar rush."

"So, there isn't anything in this?"

"Nope." George ate the ombré popcorn and his cheeks twisted at the taste. It was a mix between a sour patch kid and a teaspoon of straight sugar. How the hell was Karl eating it by the handfuls, George didn't know.

As the other two were setting up, he looked down at the brownie in his hand. The last time he was high it didn't end so well. Dream's closed-off apology was still fresh in his mind. Warm between bedsheets. But George wanted that feeling, the rush he craved. The one found in high-speed cars, on top of buildings, within warm green eyes.

And maybe Dream was right, he was turning into an adrenaline addict but fuck it. Dream wasn't around to cut his craving, instead, he was occupying some girl with perfect hair. George knew he couldn't compare to her and he wondered why he even wanted to. Dream wouldn't ever want him in the way he'd want her. Dream wouldn't kiss him because of his rules, because of those goddamn boundaries. Experiments we're supposed to be fun, he reminded himself.

Maybe that's why he bit into half of that brownie and didn't look back. This was more fun than feeling jealous over a stranger. This was better than thinking about Dream.

George couldn't stop laughing. Not only was he dominating at pool but he was also floating on a cloud. Nothing hurt when he was high. Not his thoughts or his unresolved feelings. Free and relaxed George hit the last ball into the pocket. That had to be his tenth win along with his fifth drink.

The rest of the group from the car show had slowly started to trickle in until their secluded corner was raging with life. Laughter and drinking and buzz, George felt alive here. His heart thumped to the bass of the selected music for the dance floor... the one George avoided. It raged and hummed and George won another game of pool. Celebrating in the lights of flickering slot machines and lounge LEDs, he tossed his arm up.

In between opponents, Karl was playing catch with the sugary popcorn. He aimed for George's lips and the brunette struggled to help it land on his tongue. Their little crowd cheered when he did. Quackity and Sapnap were on the little lounge couch with everyone else, simply watching the ongoing.

It was all fun and free until Dream showed up. As usual, he attracted everyone to him, much like a suction cup, he was the life of the party. And all he had to give was fucking apathy. George rolled his eyes and took another shot. Maybe he shouldn't drink, maybe he shouldn't get high, but it was the right answer when Dream approached him. Instead of feeling ripped at the seams, everything was dead. He'd numbed himself to the warmth, the fire, the need, George felt nothing. A silent celebration appeared in his laughter while Karl tossed more popcorn.

"George," Dream's brows looked concerned furrowed together to form those cute little worry lines. George didn't care if he was going to leave the mask on. It was like talking to a damn wall and he too knew how to have a one-sided conversation.

"Ew," George whined. "The green ones taste like fucking bad."

"That was yellow dumbass."

"I'm colorblind!" A laugh tagged on to the ending word.

Dream leaned against the pool table and took the pool cue from between George's fingers. He twisted it until the tip touched George's chin forcing his attention to Dream. Green eyes searched the blown pupils of honey brown and he sighed.

"You're drunk *and* high."

"Yeah," George said pushing away the wood. "And?"

"What are you doing?" Dream's voice was low, dangerous, and threatening. The same tone that either brought George to verbal fights or to his knees. He didn't feel the need to do either this time. He didn't really feel anything but the high. "This isn't you, Daredevil."

"Hey, Dream," George whispered leaning in. Close enough to touch he only lightly moved. Two fingers pushed Dream's masked chin to the side and swiped over his neck. "She left her lipstick on you."

George held his fingers smeared with pink in front of Dream's eyes. He knew he wouldn't get a reaction out of him but he liked to taunt. His laugh felt manic, "where'd she go anyways? Would think you'd brought her back to the house."

"I don't fuck people in my bedroom," Dream scoffed. "George..."

"Are you here to ruin my fun," he complained. "Cause if you are you're gonna have to break the news to my opponents."

"No, I'm just worried about your well-being."

George huffed and it sounded so light and airy compared to his sentence reply.

"No, you don't." Dream frowned beneath his mask. "If you did you wouldn't have," George manic laugh cut off his sentence. "Move I wanna play pool."

"I think you need to drink some water and let me drive you home."

George scoffed, "couldn't you have chosen a different time to *care* about me rather than now."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dream stepped in front of George's toes, "I always care about you."

Nimble fingers danced hazily around Dream's upper chest. With a content hum, George pressed his palm flat.

"I'd be happier if you didn't," he grinned. "It's easier when you don't care, because then the thought of you..." he chuckled. "Do you want to play a game of pool?"

"You're not finishing your sentences," Dream stressed. Then something in his expression decayed. "Fuck it, Let's make a bet."

"Oo," George crooned. "What kind of bet will *the* Dream offer me?"

"If I win against you, we sober you up and I bring you home." He crossed his arms, "if you win-"

"If I win," his grin split his cheeks. An index finger came up to tap his lips. "You will kiss me. Once."

"George," Dream started. "That's not a good idea..."

"Take it or leave it, asshole."

Dream rolled his eyes, "Fine."

George eyed Dream from across the table and wondered what the fuck had he'd done wrong. He was winning, he didn't doubt that, George knew he was good at this game. And like he'd predicted Dream was showy rather than skilled, which meant he was easy to beat.

They circled the table over and over for different shots and George wondered if that's what they'd be forever. A cat chasing a mouse in a never-ending maze. Cause what were they doing? Playing with each other until someone cracked?

Dream would break George over and over and he'd come back, because you can't cold turkey a drug addict from their addiction. They'd find a new solution and George already found his. It smelled like alcohol and tasted like candy. Dream understood from the moment he'd walked into the casino. The distant eyes that harbored George's unspoken pain, Dream had felt it before.

Moving to make his next shot, Dream missed. George had won.

All George wanted was a kiss. One single touch of lips to know if he'd be damned. To know if this everlasting loop would continue or if he'd ween off of it one day. But Dream and his cocky intentions found a loophole.

"Where's my kiss," George whispered hooking his hands around Dream's sides. Dream asked his consent just to tear George down again and he wasn't even aware of the pain.

"Why do you want a kiss," Dream asked pulling down his mask. George eyed his lips and felt nothing but the high and burn of alcohol.

"To see how screwed I am." That was the alcohol talking and the weed, George should really stop getting high.

Dream held him softly between palms and they exhaled the same air, "and what does that mean, Daredevil."

"Just kiss me, Dream."

And despite George's best efforts, it was there. The burn swooped in and filtered through as a bit of sobriety. They stood together, leaning against the pool table with no other eyes on them. Everyone else lost in their own hazy nightlife. It was back to the start of George begging for something Dream was never going to give him. Because Dream cared about him too much. Because this was a god damn experiment and George hated himself for wanting more.

Dream pulled his chin up and leaned close. In a split second, he wondered if Dream tasted like himself, or if the taste of *her* still clung to him. George held his breath.

Disappointment was so common to George he wondered why he didn't expect it. Lips pressed gently between his eyes holding his forehead in caress. George burned and broke and overdosed on not enough and far too much.

Against his skin Dream whispered, "you didn't specify where I should kiss you in this deal."

George choked on a wet laugh, "why do you have to care about me?"

Dream took a sharp breath of surprise, "what?"

"I wish you didn't fucking care about me," George muttered eyes averted. "Cause maybe then you'd kiss me. No one else has ever given a shit about me, Dream. And you... you rip me to shreds with it." He shook his head, "hold it above my head like a dog and a bone and I hate it. I hate that you care about me. Why couldn't you have treated me like a god damn hook..." He cut himself off before he said too much. Boundaries... boundaries... boundaries...

"George," his tone was too soft for George to handle, so he pushed away. The distance between them felt like a cleve to the chest, and George endured it. "Where is this coming from? You can't just say that and..."

"I'm trying not to break a boundary right now, Dream." They held eye contact for the longest beat, because they both knew which line George was already trying to avoid. Which one Dream specifically told him not to push at. "So, don't make me break it. If you do I'll... it'll make me loathe myself even more than I already do."

"George," Dream whispered. "It's okay. Your scaring me... I..."

"It's not," he wrapped his arms tight around his torso and laughed. "I'm not perfect, okay. But I'm trying with this. I won't disappoint you with *this*. I won't be like the ones before..."

George didn't know but Dream fell to his knees then. Staring back at each other Dream felt a million miles from the sun and broke his own boundary. Hitting the bottom George had tanked him. Because he was trying for Dream, and it took him out with a whispered breath. Dream fell and George held himself together with tight strings left of that god damn boundary.

"You could never disappoint me, George." He meant it. Raptured in his charm Dream meant it.

"Dream," he snapped, fed up with these games. "Please."

"Okay," he'd do this when George was sober. "Let's go home, Daredevil."

The tear fell without consent and George set the pool cue on the table, angry at the world. God, he hated getting high.

Chapter End Notes

Mmm we've had a break through. This is a filler chapter until next time because the plot gets real interesting and you guys are going to have a hate and love relationship with it :D

Takes Two to Tango

Chapter Summary

Clubbing with Quackity threats. Lol fornication. (Smut)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Emotions like a yoyo, but I love you that way."

Acapulco

Jason Derulo

George didn't want to be alone. He'd learned that much by the age of six or seven. Sitting alone on the play bench at school took a mental toll on a kid. That was the last moment George fully was himself when he thought about it. From then on he became the boy that everyone expected him to be. A popular face in school, the golden child of a company, the perfect boyfriend to Genevieve, the perfect son to imperfect parents. And it was exhausting.

Las Nevadas was the first place he didn't have to be anyone. Not a name nor a face, he could simply be. And despite everything, Dream never expected him to be anything other than himself. Maybe that's why he kept going back to him. Round and round, fight and make up, push and pull. Or maybe George was just terrified to be alone. Afraid his own thoughts would pull him deep into water, drown him.

The lights strobed above them loud as the music in his ears. Bodies writhed within the club and George was drunk on affection. Sober as could be but Dream tainted his bloodstream and inebriated his mind. His hands. God his hands. They traveled. Up, down, on his bicep, on his chest, over his neck, his hair, his heart, George leaned into him. The music was part of this battle. Push and pull and writhe and fight. George felt alive under foreign lights and touch. Fuck his touch.

Dream articulated the song with soft hums against his ear and George couldn't see straight anymore. Physically and literally. Dream pulled him back flush and George dropped his head against Dream's shoulder. He didn't know how they'd gotten here. The blond had pissed him off and kissed his neck as an apology, then he was tugged to the dance floor. Slow at first. A joke. A few feet apart. George was ready to give it up but he was pulled closer. And closer. And fuck, Dream knew how to keep him there.

"Thought you didn't dance?" Dream whispered into his ear. His sensitive lobe was taken between Dream's teeth and George tilted into it.

"I don't," he let his hands drift over his head and reached for Dream's neck. "But you're so fucking persuasive. I hate it."

"By the way you're dancing," Dream gripped his hips and spun George around. Nose to nose they inhaled the same hot air. A breadth away from a kiss, a breadth away from that line. It was like playing with fire. "Like a slut all up against me, you'd think this wasn't your first time."

George snaked his way up to Dream's ear, "what if it's not. I could be dancing up against other people just like this. What you gonna do about it, Dream?"

"Nothing." It sounded like a lie to both of them. George snickered and licked a stripe up Dream's neck. Dirty and suffocating George pulled Dream closer. And closer. It was never close enough.

"I'm better," George stated. "Then you're hookups. Admit it."

"George," Dream warned although he was too far gone in lust to actually remember what that warning meant. "Why does it matter?"

George ground their groins together and smirked at Dream's not-so-subtle shudder. He could feel his growing problem and it was satisfying. Arrow pointed, stretched back, aim, "because I have a thing with being right. And I know I'm already fucking right." Fire.

Dream conceded, "you're right, Daredevil." Breathless, "you feel smug yet, fuck."

George pulled back and kissed Dream's cheek sweetly, "very."

A passionate moment was tanked down to the bed of a flower field with George's kiss.

He'd never received soft affection in his family. They comforted when hurt but by the age of ten that became pats on the back rather than embraces. George *never* received cheek kisses, so he wondered how he could do it so easily. It was new and confusing and fucking annoying because it wasn't allowed, but the soft was easy with Dream. It easy was giving into the softer side of their fire, because Dream was George's comfort.

George found himself wanting to kiss Dream in random moments. In the car when the blond held his hand to shift, when they teased each other around the others, in the store down the cereal aisle, at the house on the couch, on the fucking dance floor in a club. George was seriously condemned to failure.

Dream's eyes dilated looking at George. The green lessened by the second filled with desire in black. It was late and they were both tired, only there because of Quackity and Karl and Sapnap. Dragged away from the comfort of their room silence.

The fire just happened to take over at some point and George let it because that was the only thing Dream responded to. Sex and lust and desire, all the things George was slowly starting to care less and less about. And that terrified him, because if he didn't want that from Dream, he knew the blond wouldn't blink. The hookups would fill what was left of his void and George would be alone again.

George blinked. Back to lights. Back to lust. Back to Dream's want. He felt stupid again, lost in the need for affection, "I'm sorry."

George pushed away before Dream asked him to. Instead, he managed a tired embarrassed smile and headed back to the group table. Dream was left stunned to silence on the dance floor.

"George!" Quackity pulled him into what he thought was an embrace but soon turned into a serious tango. "I need a favor."

They moved easily around in the middle of the dance floor. Everyone was far too drunk to pay attention to them and Quackity took advantage of that. He pulled George close.

"I need you to convince Dream."

George scoffed, "convince him to what?"

"Race against Technoblade." George felt his mouth dry and his heart stutter. "He's the only way we're going to get what we lost back."

"Why the hell do *I* have to do it?"

Quackity's light tango grip turned hasty. He pulled George in to speak in his ear, "you're so fucking blind it amazes me. You two were made for each other in the vilest way, huh?"

George realized real quick he was speaking to Quackity of Las Nevadas, not Quackity his friend and housemate. It was like he'd switched on his intimidation within a split second, George's body stiffened.

"Quackity?"

"Your father was looking for you," he said offhandedly. "One of my men said an older man came into the casino looking for you. Rich with the same resemblance. So, I want to ask how the fuck he knew where to find you?"

This was news to him. George sputtered, "I don't know."

"Don't lie to me-"

"I'm not," George swore. "He must've hired his investigator. I didn't tell him about Las Nevadas. I haven't spoken to him in weeks."

Quackity nodded but didn't look convinced, "I consider you a friend George, but the second you put Las Nevadas in danger you're gone. You won't be welcome back and you won't be able to find us again. Got it?"

"Got it," Quackity spun him around in the direction of the table then spoke in his ear. "I also suggest you convince Dream to race. I don't want to have to take Wilbur up on his offer of leverage. In all seriousness that won't end well for you. Now go act normal."

George stumbled forward and glanced back just to find Quackity vanished from his previous dwelling. What the hell?

Sapnap greeted George happily at the table and passed him a water bottle. George didn't know what the fuck to think, to feel, he hoped it didn't show on his face.

With the bottle half chugged George said, "I want to go home."

"So does Karl." Sapnap poked the man on his shoulder. Karl looked as exhausted as George felt and that was saying something for the constant bubbly man. "What about Dream?"

George rubbed his neck, "I don't know."

"Weren't you two just dancing together?" George's hazy eyes zoned in to watch enviously as Sapnap kissed Karl's forehead. The taller of the two smiled and started to get up from the table.

"Yeah," George muttered. "I did something I wasn't supposed to. I don't know what he wants to do."

"What do you mean by that?" Sapnap's frown felt personal, "what did you do?"

George's internal alarm set off, "nothing bad, I swear. I kissed his cheek. He doesn't like affection or whatever. I wouldn't... fuck you for thinking I do something bad."

Sapnap's expression only increased, "he doesn't let you kiss him? George shrugged a 'no'. "Why not?"

A humorless chuckle, "you should ask him. Then maybe you can explain it to me."

Sapnap sighed and Karl pulled George into a sweaty embrace. Although it wasn't the kiss he wanted, nor from the right person, George still appreciated Karl's peck on his cheek. It centered his spinning thoughts from Quackity, from Dream, from his father.

"I'll kiss you," he smiled. "Tell Dream to fuck off."

"Tell me what now?" George rolled his eyes and let Dream steal his water bottle. He might have enjoyed watching him gulp down the rest of the liquid under the strobing lights. And the drip that trailed down his chin... to his neck...

Sapnap turned a disappointed look on his best friend, "you ready to go, or you staying?"

Dream looked to George who refused to be caught staring. He stole a card from Dream's deck and replaced his emotions with neutral apathy looking to the ground.

"Yeah," Dream said surprisingly. "Let's go home."

"So many god damn problems," Sapnap said beneath his breath to Dream. The blond waited with George while the other two filed out towards the exit. Quackity tagged along a moment later as if he'd never spoken a word to George. The brunette frowned.

Reluctantly, Dream held out a hand and George looked at it like a foreign subject. Confusion poisoned his heart and George tried not to let hope rise.

Dream's mouth opened twice before words came out, "I'm not mad, George."

"I crossed a line," he said matter of factly. "Don't pity my mistakes."

"It wasn't a mistake," Dream held out his hand again with emphasis.

"You were mad last time it happened." George asked, "why is it different this time."

Dream didn't have an answer so he shook his head, "I'm just as confused as you are, Daredevil."

George hesitated before letting his hand fit perfectly between Dream's, "you're so damn bipolar."

The smile appeared in Dream's eyebrows, "let's go home."

"Are you going to race Techno in two months?"

Dream leaned his head back against his bed relaxed in his beanbag chair. George realized he could've been more subtle about that subject but when has subtlety ever worked in his favor?

"No?" Dream frowned, "you know that."

On top of Dream's bed, George laid comfortably on his stomach not watching the movie Dream

had put on. He was just waiting for Dream to make his move like usual. This always had a catch it was never just hanging out.

George placed his chin on his forearms, "just wondering, you haven't talked about it since, ya know that night."

"Yeah," Dream scoffed. "Why would I?"

"I don't know," George shrugged and turned back to the TV. "Forget I asked."

He was going to fail in bringing Quackity's favor alive.

The movie felt bland. George swore if the girl didn't fucking confess her love for her roommate in the next ten minutes he was going to scream. So instead, George secretly peeked at Dream. The blond was fully enthralled in the movie before them. Green eyes danced back and forth around in blue light and all George could do was helplessly look at him.

Dream's soft cheeks and perfect lips were both visible without the mask. The jawline, George wanted to place soft kisses there. Trail them up against his cheeks, on his nose, smile into his lips. He sighed.

"Why don't you take a picture it will last longer," Dream announced. His smile was self-satisfied, *asshole*. "You know since you feel the need to stare at me instead of the screen."

George's cheeks shook hands with hefty embarrassment, "Sorry."

The sheets rustled beneath George when he rolled onto his back. The popcorn ceiling was his new entertainment instead of Dream. It was interesting enough to keep his eyes controlled, but not his thoughts. Scooting up to the end of the bed, George hung his head over the edge and let his eyes become level to the blond. Upside down like a child George let the blood drain to his brain. He didn't understand Dream's yank of emotions. They yo-yoed back and forth and George could barely keep up.

"Watching a movie with me that boring, Daredevil?"

"No," George muttered. "Just confused. You never want to sit here... usually, my clothes are on you're floor and you're kicking me out by now."

George couldn't decipher Dream's grim expression, "that's not true."

"Really," George turned and took in Dream's upside-down appearance. Lips in a line but the apathy wasn't present. "It's not?"

Dream sighed, "okay maybe it is true. But that's not what I want our friendship to be centered around, just sex."

George's cheeks darkened, "If it's not that what is it? What you wanna verbally fight each other again?"

"Fuck off," Dream's eyes rolled before he playfully pushed George's cheek away. "How about this, what's your favorite color?"

"I'm colorblind," George deadpanned.

"Favorite animal?"

"How is that relevant?"

Dream groaned, "Smartass, what about you're favorite ice cream flavor."

George fake gasped, "that is far too personal. You will hear from my lawyer with that question."

Dream laughed easily and it warmed the room. Dropping his head back against the bed heavily. He was like sunlight bottled into a person and opened in the frozen winter. Thawing George's chest and warming the rush in his veins.

"Your laugh is my favorite," George said easily.

It didn't blow over well last time George mentioned this but this time Dream grinned. Soft and malleable next to him Dream tilted to look at him.

"I sound like a tea kettle."

George snorted, "I'm British, I like tea."

"How charming," Dream let his gaze hold George's. A hand carefully brushed George's gravity-affected hair to the side.

"My father is looking for me," George said. "And Quackity said I'd have to leave if it becomes a problem for Las Nevadas."

"I won't let him kick you out," Dream mumbled. "It wouldn't be the same without you here."

George sighed and closed his eyes at Dream's touch. Much like their cats curled around each other downstairs on the couch, George leaned into Dream's hand.

"I think you'd have fewer fights break out without my loud mouth. Less problems. No leverage for Technoblade," he smiled. "You wouldn't have to deal with my Daredevil tendencies." Dream huffed and combed through A tangle. He'd need to cut his hair soon, his parents would hate the way it hug too low.

"Sapnap and Karl could live peacefully without my nagging all the time. Quackity wouldn't have a threat to Las Nevadas and you... Well, you wouldn't have to entertain my sexuality anymore. I'd stop being a problem for all of your other hookups," he shrugged, "sounds beneficial to me."

The hand in his hair paused and George leaned up as encouragement to keep going. Dream didn't move instead he scoffed and stood up from the beanbag pulling all touch away.

"Dream?"

"Fuck off, George."

"What?" he sat up with furrowed brows. The room spun for a moment as the blood righted itself in his head. "I don't understand what-"

"You're kidding right?" Dream picked up his chair and stood revolted in the middle of the room.

"No, why would I joke about that?"

"You think that is how we see you?" Dream's brows were tense with the familiar anger lines on his forehead. George realized that it was a cover, a front to the actual emotion behind it. He was hurt and that much expression set off alarm bells in George's head. In place of his usual apathy was

open green and somber brows. "That we see you as a problem? Someone easy to replace?"

"Yes?" George tilted his head, "Dream, it's not a big deal, I'm not-"

"Not what?" George's answer died on his tongue. He huffed, "You're actually oblivious."

George curled his arms round his waist, "I'm sorry."

"What the hell are you apologizing for?" Dream's voice was snappy and George usually knew where this was going by the tone of it. They'd fight he'd drop down into the depths of his painful nothing and then they'd act like nothing ever happened. Fight until one kissed the other's body as an apology. George didn't think he could repeat this cycle again. "You shouldn't be apologizing for anything when you've done *nothing* wrong."

Big fucking plot twist. George's gaze snapped up to Dream's and found his eyes locked on him. The warmth hadn't left and George suddenly felt it buzz beneath his skin.

"What?"

Dream executed a humorless laugh, "they *love* you, George. Sapnap and Karl and for all I know Quackity too. Sapnap drones on about all the things you two do when he's not talking about Karl. The stupid jokes and the games and all that bullshit. He even told me that he thinks you were what was missing in this house. And Karl, well he's always affectionate about people, but you are different."

George didn't know what to say or if he should interrupt. Dream simply stared at him, waiting, and when George still didn't move he continued.

"How you let him hug you when he knows you don't understand touch. You've made him so happy by learning it with him. They talk so highly of you," he waved a hand. "And despite Quackity's bullshit, you're his favorite. One of his best friends and that's coming from him. They each love you and you just don't seem to understand that."

George sat stunned to silence and Dream just kept waxing on as if he hadn't already made his point.

"Punz fucking hates you, but you're the best challenge he's had in years. Sam likes the small talks you two have, even if he says he's your therapist. And Puffy, god she wouldn't shut up about how much fun you are. How caring and considerate and it's true." He ran a rough hand through his strangled hair. "You're so charming and sweet and an asshole all at the same time and it's becoming annoying that you don't see it."

George exhaled, "and what about you?"

He paused, "what?"

"How do you feel about me, Dream?"

He took slow steps until he towered over George on his bed, the beanbag long abandoned. The heat of Dream's palm was welcomed on George's skin. Burning beneath the surface, Dream poured more ammunition into George's veins when he tucked a stray curl.

"You're the worst dream I've ever experienced," Dream said ironically. George frowned and brought up a hand to hold the palm on his cheek, he was ready with another apology, but Dream found more poisonous words to sedate him to silence with. "Every second of the god damn day you're in my head. Laughing. Snapping at me." Dream leaned down to mutter in George's ear.

"Moaning my name. I replay the look of you on your knees and underneath me too much. The feeling of your hands down my back and in my hair. And that's not the worst part."

George closed his eyes when Dream's grip tightened and slid down to his chin. He was jerked up to meet Dream's hypnotizing gaze. It was a field of equally burning fires and flower clouds within those pupils. George's cheeks warmed with the rest of his body.

"What's the worst part?" George had to know, whether it be his last words or not he had to know.

"It's your expression when I know I've hurt you." George's eyes fluttered shut when he felt Dream push their foreheads together. "The disappointment on your lips and in your eyes. The feeling when you walk away from me or cover something with jealousy because you think I can't tell. I can read you like a fucking book, George. And I know I'm hurting you with the things I can not give you."

"Then why keep me around?" It was breathless and George couldn't sort his feelings past Dream. Dream. Dream. *Dream*.

"Because you have ruined me," he huffed and George felt the air touch his lips. "You have *taken* me away and dropped me in the middle of nowhere. God, I was taken with you the moment you jumped out of that car."

"Dream," George sighed. "It's your rule. This sounds like your breaking it."

"I *can't* love you."

George laid back and pulled Dream with him. Elbow's on both sides of George's head Dream chuckled at his bold move. Nose to nose George could count every freckle dusted lightly over Dream's nose.

A grin, "you can't or you won't?"

"Potato tomatoes," Dream whispered.

George brushed over Dream's cheek and smiled as he leaned into the touch, "will you have sex with me instead?"

Dream frowned, "It's not going to cha-"

George didn't let him finish, "I know. But I want you whether it's for an hour, a week, a year, I want you."

"Can I touch you?"

"Always," George muttered. Dream didn't seem amused so he rephrased with a less careful, "yes, fuck me, Dream."

"How charming." Fuck his sardonic tone.

Dream didn't hesitate to strip him bare, but it was slow this time. Long fingers toyed with the strings of George's sweat pants before he easily shimmied them off his body. Touch soft and languid and lingering. Those eyes dragged up his legs and harbored around George's thighs. Both palms warmed him before Dream leaned down.

George gasped at the feeling of lips on his skin. Mouth and tongue pulling the rarely touched skin between his teeth and Dream gave equal attention to each thigh before pulling down his boxers.

Easy and slow and something Dream had never done with him.

They'd always been hasty and filled with fights. War between bodies. Ammunition and shotgun words. But right then George didn't feel his anger, he felt Dream's warmth. Sun and moon aligned he groaned at the graze of teeth on his inner thighs. Dream spread them and speckled each one by one with pretty purple contusions. George burned beneath him helplessly held down.

Dream thumbed over the folds of George's hips and the brunette shivered in response.

"Always so fucking sensitive."

"Emotionally or physically," George quipped back, breathless.

Dream huffed over George's dick, "both."

George's head fell heavily back onto the pillow when Dream licked the underside of his dick. Fully hard beneath him, he couldn't help but groan. Dream enjoyed this part, the tease. The build-up, it was why he focused on the tip instead of taking him down fully. This time George was entirely surprised from the moment they started this. It slow. Careful. Attentive.

"Dream?" Wet and hot around him. Dream took him all the way until his nose brushed against George's skin. Then he pulled back. George dropped a hand over his eyes and tugged softly on Dream's hair with the other.

He hissed and moaned when Dream moved on him. Hot as fast and god George was floating in the clouds again. Too much too fast he panted and watched Dream move so sensually on him. Their eyes met and the air was punched out of George's chest.

"I don't want to yet-"

Dream pulled off of him with an unceremonious pop, "if you want me to fuck you, you need to come first. You're tense." He softened, "I can tell you're nervous."

"I'm not," George lied. Dream just snorted and licked his way back down George's dick. The latter groaned and let Dream pull him apart.

With the soft hiss of Dream's name, George arched up and came almost soundlessly. The moans remained buried in his throat while Dream jerked him off and grounded him. Swallowing like it was nothing he reached over George's body and ransacked through his bedside table. Catching his breath the brunette snuck a hand beneath Dream's shirt and felt the muscles there. George realized how right Dream's statement was when he dropped the items next to them on the bed. His shoulders went stiff and Dream stilled above him.

"You okay?" His voice was rough but patient and George was grateful for that. "Talk to me."

"I'm scared," he admitted.

"We don't have-"

"I know, I know." George dismissed his words and pulled Dream forward. Nose to nose he took comfort in breathing the same air, in being this close. "I know, I just... you... and me and..."

Dream pressed a kiss to George's forehead to silence him, "I know. My little Daredevil, huh? Come a long way from our talk on the driveway."

"Yeah," George huffed it was almost a laugh. He searched Dream's open eyes, "I trust you, ya know."

"I know," Dream reached for the bottle of lube next to them.

George bit his lip, "do you trust me?"

Dream paused and let the thought simmer. George wondered if he shouldn't have asked, that maybe it was too much because... fuck this entire situation was too much. It had feelings and emotions and *feelings*, the boundary was severed whether they acknowledged it or not.

Dream repented, "I trust you, George."

"Great," he replied nervously. Flushed pink as a flamingo. "Good. Cool. I believe that is quite cool. You are far to... you aren't naked enough. I still have a shirt on. I um. Dream please speak so I can stop..."

He leaned down to George's ear, "I like when you blush, George."

George groaned and reached for the bottle himself, it purposely hit Dream in the cheek when the blond finished undressing his shirt. George followed suit and tossed that at Dream as well. He snorted when it covered his face. Dream simply snatched the fabric from his eyes and looked like he was a hair away from blowing a gasket. George threw him a profane gesture for good measure, because fuck Dream for making him feel like this. Wired and nervous and like he'd never had sex before.

Dream pounced on him a second later. Skin to skin George's breath hitched. Little scattered kisses across his neck and cheeks caused him to giggle. Sweet and light Dream hummed into George's skin, a small praise for the lovely sound. This all distracted George from the fingers circling his rim. Teeth on his collarbone compensated for the pressure when a finger pushed in. He was used to this part by now, they'd done it more than once. More than twice. George had lost count.

Dream knew exactly where to curl his fingers to jerk George's body. Racked with goosebumps he let out an airy moan. Quiet and soft Dream kissed the underside of his ear in appreciation. Whispering, "that feel good?"

"Fuck off," George said, then hummed, "yes."

Another finger was added and George pushed back on it. Another groan. Another neck kiss. A third finger. Floating on a wave he let Dream push and pull him apart. Rip him to shreds and mend them. On the edge of release, Dream pulled away and George mourned the loss. He pulses with an empty ache.

Dream's fingers reached for the condom and George didn't let himself float back down to earth. Instead, he watched his chest rise and fall while Dream ripped open the foil with his teeth. Fuck him for being hot. Who the hell looked like a Demi-god opening a condom with their teeth because their fingers were too... George shut his brain up by biting his lip. Dream looked calm when he crawled back over him.

Hovering over him like this should have been intimidating, trapped beneath Dream's body and arms should have been terrifying, but it wasn't. Instead, George felt... safe. Here he wasn't alone. Here Dream's full attention was on him and it wasn't waning. It wasn't drifting. After maybe, in the future probably, when they come off of their highs definitely, but here beneath warm skin and shaggy blond hair, George wasn't alone. Found and held George sighed.

Dream lined himself up against him and George gasped. A soft hand dragged George's wrist up and pressed it down against the mattress, fingers locking one by one. Dream said, "I've got you."

George believed him. Dream pushed in. It burned, he wasn't going to lie about that. Pressure and a wince and a grit of his jaw. Dream whispered soft encouragements in his ear as he bottomed out. George gripped his hand like a lifeline and Dream let him. Still as he could be, a guttural groan escaped the blond. It revved through Dream's chest into George's.

"Fuck," George breathed out. And gradually that pain lowered to a simmer, replaced by need. It washed over him like a tsunami. Flooding his brain first then his rapid heartbeat and finally down to where they connected. He moved his hips as a test. "Move."

"You sure?" So careful, so soft, George wanted to slap him.

"Yes," he moaned. "Move, asshole."

Dream moved. Slow at first just shallow thrusts but George whimpered nonetheless. His free hand came up to grip Dream's neck. Tight and unwavering the movement became faster as Dream lost his composure.

George pushed up into the younger man and pulled him closer. Almost in harmony, their dark laments became a siren song. Captivating in its own way while they were held captive to each other. They didn't kiss on the lips, George wouldn't break that boundary, and Dream was too scared too. Instead, their breaths danced together and their hearts beat against each other in tandem.

George wanted to though. And maybe his anger for the blond's care was deeper than his lust, his like, he pulled Dream against him just to switch their position. Pulling out George released his fingers and pushed Dream flat into the mattress like a discarded pillow.

Dream's brows rose to meet his hairline. Flushed and out of breath George committed the image to memory. It was a taunt when George straddle him, pulling both of Dream's wrists into one of his palms. Trapped and held down George held Dream down like he'd done to him for the last few weeks. Boxed in by boundaries George turned it on Dream.

"Fuck you," George panted. He lined himself up with Dream's dick again and sunk down as if he'd done this before.

"Care to share with the class," Dream groaned. "It's hot, don't get me wrong but-"

"No," George pulled up and dropped back down. The pleasure pushed him to lean forward, it was nearly too much, but he continued anyway. Even if it was just to see Dream's eyes flutter shut. His lips apart and puffing soft sounds out because of something *George* was doing. He wanted to see Dream fall apart because of *him*. Call it possession but George didn't give a fuck. He placed a hand on Dream's chest to aide him in his movements.

Dream snaked his palm between George's above his head and held his hand. It was soft and George melted a bit.

"That's it, baby." It was a tease and George snapped at it.

"Don't call me that," he said in between movements.

"Not the type?" His smirk said enough for George to drop down harder just to wipe the expression clean.

"I know good and well you call your sluts that," George hissed. "I'm not them. Got it?"

"Yes," Dream broke. "Fuck, George."

"Say it again," he gasped nearly on the edge. "Say my name."

"George." A hand escaped his grasp and snuck down to meet George's untouched dick. The grip pushed him closer and closer until all that was left was the exchange of names.

George broke after another ten seconds. Messy on Dream's abdomen the blond didn't hesitate to flip them again. George let him thrust out his high while Dream met his own, stuttering into his body. Dream fell forward and dropped his body weight on George, pressing him warm and safe and out of breath into the mattress. George huffed and traced pretty flowers over Dream's wide shoulders.

It was dark outside now and the house sounded quiet. A possible movie downstairs was playing in the background of their labored breaths. George didn't care if the others heard, he buried his nose into the juncture of Dream's neck and held him close. A hiss escaped him the blond pulled out but he didn't pull away.

They laid on each other and let the unspoken words take over. The silence was comfortable and welcome and yet George was the first to break it.

"You fucked me in your bedroom," he said quietly. Fingers sunk sweetly in blond hair and the man hummed into the touch. "You said you don't hook up with people in here."

"I know."

A small smile into skin, "you also let me ride in your car."

Dream turned to nose at George's hair, muffled he said, "I did."

"You danced with me at the club." Dream nodded. "Quackity said you were whipped."

"Fuck off."

George teased, "Loverboy."

"Daredevil," Dream replied with a kiss to his temple.

Chapter End Notes

This took forever to write. It's also super long for no reason.

Ngl this relationship is about to go downhill. Also is Quackity on his villain arc ?!

Also if you want updates on this story or just to tell me your theories

My twitter and tiktok come say hi :)

Haileyainnit_ tiktok

Haileyainnit00 twitter

Scorched

Chapter Summary

Cuddles. Sapnap and Dream talk. And downhill.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"To make it easy, you lie and say it's all for love."

Me And My Broken Heart

Rixton

"Give that back!" George reached lazily for the remote in Dream's hand. Granted he didn't really care all that much after what Dream was doing. He'd been laid on the couch seemingly napping before George dropped down on him with a reluctant "yes". After a protested huff Dream allowed George to rest on top of him, head to chest while the brunette flipped through channels. It lasted a good five minutes.

"Get off," Dream chuckled. "Go cuddle someone else I was trying to nap."

George dug his chin purposely into Dream's chest, "oh, so you can hang on me like a koala while I cook but I can't bother your nap?"

"Boundaries," Dream reminded. George refused to appear affected but the light in his eyes dimmed.

He hummed, "right. I sorry. I'll go bother, Karl."

"No," Dream interrupted. "It's... okay."

"It clearly isn't," George muttered sitting up. The lines were so scattered George had a hard time drawing them.

Dream pulled George back down and placed a hand in his hair. Hesitantly, he melted into the affection, the soft lust-less touch, he exhaled.

"I'll suck you off," George offered, as a compromise. "If that makes *this* easier. More detached."

"No," Dream said quietly. "I know that's not what you want."

George huffed and listened to Dream's slow heartbeat, "it doesn't matter what I want, Dream. Not if you're uncomfortable."

Dream tucked hair behind George's ear, "I'm not. I just want a nap."

"Do you want me to go, yes or no?"

A heavy pause droned between them. Weighted down by Dream's unmoving hand. George counted to ten before the world started spinning again. Dream continued to move his hand through George's

bedhead tangles.

"Stay," he said. George hid his grin in Dream's soft t-shirt. That odd warmth George didn't understand long ago was simple now. He wouldn't put words to it because that was bound to become a disaster but he did know one thing. One minute little detail he hadn't realized until recently. He was happy. Despite his ups and downs with Dream, racing, Las Nevadas, George was internally happy.

"Hey, Dream?" George's words came off tender and Dream hummed as a response. The weather was wretched and rough outside the windows. A freeze had set in with the midday sun and turned all the clouds black, completely frozen. It was snowing and George had smiled about that detail. He didn't exactly like the cold but the snow was always a different feeling. Quiet and calm unlike the thoughts in his head on a constant loop. "Are you happy?"

A breath, "what?"

George watched Cat rub up against Patches on the carpet before him. Sweet and unlike the feline he knew, George realized Cat felt the same. He meowed more, cuddled more, wanted to be playful. George was drowning in warmth.

"Are you happy?" He drew little circles into Dream's side and waited for the answer, or dismissal of it. George would take whatever Dream decided to give him.

"As in what?"

"In general."

Dream shrugged, "I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am," George sighed. Sinking into Dream's warmth he felt his own eyes flutter shut. "I'm happy. And I haven't been for a really long time."

"What are you happy about, George?"

He hummed, "living here. Having friends, being myself, no expectations, having you..."

"George..."

"It's not a big deal, Dream." Full with fluff, George's voice didn't have any fight behind it. The sudden exhaustion was making an example out of him, so he decided to give in to it. "Just thought you'd want to know."

"Okay." Sleep was a wonderful way to avoid hard conversations.

George's phone woke him up an hour later. Tucked beneath Dream's chin he didn't want to move, Sappnap ruined it.

He dropped the phone unceremoniously onto Dream's chest, "it's been ringing for ten straight minutes. Put the thing out of its misery."

George groaned when he felt Dream stir beneath him. A nervous spike hammered around in his gut when the blond pulled him closer instead of pushing him away.

"George!" Sappnap yelled from the kitchen, "it's ringing again! Answer it!"

"I'm gonna kick him out," Dream muttered, voice thick with sleep. George found his tone hot and despised himself for it.

Reaching for his phone he answered the call without seeing who it was. Surprise paled his sleep flushed skin. White as a sheet, Dream raised a tired brow at him.

"Mother?" He shut his eyes when Dream moved hair from his vision. "Slow down... what? That... but they said..."

George swallowed and pulled away from the couch disappearing into the hallway. Dream huffed and fell back onto the sleep-warmed cushions. Groggy and hazed he rubbed sleep from his eyes and found Sapnap death glaring him.

An unheated scoff, "fuck off."

Sapnap leaned both hands onto the other end of the couch and tilted his head, "you won't kiss him but you'll hold him on the couch while you two nap?"

"Sapnap," Dream already sounded defeated. "Don't do this right now."

"Right," Sapnap mocked. "Then when Dream? When he falls for you? When you break his heart? When you let him pine after you obviously while you fuck around with other people? News flash that's already happened."

"I don't know what the fuck you want from me?"

"Do you want him?" Sapnap checked the hall to see George still on the phone. A disappointed glare sunk into Dream's soul, "do you want him or is it just entertainment? Someone to fill *her* void?"

"I don't know," Dream admitted.

Sapnap shook his head, "you can't do this to him, I won't let you."

"Thought you were *my* best friend," Dream argued. "Aren't you supposed to be on my side?"

Sapnap pulled in a sharp breath at Dream's sheer audacity. Both arms crossed over his chest while they had a tense stare-off.

Sapnap broke the silence first, "he's not Juniper."

"What the fuck do you mean by that?"

"He doesn't thrive off of toxicity," Sapnap stated. "You can't do *this* to him and go fuck your side chicks."

"It's my life Sapnap, get the fuck out of it." The defensive tone only told them both how correct the younger boy was. Dream hated that Sapnap could read him so easily. His knowing eyes and stupid baseball cap that replaced the bandanna outside of Las Nevadas.

Sapnap grit his jaw, "I don't care how badly you fuck up your life, Dream. I'm going to be here for you no matter what, but George doesn't have that. He has us and if you ruin it and you two fight? Believe it or not, we'll have to pick between you two."

"You're being dramatic." Dream rolled his eyes, "we're just having fun."

"Fun 's over," Sapnap hummed. "Do you want him or not?"

Silence.

"Fine. You want some advice?"

Dream held his hands out in a taunting presentation for the other man to continue.

"Either make him yours or let him go." Sapnap shook his head, "by the way he acts he's never understood relationships or love or anything other than what he was forced to. So, either teach him the correct way or let someone else do it. Don't be selfish with this one, Dream. George deserves better than your half-ass affection."

"Fuck you." Dream knew Sapnap was right.

"Woah," George said walking back into the living room. "What'd I miss."

Dream's apathy filled his emotions to the brim and it set off George's internal alarm. He hadn't seen the look in quite some time. Sapnap's expression was vexed and George didn't even try to decipher what the twitch in his eye meant.

"Who called?" Sapnap redirected.

George frowned and glanced down at the ended line, "my mother. She says we need to talk."

"You're not going are you?"

George looked back to Dream's lifeless eyes, "she thinks she's sick again. A while back she had a benign tumor but... now they think it might not be so harmless."

"Oh, shit," Sapnap added unhelpfully.

"Yeah," George rubbed over his eyes. "She wants to talk at the Country Club in two hours. Dream, you think you can drop me off, my car is still with punz."

"No," he muttered standing up from the couch. "Sapnap can do it."

George frowned and shot a look to the youngest boy, he followed after Dream's disappearing back, "Dream? What's wrong?"

Silence. George felt his stomach bottom out. Following Dream up the stairs, he dug through his brain for a mistake. He hadn't asked for anything since they'd woke up. Dream was fine five minutes ago. Sweet and brushing hair out of George's eyes, It had to be the nap. Dream must've realized how far that boundary was. George knew he should've left Dream to his own devices. He should've gotten up the moment Dream suggested it to him. Nausea nestled deep in his hollow stomach.

"Dream," he tried. "I'm sorry about the nap. It was my mistake I didn't mean to upset you with..."

"Stop," Dream snapped. George paused mid-step. "I can't do this anymore."

George's panic morphed into confusion, "you can't do what?"

"This," he motioned a hurtful hand between them. "This entertainment of your sexuality. I'm over it."

George compared the damage of that sentence to having the wind knocked out of you when spinning out of a skid. Round and round until the car throws you forward into the steering wheel. The pain in your ribs threatens to chase you from the drag strip entirely.

"Is it because I crossed a line," George asked, hands wrapping tightly around his midsection. "I won't do it again I just thought that..."

"Thought what?" Dream's soft tone was miles away, buried beneath this hateful cadence. These carefully articulated words. George wanted to shrink. "That I fucked you once and now we're together? That suddenly I'd want to hug you and cuddle with you because we had sex?"

"Dream," George mumbled. "I know that you don't want that I just..."

"Just what?" Dream huffed completely detached, "that maybe you'd change my mind? Fix me? God, you're just like the rest of the girls I sleep with."

His heart burned and sunk completely into the numb dark and George knew this time it wasn't coming back out. It would stay suffocated beneath that hurt for days, months, years, it'd stick with him forever. He should've been prepared for this. Every boundary was laid out in a simple line and *long term* was never one of them. George *knew* that. He knew and he still... he wondered why his hope hadn't died off already.

It was so fucking predictable he laughed. Hurt and anger and frustration and pain, it sounded like a wounded animal. A hand shot up to cover his mouth but the sound continued. Seeping through the cracks in his ribs and finalizing through the ones in his shaking fingers.

It pulled a flash of something out of Dream before indifference replaced it. George bit his cheek hard enough till the coppery sting invaded his taste buds.

"I should've," he heaved and gripped his t-shirt. "It's always my fault, huh? That's never going to change. Is it?" Dream stayed silent and just watched George break before him, shattering laughter and all.

Realization cut deeper than a knife.

"I'm never going to enough. Not for my parents, not for myself, and never for you. But you told me that already didn't you? In the driveway when you promised to break me. To ruin me."

Dream leaned against his doorframe as if this was a normal conversation. As if he wasn't affected by a god damn thing. George pulled at his hair.

"Fuck you! You didn't even do it right!"

"What makes you say that?" Dream frowned.

"You said you break things you love," George stressed. "And you... you don't *love* me, Dream. You barely care, right? I mean how could you, since I'm just another one of your sluts. Like Technoblade said I just warm your bed. God, are you even my friend?"

George felt white-hot shame rush through his veins. Torrid humiliation, because he must've looked like a fool. Like an idiot messing around and pining after someone who just wanted sex. To someone who agreed to an experiment and nothing more. And George *knew* that. He *knew* the stakes and what would eventually happen... so why did it hurt so badly.

"Friends," Dream scoffed. "What are you twelve?"

"Why are you doing this now?" It came out as a fractured whisper. Glass shattering on the ground. "Why didn't you just drop me before..."

"Before we had sex?" Dream shrugged, "you seemed happy about it. I got to get off. Win, win."

The memory of careful touches and the soft placement of kisses gashed George's eyes. Soured and poisoned. The first tear singed his skin as it rolled over his cheek. Dream tracked it with his familiar green eyes and said nothing. George didn't expect him to, he didn't really expect anything from anyone.

The tender touches were a lie George fabricated in his head. He must've glorified them to something they weren't. Dream holding his hand in the car, soiled. His kisses, disintegrated. The words he'd spoken became mundane. The looks. The caresses. The reassurance. George never felt so heavy, so weighted to the ground. The rush Dream caused died a slow death and left George empty.

"Well," he managed to say. "Good to know how unimpressed you are about... it."

"A bit of a disappointment wasn't it?" The *you* went unsaid, and the brunette simply endured it. Because that was the only thing that checked out through and through in his thoughts.

George huffed a humorless laugh because Dream knew exactly what to say, didn't he? They'd spent hours talking and hours of explaining the ins and outs of each other's trauma. George regretted ever letting anyone in. Letting anyone know him because it always ended like this. Used against him, then disregarded.

"You know," George said to Dream's chest because he couldn't look up. He couldn't handle the apathy. The embarrassment. He couldn't handle Dream. "I thought you were different, but you're just like everyone else."

"Welcome to the beautiful world, George." George couldn't tell Dream's lies from his true feelings and he didn't care to anymore. There wasn't a point to it, Dream had won. Hook. Line. Sinker. George felt like he was drowning.

"Quackity asked me to convince you to race Technoblade," George said, monotoned. The switch had finally flipped. Dream may know how to feign apathetic but George knew how to detach himself from everything. One was more damaging than the other. "Said if I didn't there would be consequences. I don't give a fuck if you race or not, I know you won't win."

"Oh," Dream cooed. "Are you trying to hurt my feelings now?"

"No," George shrugged and pulled composure into his bones. "I know you're scared. Of Technoblade, of racing again, and of love. All three things that ruined you before, correct? Evidently, I think you're a coward."

Dream pulled off the wall to tower over George, he didn't flinch. Those soft brown eyes held Dream's furious gaze, unwavering.

"You're real confident for someone half my size."

"Hit me, Dream," George whispered. "If that's what you're implying you're just proving my damn point. You're scared."

"I'd never lay a hand on you," Dream scoffed. "What do you think I'm so scared of, George?"

"Of burning everything you love again," he said. "So race, Dream. And when you get to the end I hope you go up in flames like the ones you set off in 'Hell Fire'. Cause that's where you'll be when I remember you, burned and scorched to a god damn crisp with your ex-girlfriend."

George backed away from Dream and left him standing at the top of the stairs numb and shocked to silence, they both exhaled heartbreak. He should've prepared for it.

Zipped up into a jacket that wasn't his and a smile that was counterfeit, George walked up to The Country Club. These people felt foreign now. The designer bags and expensive attitudes, George felt more out of place than he used to.

He had changed clothes in the car after Sapnap nicely when to his room to get them. He'd heard the entire argument from the kitchen and George simply shrugged. Any and all feelings were left on those wooden floorboards, gone and incinerated from his mind.

In his stuffy appropriate outfit he sat by the window on the top floor. The roof was off limits due to the snow and George was grateful.

His mother was supposed to meet him ten minutes ago and she was never late.

It was part of her personality, always early to everything. Parties, family gatherings, company events. She would wake George up early just to have him ready hours before. So naturally he started to worry.

Tapping his foot beneath the table George let his worry run ragged. Not only had Dream shot his nerves but now his mother wasn't here.

About a thousand horrid scenarios went through his mind before the private room door swung open. For the second time in a five hour time span George felt defeated.

His mother wasn't standing in the door, it was his father. Accompanied by their private investigator and the family lawyer.

George decided this is how things will always be. Against him. Trying to control him. He'd never be enough. And maybe sitting there George learned to expect that, because it could be worse. He could be stranded, or starving, or sick with illness, so he compromised. Sitting there he accepted the world's grip to his neck. Let it suffocate him, because at least this never left him. This feeling never discarded him like trash. This feeling was the most reliable and concrete concept in his life. And maybe that was just his heartbreak speaking for him.

George smiled sadly at his father and his father smiled back. He'd learn to live with this, cause what else did he have to lose. The answer was nothing. Nothing at all.

"Hello, father."

Chapter End Notes

The end

I'm kidding this is just the top peek of the story it's about to fall into action next. Be prepared

I love you guys. Don't take this sad chapter to badly it will get better I promise. This story has a happy ending.

Save The Date

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Kids are still depressed when you dress them up. And syrup is still syrup in a sippy cup."

Sippy Cup

Melanie Martinez

"Cover the wretched tattoo. I don't want it in the photos."

George let the plump makeup artist work over his letters and numbers without protest. Both lifeless eyes remained on the outdoor setup for this announcement, the engagement.

"I know about your friends George," his father had said. "I know just how inhumane and illegal all of it is. So, I'll make it simple. You come home and let everything go back to the way it's supposed to or you go back to them and get arrested and taken into custody as a criminal. And since I'm on the case, they will end up in jail, I promise."

George bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, "I'm sorry father, I should've listened to you."

It wasn't one of George's best achievements, taking whatever his father dished at him, but who gave a fuck. George made a promise to Quackity, swore that he wouldn't be a problem to Las Nevadas and *this* was keeping that promise. Sitting in a suit with a shackle called a wedding band, he was keeping his fucking promise.

The second George had brought up the marriage to his father, all the rest fell away. His last few months of rebellion were forgotten and his father had smiled like he was proud. George knew he wasn't, he was only proud his plan worked out. Proud that he'd won the argument.

"Fix his hair," Genevieve's mother demanded. "It's a mess."

Like a barbie doll, the team pinned and pampered George into the Statler family's liking. Perfect hair, perfect suit, perfect skin. They loved it... all except Genevieve, she seemed far away. Her and George were one and the same.

"You look beautiful, you know," George spoke in hushed tones, keeping the rabble from hearing them. He carefully tucked a piece of hair behind Genevieve's ear revealing amethyst studs, "these earrings suit you."

"Thank you," she smiled, politely. "You know you don't have to pretend to be sweet, not with me."

"I'm not pretending, G." He tilted his head, "I think you're beautiful, always have, just not in the way they want me to. Or you wanted me to."

Genevieve's laugh was quiet and airy, "because you're gay?"

"Something like that," George huffed. "We are a cheesy rom-com, aren't we? Marrying each other while wanting to be with someone else."

"Guess so." She fixed George's lapel, "you sure you're okay with this? I don't want to force you

into anything."

"You aren't the one forcing me, Genevieve." George took in her nostalgic eyes and perfect lips, George loved her once and that wouldn't change. "I made the decision. And now I'll have to live with it."

She sighed and pulled his cheeks into her dainty hands. The ring on her finger felt cold against George's warm skin. It was a reminder of what this meant, of what would forever remain. The band was kin to George's but the diamond kept it unique. A hefty black diamond sat on the top held tightly between elegant prongs. Genevieve's mother said it was a rare beauty, George's father said it was a fine price, and Genevieve... she said it reminded her of a funeral. George had laughed and mourned this entire situation for the both of them.

Genevieve's lips brushed over George's cheek, "you are too lovely for this world, George."

George kissed her forehead in appreciation. It was her and he'd loved her once, whether that was sexual or not George felt something for her once. So it was easy to be sweet, easy to go through the motions.

"Are you two love birds ready?" The photographer looked impatient. Genevieve and George flashed false smiles and posed for the first of many pictures.

George didn't cry until he was alone, locked in his childhood bedroom with Cat pissed off at him he laid there. It wasn't sobs, he didn't have the energy for that, it was silent. The tears did what they wanted, fell if they so pleased or didn't, he just let it happen.

"Cat," George muttered. "We're not going back so stop trying to rip up my favorite sweater."

Cat meowed and hooked a claw into the knitted fabric. George figured he was just as heartbroken after being ripped from Patches so abruptly. He would have left Cat at the house with the fiancés but he didn't want Dream to have a fit about it. Instead, he'd come back to a sleeping house and packed quietly. One of his father's cars picked him up in the middle of the night and George left without a trace. He knew the note taped to the door wouldn't be enough and the calls had come in a few days later.

3 missed calls- Quackity

5 missed calls- Sapnap

10 missed calls- Karl

1 missed call- Dream

Dream's name was the worst, it ate at his heart and tried to get a rise out of him. George gave his phone haunted eyes and shut it off completely afterward. George made a promise. And his father asked for no contact, no connections, asked for George to simply forget. He was trying. What would Dream have even called about? To rehash how terrible George had been in their argument? Maybe to yell and bring up George's fatal flaws? Apologize? George knew that was the last option, Dream wouldn't forgive him for what he'd said. *"To a god damn crips like your ex..."*

George dropped his head onto a pillow. After walking in from another engagement dinner he'd laid on the floor in his old room. Sprawled out with a discarded pillow beneath his head, he wandered deep into his thoughts. The light, the dark, the happy, the sad, the embarrassment, and the laughter. It was all he allowed himself to do, think. Maybe he'd go mad after a while. Maybe his father would stick him in a facility or a house in the hills and leave him the fuck alone, it was a good

fantasy. A terrible and out of pocket one that George shook from his mind. Fucking invasive thoughts.

Cat hissed at his owner, whipping his tail into the air with attitude.

"Cat please stop," George muttered. "I know you hate me right now, but I can't go back. I won't ruin their lives, that means Patches as well."

Cat's ears twitched at the name. Slowly he sniffed his way back to George and bumped his nose against his owner's. George held a finger out and let Cat rub against it.

"Yeah," George said. "Patches, your lover."

Cat bit lightly on George's finger and the man smiled somber and quiet. It was as if Cat could feel his hurt. Staring at him with concerned blue eyes, Cat bumped his nose again.

George bit his trembling lip, "I know. I'm sorry I messed it up for you, but it will be okay. We'll live with Genevieve." Cat *purped* at the name. "I know, Cat, I know... but we'll be in a big house. And you can have your own room. With fancy food and toys and..." George paid no mind to the drop of tears to the pillowcase. He was too deep in convincing cat to give him sympathy to notice. "And then one day we'll forget about them. It'll be a happy memory, yeah?"

Cat seemed to be at a loss, he flicked his tail side to side before rubbing his side gently against George's cheeks. Purring and trying to heal, it felt like an apology and George accepted it. After clearing the tears of his heartbroken owner Cat tucked carefully beneath his chin. George huffed appreciation and dragged fingers through his fur.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!" Karl shoved Dream hard against the casino wall. "This is your fault you fucking bastard! You made him leave! You said all those hateful things and made him leave!"

"Karl!" Sapnap called, "let him go!"

"No!" Karl had finally snapped. Near midnight, on the third week George had been gone, he found anger. Trapped somewhere deep beneath his love and happiness, Karl boiled. "This is his fault and he hasn't even apologized!"

"Get off me!" Dream shoved back letting Sapnap pull Karl's elbows into custody. "What the fuck dude!"

"You lied!" Karl hollered, "you lied to him! And he left, because of *you*!"

Dream scoffed behind his mask, "George leaving was not all my fault. Talk to you're boyfriend, he was the one who encouraged my decision."

Karl poked a furious finger into Dream's chest, "I already handed him his ass for trying to be a matchmaker. Now I'm here wondering how the fuck you thought telling him all that shit was a good way to break up."

"We weren't together."

"I don't care," Karl affronted. "All I care about is George and his god damn decision to get married to someone he'll never love!"

Dream's cheeks drained quickly of color. Shoulders pulled taut against the wall, he tried to comprehend what that meant.

"What?"

Karl ripped open the zipper of his jacket and pulled out a silver envelope.

G&G

Save the date

A day of light and a night of stars

Dream's fingers grasped the envelope limply before opening it. Just as Karl made said, it was an elaborate wedding invitation addressed to Karl and Sapnap.

"You feeling like an idiot yet or are you still on that high horse of yours?" Karl pushed up his sleeves, "cause I don't care if you kick me from this group I won't hesitate to beat you to a pulp."

"Love," Sapnap tried. "Calm dow..."

"Don't tell me to calm down!"

"It's only addressed to you and Sapnap," Dream said dumbly.

"Is that all you give a shit about!" Karl took a deep breath ready to dig into Dream's ego before a car pulled up at the edge of the gate.

It was left unlocked from someone's departure, so it didn't surprise anyone when it swung open. The figure walked carefully down the street into the square. Dream pulled himself together and headed for the foreigner. At first glance, it appeared to be a rich businessman at the second Dream realized it was George.

Karl made to meet him halfway for an embrace, "George! Where the hell have you..."

George held a hand to keep the bubbly man at arms length, "I'm here for Punz."

The breath felt depleted, "what?"

Almost robotically George turned to the gathered group and said, "I'm here for my car. I believe Punz contacted me as a notify of its completion."

Like kids in a classroom, everyone turned to eye the man in a white hoodie. Appearing dumbstruck for a moment he shrugged and put his laid-back attitude into place.

"I have your keys," he motioned to the other end of Las Nevadas. "I'll show you the car."

"Delightful," George said. Leaving Karl in the street he passed everyone he knew and refrained from reacting to the envelope in Dream's hand.

Quackity stopped him, "who brought you here? Who did you tell?"

"My fiancée," George said evenly. "She does not care about this place nor does she understand its significance. I told you It would remain a secret and I intend to keep my word. Now, if you'll excuse me."

George pushed past Quackity's shocked expression and followed Punz down the street.

In the biggest garage of Las Nevadas was Punz's shop. Thousands of car parts were hooked on the walls with tools and equipment. George forced himself to stay neutral when Punz pulled a tarp off his car. The last time they'd spoke George had asked about alterations and using up his paint job ticket from his race prize, now he wished he'd left the windows smashed.

The Porsche was still the same shimmery black but now had blue and white detailing. Up the edge and over the rim it separated on the driver's door to make room for *Error 404*. Dormant beneath the wheels and hood were LED lights. George knew they were intended for night drives when the group lit up the streets. This was like handing a kid candy and telling them they couldn't eat it.

"All the detailing should be exact," Punz started listing. "The lights are secure and your engine was repaired as well as your windshield and door windows."

"And I've already paid you, correct."

"Yes," Punz's brows furrowed. "You have a fiancée?"

"Thank you," George dismissed. "This is exactly what I asked for. I only need my keys."

Punz silently dropped them into a waiting hand and stepped to the side. It was only a second later that the fiancés came in, Dream in tow.

"George?" Karl looked anguished and flushed.

George could only look for so long, "I will be going now."

"You can't," Karl tried. "You can't just leave. And get married and... what about us! You can't just leave a note saying you're okay and you're sorry and suddenly..."

"I believe it's better if we all act as if I was never here," George unlocked his car. "I thank you for the hospitality and..."

"You sound like a fucking robot," Dream interrupted.

George spared him a slow glance, the former burn of lust of feeling was gone, replaced completely by indifference. It'd break him later on the floor of his bedroom, but not here.

"My apologies," he replied. "It was nice chatting with you all again."

He opened the door to his car and Karl stopped him with an affectionate grip on the wrist, "why are you marrying her? You don't want her!"

"Karl," George sighed. "It's in your best interests that you let me go."

"Fine, fuck you," Karl spat leaving George to his souped-up car that would never see the light of day again.

Storming off he pulled Sapnap and Quackity out with him. Punz patted him on the shoulder and moved to open the garage door. Left alone with Dream, George glanced at him again. He tried to memorize him, a memory where they weren't at each other's throats, where Dream wasn't purposely breaking him in half. Dream stood, for the first time, nervously before him. Fingers twitching on that silver envelope, weight shifting oddly, and the brows were raised.

"It's in *Karl's* best interests," Dream repeated. "He forced you didn't he? Your father?"

"I'd rather not disclose family information to you."

"Fuck off," Dream said, "stop talking like a bot and tell me what the hell this is."

Dream waved the invitation around forcefully, it bent at the ministration.

"And invitation," George muttered. "It was for Karl and Sapnap. I was allowed two friends alongside my father's choices. I knew Quackity wouldn't show for such a public event, not when he wants to lie low for Las Nevadas. And you... well, I was going to spare you the sob story of my tragic marriage. I also knew you wouldn't care enough to show after our fight."

"George.." it sounded strangled. "You don't want to get married!"

George leaned easily against the doorframe of his car, "that is one thing you are correct about. I don't wish to get married, but I found it the better option. It holds my promise to keep Las Nevadas safe and it will please my father. It was, as you've said before, a win-win."

"And you lose," Dream scoffed. "What do..."

"I don't expect you to understand Dream," George shrugged. "Only for you to accept my decision and move on, help Karl move on, find someone new to add to your group. Let me go just like you wanted. I'm going quietly, let me."

The garage door opened easily after Punz finally hit the button. It slid slowly and retracted into the ceiling revealing the purple lamps of Las Nevadas. It was nostalgic now. George knew this would be his last time here. The last look at a life that would never be his again. It was a memory he'd look back on and tell stories about. He'd be old with grandkids and explain, like a crazy old man, the place where racing was common and illegal activities were smiled upon. Of course, he'd leave out the downfalls and the hurt but he'd still tell it with fervent words. George added that fantasy to the list for later when his bedroom was abandoned and nothing but the ghosts of his past haunted him.

"And if I come to this," Dream threatened with no heat. "If I show up?"

"You won't," George assured. "I hear you have a race on the same day."

George pulled his door and slid into the leather seat. He knew his father would never let him drive this car now, not after its alterations. So as a last hurrah, George revved the engine and spiked the lights.

His Porsche rumbled beneath him as a heavy hello. Dream backed away and crossed both arms like a wall of hurt defense. George slowly drove forward and eyed his *Loverboy* for as long as he could. The blond hair he knew was soft as silk, the freckles scattered over his petite nose, the safety of his strong embrace, the memory of his body against his own, the mask.

George's back tires bumped over the last garage lump and he floored it. Gas pedal down, George shifted gears and forced his engine to sing. Leaving Las Nevadas in the rearview mirror he forced himself to look away. He had a wedding to think about, a father to please, a new life to live with.

So, for the last time, he was Georgenotfound of Las Nevadas. The stubborn opinionated daredevil that loved adrenaline. The speed passed 120mph on the highway and George sunk into the adrenaline. The rush of his heart, the shake in his fingers and toes, the quiet of his mind. It felt like freedom and condemnation all at the same time. Faster and faster he sped away from heartbreak and right into the arms of confinement. It was a full circle. Falling had side effects, whether it meant in the drug, in the clouds, or in love. Falling could ruin you and right you. Break and build.

Hold and caress. And what they always forget to mention is the drop.

There is always a ground, always a dip in euphoria, falling meant down. Further and further until gravity wins a war and kills the feeling. George found the ground with Dream and now he was finding bedrock with this marriage.

Chapter End Notes

100k on wattpad and 16 on A03 omg my younger inspired writer self is quaking in her boots rn *cries* thank you guys so much you are all so sweet and supportive it's unreal.

Parallel Nightmares

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I can be the subject of your dreams. Your sickening desire."

Bite

Troye Sivan

It occurred like it usually did. Out in the fields where Hell Fire started Dream sat chained in his car. Dormant and drained of gas. Shackled to the floor pedals and held back by bolted doors, he sat surrounded by flames. Red and orange and yellow, the hues devoured the oxygen, and Dream was forced to watch it all burn. The sunflowers to his right big as tires, the rickety oak trees to his left, and the tall waist-length grass that slithered like snakes in the wind, it was all screaming silent murder. *Crackle and pop.*

When this happened the first time Dream panicked which caused the fire started to burn brighter and brighter until the air in his car was seared away. He'd suffocated awake. The second time she showed up. Skin mattered and blackened lifeless in his passenger seat. He'd mentioned this Dream offhandedly to George once and could see the slight mortification in his brown eyes. It reflected his own feelings towards it.

This time Dream accepted it. Green eyes somberly tracked the fire and counted the minutes until the air would run out. The plants hissed and begged for solace, begged for rain. Dream knew it wouldn't come nor could he summon it.

"It wasn't your fault." Her tone was clipped, much like every conversation they had. Flirty and forever damaging. "I don't blame you, Clay."

Dream sighed and refrained from looking at her, "I blame myself, June."

A signature squeak of disapproval escaped her pouty lips. Dream hated to admit he missed her, he'd missed her since the day he lost her. Taken away unmoving and without the act of respiration. Their relationship wasn't beautiful, it wasn't even good, but god did Dream miss the way she understood his fucked up mind. How she knew exactly what mess of thoughts ran rampant like plague, because it was her. That's the thing about their relationship, their minds were one and the same. Intricate and unsettling.

"I'm tired, Clay," her voice harbored tenderness, "I want to rest."

"Are you not already somewhere better?" He dared to look.

Juniper, for the first time, showed no signs of burns. Not even a scratch. Her caramel brown hair laid curled over her pinched and dainty shoulders. Each round was still scattered with the nostalgia of sun-kissed spots. Dream had left hundreds and thousands of kisses over each prominent speckle. She'd feign hate then kiss him silly. Kiss him hard.

This. Seeing her like this should've made him want her again, but it didn't. The perfect curls and the soft sun-kissed skin wasn't what his chest ached for. His mind and heart wanted someone else.

"I'm waiting on you," Juniper smirked. Malicious and familiar, Dream marveled at the expression. "I won't rest until I know your sorry ass is okay."

Dream smiled with grave hesitation, "I'm alright, June."

"I always hated when you lied to me," she tossed a curl over her shoulder. Both eyes tracked the lick of flames before she grimaced. "I know you're not now, but I know you *will* be."

Dream released a shaky breath and looked real hard at the sheer realness of her projection. Whether she was here as a ghost or Dream's imagination was picture perfect, he didn't care, he used this as closure. Because she was right, Dream would be alright and June needed to be put to rest in his mourning mind.

"I love you," Dream mumbled, truthfully.

"You loved me, Clay." June tilted him a flashy smile, "but you're affections have finally settled in better soil."

"They haven't," he'd protest until blue in the face and June knew that.

She hummed predictability, "my *Amour*, you're going to be helplessly in love with me forever. I'm proud of that because you know I like attention." Dream chuckled and she continued, "but there is going to be someone you *can't help* but love. There is a difference. We were a sinking ship, always tugging on the same line of toxic ideals. You loved me with desperation and I loved you with the same. It hurt. And it struck. And it wasn't what love should have been, you know that."

"I know," Dream agreed.

"But you love him. You love, George," June said. "You can tell me all the damn protests you want but you have found him. He makes you smile and warms your annoying cold facial expression. You don't hide from him like you did with me. There is fire and attraction where our poison used to reside. You care for him whether you want to call it love or not."

"I can't do it again, Juniper." Dream's throat ached with covered indifference. "Nothing was the same after you and if George... I won't. I won't make it through that *again*, June. It hurt so badly... and some part of me died with you that night. Left in Hell Fire, a part of me will never come back. Months and months of coping and worrying Sapnap. And now George... god he's so much worse. Because I know I won't come back from him. It will end me, June. There will be nothing left."

"And what if he feels the same?" Juniper tried, "you don't think he's going to mourn your absence? He was willing to take whatever you offered, Dream, because he fell for you. He'd do anything for your attention, your affection, your words. I wouldn't and we both know that. If you didn't give it to me I found what I wanted elsewhere." She shrugged, "he's better than the both of us will ever be, Clay. I believe if you let him in and let yourself love again it'd be the ending we never got."

"I know, June."

"I hear sleep calling me," she whispered. With a surreal glance from the past Juniper looked at him, "I will always love you, my *Amour*. Now and forever, but I'm letting you go. Love him for me? He deserves the Clay I knew. Not this fucked up dream you've set yourself up to be. Okay?"

"Okay, Juniper."

"God, always so damn stubborn. So many problems," she smiled. And Dream let the light of that grin fade into a dull hue in his mind. "I wondered how Sapnap does it."

"He has a lot of practice..." Dream blinked and Juniper was gone. Vanished away into thin air and burning into the beautiful sky. Dream felt at peace with her. Finally.

"Dream?" George's voice filled the car with confusion a moment later. Warm and alive his honey-brown gaze stepped on the casual beat of Dream's heart.

Dream sniffled holding back the damage of Juniper's words, "hello, Daredevil."

"Where are we?" Those eyes, the ones Dream would forever be lost in, gazed around the field. Filled to the brim with flames Dream knew there wasn't much longer here. The air was waning.

"My favorite nightmare," Dream whispered not taking his eyes off of George.

George caught something in Dream's open expression, "have you been crying?"

Dream's tone felt airy, "I miss you."

"Don't miss me Dream," George's lips quirked up sadly. Familiar and far away. "There's no need to be upset over *me*."

"But I am, George," Dream said wetly. "I let you go."

"They all do, Dream."

George's brows shot up before a shriek escaped him. Suddenly, Dream's heartbeat elevated. Beating in his ears he watched George thrash from the flames burning his shoes. "Dream! Help! Dream make it stop!"

Dream was paralyzed. His hands remained glued to his lap and all he could do was watch George burn. Chained to his seat and locked away from speaking. The screams were what woke him up, but they weren't George's... they were his own.

His chest heaved as he hastily pulled from his tear-damp pillow. The early morning air settled around them and Dream tried to calm his spinning thoughts.

At the end of his bed sat Patches and at her feet was white plastic. She looked amused.

"Patches," Dream swallowed. "What... what are you doing?"

She meowed softly and *bapped* the plastic. Dream ran shaking fingers through his hair before picking up the item.

Dream nearly broke on his bed. Struck by lingering fear and heartbreak, he opened the arms of George's white glasses. Patches looked smug if a cat could even understand the feeling.

"I know," Dream whispered, defeated and regretful. "George is gone."

Patches tilted her head, silently conveying her disdain for the situation.

"I pushed him away," Dream said. "And he's getting married tomorrow."

Patches lightly walked over to Dream and rested over his thighs. A soft hand curled into her fur and Dream wondered what the fuck he was going to do.

George was getting married tomorrow. The realization didn't dawn on him until the morning before the date. Awoken at an early part of the morning George realized his fate.

He cooked breakfast in the kitchen fit for staff. Small pancakes with fruit. Eggs. Bacon. His mother's favorite rolls. His father's favorite hash. It gave George time to think all of through, while also giving George a motive.

"Good morning?" His father looked up from his phone at the end of the kitchen island amazed. Shocked to a silence George grinned at his reaction.

"Good morning, father," he said it as a false perfect son. "I woke before my alarm and decided to make breakfast. I thought we might be able to discuss some things as well."

It was a lie of course. He'd been woken by dreams of fire and heartbreak, his bones felt unsettled. It was something that made him miss the house. Sapnap and Karl would want to talk about it, Quackity would offer a joke, and Dream would look at him with that gaze. The deep understanding of tormenting nightmares. George ached with the memory of him.

George's father sat down at the unwelcoming table and took a skeptical plate. George understood this abrupt questioning of his behavior. Since returning from Las Nevadas and shackling himself to the family rules, George hadn't been cheery.

Not even a lick of a smile appeared without press. George avoided all conversations besides immediate needs and actions. He stayed in his bedroom most of the time, only leaving to use the bathroom and eat and he hadn't eaten very much since leaving. George was sure he'd lost a good twenty pounds. It showed in his jut-out collarbone and hollow cheeks, but no one paid any mind to that. Except for Genevieve, she always made a point to watch him eat something before leaving George with his family. At least she was a safe haven in the depths of his own condemned hell.

"I'm getting married tomorrow," George started.

"I'm aware," his father chuckled. "It's costing quite a fine dime."

"And speaking of money," George tread carefully. "Am I going to be allowed back into my account?"

George's father sipped his orange juice and raised a sketch brow. This used to make George nervous, talking with his father. Now it felt like nothing, granted George didn't really feel anything other than the dull ache Dream left. It sat heavily every time George stepped out the door. Like a nasty bruise, it was sore and distracting at times. Other than the obvious loss, George took fear easily, he no longer feared his father.

"Whatever for?"

George spoke carefully, "Genevieve and I will be on our own. After the honeymoon, she wants to settle down somewhere, have kids, live her high lifestyle. I'd like to have my bank account opened like a grown man. Like you." An accusatory pause. "I cannot please her without my possessions. She loves me but I feel she might become restless without her Dior perfume."

George's father chuckled wholeheartedly, "much like your mother I see."

George chewed his lip and pushed eggs around his plate. He longed for the appetite that controlled him before. The one in Dream's childhood home where he ate at cinnamon rolls and roasted dinner. When Dream looked at him tenderly and held his hand on the drive up there. Back in the time when George's skin didn't feel icky and his stomach didn't remain nauseous. He wondered if he'd forget about it all soon. God, he hoped so, George knew it was easier to forget it all.

"Very well," his father relented. "I believe I have made my point, haven't I? I'll make a call to the

bank this morning."

George managed a false smile and finished a bite of egg, "thank you, father."

Standing from the table George made to wash his filled dish. His father didn't notice his lack of appetite he simply went back to the phone business he walked in with.

Before George made it too far into the kitchen his father stopped him. Turning easily George watched his mother walk in. Kissing his father on the cheek she smiled at him. She was put together despite the early morning hour.

"I'm," his father held his mother's hand, "we are proud of you."

George had never thought he'd witness the day of those words. For years he had wanted to hear them. Simple and easy and understanding. But now, standing in the middle of their dining room with pajamas and a lifeless mindset, George loathed them. Each and every articulated fucking syllable boiled George alive. They were proud of this. Of his compliance. His misery. They were proud he wasn't himself, proud he never would be, proud he was what they wanted.

George drew blood from the inside of his cheek, "thank you."

"We love you." That hurt worse than the latter.

"And I you," George wished it was a lie. He loved them despite their treatment and their expectations because that's who he was. George gave and gave and loved and loved, and never received an inch of it back. Never with so much passion, nor care. George received nothing in return and he knew that was his resting song. A lullaby into a numbed sleep.

He shut his bedroom door after his mock lunch and locked himself into his walk-in closet.

"Hello, this is Banks of Care, how may we be of assistance?"

With a fake tone, George said, "Hello, I'd like to check my balance. My account was recently frozen and I'd like to see if everything is accounted for."

"Of course, one moment." George paced quietly back and forth answering the routine questions for his account. Maybe the plan in his head was insane. Maybe he'd be too tied down to even go through with it but George wanted the option. Like claws on a glass window, George didn't like this habitat made for him. Freedom was a lifeline and George's had gone silent. He needed something. Anything.

"Everything is perfectly fine, sir." The lady's voice droned on through his deposits of the last few months as well as a few withdrawals. George didn't start listening until his current balance.

"Currently it is sat with 2.2 million sir."

George silenced his shocked gasp. After months of having maybe a few hundred dollars to his name, that sounded like a pipe dream.

"Is my account still linked to my father's?"

Typing filtered through the phone, "yes sir, it is still a joint account."

"Joint account," George paced. "Does my father monitor the money I take out?"

"No, sir. A joint account just means he has control to freeze or revoke your access."

Fuck yes. George's heart kicked up again, a beat above its normally dull thump. "How long would it take to liquidate my entire account."

A surprised breath, "I believe about a month, sir."

George internally groaned, "could I possibly have it wired into a new account? I'm getting married soon and I would like to leave the family bank. Most likely somewhere out of this country, my fiancé wants to go to Prague."

The lie felt easy dripping off his tongue. He toyed with his designer hangers and counted his breaths.

George heard footsteps from the hall and his gut bottomed out. Clenching with striking anticipation. If his father found him having this conversation all of it would be lost. He'd never have his own dimes again.

The lady typed into the phone and George's steps became perturbed. Back and forth he took deep breaths and abused his bottom lip with worried teeth. It was so utterly bashed from the past two months the family stylist kept having to put makeup and antibiotic cream over it. George ripped into it anyways.

"Might I say congratulations on the engagement, I hope you have a happy marriage." George rolled his eyes. "And I'd gladly love to move your money for you. I can have all of your account wired into a partnership bank. They are available around the world and provide to most kinds of currency."

George punched the air triumphantly, "yes, that would be perfect."

"Alright, I'll put in the order," she tapped some more. "But since you are closing this account we will need to notify the superior account holder of this exchange."

George's excitement died quickly, he redirected, "Of course. Might I make a request?"

"Go on."

"My father has been all over the place with this wedding." George was grasping for sympathy at this point. Anything to keep his father from knowing for one day. If George had the money out and locked away before his father threw a tantrum, life would be golden. He simply couldn't find out before the wedding. "His emotions are through the roof and his doctor kindly asked us not to bother him with any more stress. And since I'm his only child, having me leave his nest has taken a toll."

"Oh, dear!" Jack fucking pot. George grinned.

"Could I ask to wait until Monday to notify him of this change? It would be greatly appreciated."

"Well," she sighed. "We aren't usually allowed that privilege, but since your family is an alumnus I believe I could hold off until Monday." George rested his head against the closet wall, relief was a sweet endeavor. "It was a pleasure doing business with you George, congratulations on your marriage! Call us back if you have any further questions."

George hung up and not a second later a knock came on his closet door.

"George? Honey? You alright in there?" His mother's voice sounded sweet through the wood but George groaned.

He reluctantly unlocked the door, "Hello, mother. I'm alright."

She peeked behind him and pursed her lips, "what on earth are you doing in the closet."

George refrained from making a sexuality joke. He knew his mother either wouldn't understand it or wouldn't appreciate it.

"Thinking," he said. "It's a nice thinking place."

Chapter End Notes

This is sadly a filler chapter. Because oh? Do I hear wedding bells in the next chapter?
I think so.

Three Words

Chapter Summary

Warnings
Distress
Drugging
Violence
Blood

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Are we too young for this?"

Softcore

The Neighborhood

"No." Sapnap forcefully cut off Dream's steps. The blond, clearly not in the mood for disturbances, scowled and detoured around him. "Dream, you aren't doing this."

"I'm already doing it," he said. "So move."

Karl chewed on his thumbnail and adjusted his purple collar, all while blocking the door, "Dream, it's already too late."

"I don't care." Dream buckled his shirt, added a chain, then left to find his mask.

The halls of the house were empty besides the three of them. Las Nevadas was a disaster and they were left to decide what part they wanted to be involved with. Karl was going to the wedding whether it broke his heart or not, Sapnap would accompany him. Quackity had disappeared long ago in the early morning. Only the trace of his leftover coffee and missing Mustang indicated his departure. Final Flame was tonight, but Dream hadn't said a word about it. It hadn't even crossed his mind.

"Quackity asked you to race," Sapnap reminded. "You need to get to the western sector in order to..."

"I'm not racing," Dream shut his bedroom door and passed down the steps two at a time. "Quackity can fuck off."

Sapnap finally had enough, "you aren't ruining this fucking wedding, Dream! What do you think is going to happen? Huh?"

Dream stood glued to the floor at Sapnap's tone. The two had their fair share of screaming matches, fights that lasted weeks, physical fights, but Sapnap never sounded this furious. This disappointed.

"You're going to what? Walk in there and say you object?" Sapnap spun Dream around and forced the eye contact the blond was avoiding. Dream shoved off his touch off viciously. "Yeah, in front

of people that could buy your entire life! George is going to act like he has no idea who the fuck you are and you're going to get arrested!"

Dream leaned down a breath away from Sapnap's face, "he doesn't want to get married, Sapnap."

Sapnap dared to inch closer, defiant beneath Dream's hateful gaze, "That gives you *no* right to interrupt that wedding."

"And if I told you I *loved* him?"

Karl gasped from the doorway. His blatant shock taunted Dream easily but he refrained from yelling. He refrained from breaking his attention from Sapnap and the defiance in his eyes, his stance, the hurt of reality, all of it. Because this was about George and he was going to fix it with every last breath he took.

Sapnap arched his brow, "you've known him for a few months. You've fucked around for less time. It took you a year to even consider that phrase with Juniper. Dream, you're not in love with him. You want him because now you *can't* have him."

Tell that to his heart, he wanted to spit. Tell that to the feeling every time he thinks about the British man. The way it felt to touch him. Something close to being scorched by an open fire. Explain that to his smile every time George joked with him. When he laughed, when he frowned and pulled the pout of his lips down, his soft sighs. Why did his chest ache with affection? The way George's hair stuck up in the morning, the thirteen freckles on his right arm, the way he challenged. Honey brown eyes asking him for more than he knew how to properly give. Explain that to the ache Dream felt when he knew George would never be satisfied with him. How could he, Dream was selfish.

It's not what he said, that would be too much between them. It was something Dream wanted to keep to himself, afraid Sapnap would look at him differently.

"Who gives you the right to tell me what I feel?" Dream scoffed and shoved Sapnap backward into the wall. "I'll do what I want, Sapnap."

"I won't help you this time!" Dream huffed at Sapnap's warning tone. He moved past a dumbstruck Karl and unlocked the door. "If you get arrested I'm not paying your bail! You can rot in that jail for all I care!"

Dream unlocked his car and shut the door harder than intended. Sapnap, stood on the front porch in the snowy weather, presented the most dissatisfied expression he'd ever seen from the man. Arms crossed tight enough not even Karl could calm him, Dream sighed and backed out of the driveway. Maybe he was a bad friend.

He'd put Sapnap through so much and still seemed to disappoint him. A bad friend and an even worse boyfriend. Dream knew for a fucking fact that he was a bad boyfriend. All the girls he tried to keep a relationship with ended up heartbroken and the boys he dated tried to forget his name. What could he offer George? His ability to try? George deserved better than that.

Dream knew he should let George go. Let him find someone else within the fucked up marriage he was about to commit to, but again, Dream was selfish. That was something he *did* know about himself. It was a flaw and a strength. His demise as well as his saving grace. And he was about to be fucking selfish.

Walking into this beautiful venue Dream pulled his mask tight over his lips. Armor for the battle he was about to fight in. Dream knew this would probably ruin his friendship with George. Probably even embarrass him in front of a rich family, but he wasn't going to let George do this to himself. Out of all people, this wasn't fair to him. Dream tried not to think about the pain he caused on the stairs of their house or any of the other times Dream was too fucked up to accept George. He wouldn't let George do this.

Pushing the venue door open Dream froze. Chaos was an understatement. Beautiful ivory chairs laid out for the perfect isle, were ransacked and dumped over. Completely and trashed. Expensive guests mingled in severe hushed tones, some looked frazzled, others white as the flowers on the floor, and a few shed tears. Mascara was running, anger was dancing, and Dream was put completely on edge. His green gaze scanned the damage and caught something familiar.

A round man standing at the alter held a yellow rubber duck and Dream seethed.

Flowers of scarlet and ivory crunched, with great satisfaction, as Dream tread over them. He was out of place with his racing clothes, not a superb suit and matching cufflinks like everyone else. The boots left marks on the pretty flora killing their lovely symbolism.

"And he- excuse you!" Dream plucked the duck from the man's fingers and turned it over. In fine calligraphy, Dream noticed the familiar handwriting.

You have a race to win, Dream.

-Q&W

"Who, might I ask, are you?" The man ripped the duck back from Dream's fingers and acted as if he was the scum on a boot. Nose in the air, this man pissed Dream off with one look. Who did he think he was?

"The groom's lover," was Dream's offhandedly deadpan. It was technically true. The immediate disgust on this man's face was amusing to Dream.

"My son," the man emphasized, "Is happily in a committed relationship with his fiancée. Besides he would not be seen dead in the presence of someone with your *status*."

"Right," Dream grinned beneath his mask. Now that he was looking, George's father looked a bit like him. The nose was similar as well as the jawline but besides that Dream refused to associate them. His status? Never seen dead with? Right, tell that to George, the accomplice for his races. The guy who appeared in his car. The sounds George made while in his be..."If you believe that then you know nothing about your son. Now, where the fuck did you find that?"

The man looked scandalized, and Dream realized it was his language. A puff of incredulous air escaped beneath Dream's mask because rich snobs were officially his least favorite social group.

"In his dressing room," the man crossed his arms. "I'm going to ask you to leave now."

"Where is he." Dream fucking enjoyed the height he had on this man. He towered over him with ease and watched George's father shrink. Nothing like his son, George always challenged Dream he didn't cower. "What happened to this venue?" Silence. "If I don't start getting an answer..."

"I don't know!" George's father bit out. "Someone trashed this before we even arrived. When we

went to check on Genevieve and George, the girl was frightened to death and George's dressing room was trashed. The duck was left in the middle of the room."

The venue doors opening pulled Dream's attention. He caught Sapnap and Karl walking in and freezing in place. Both pairs of eyes danced around at the damage leading up to Dream. A moment later Dream made eye contact and Sapnap seemed to register something. Turning back to George's father he ripped the duck from his expensive fingers. Flashing it in the air, Sapnap's expression darkened.

"You're them, aren't you?" George's father scoffed, "you're the criminals that corrupted my son."

Dream slowly panned back to the nearly elderly man, "*you* are the one that corrupted your son. We took him in when you cut him off." A finger stabbed into his costly suit fabric. "We kept him together when he was freaking the fuck out because you are an ass of a father. We *cared* for him. So, don't stand there and tell me we are the problem, the problem is *you*."

"I'll," the man stuttered. "I'll call the police. Have you arrested."

"Go ahead," Dream dismissed. "You'll never see your son again if you do. We are the only way you're getting him back."

Dream refrained from punching George's father, just barely. Instead, he opted out for a stumbling shove and crunched more flowers back down the aisle. What a pretty fucking wedding, Dream knew he'd never want one like this. If he ever had one, it wouldn't feel so plastic, so superficial. That was a big fucking if.

Sapnap was hissing profanities into the phone and Dream didn't have time for this.

"Speak," Dream said into the snatched device. "Explain. Now."

"Race," Quackity said. "You knew this would happen."

"Why the fuck would I listen to you?"

"Because I gave him to Technoblade," Quackity said offhandedly. "He's fine but he won't be if you don't race. I believe George is now the prize."

"Didn't think you were a backstabber, Big Q."

A heavy pause, "I just want my stuff back. You didn't comply the first time I asked, now you've forced my hand."

Dream clenched the phone, "it's all for fucking money?"

"You know it's more than that! Wilbur has more and so do I! The only way for me to get it is if you and Technoblade race."

"And if I don't?" Dream stared flatly at a crushed rose and listened to the answer.

"I don't think Technoblade plans on keeping *George* alive." Quackity sounded regretful, Dream felt sick.

"Wake up bitch!" A gloved hand patted his cheek vigorously. "Come on. Open those eyes. Let us see the... ahhh there he is! Tubbo! He lives!"

George blinked back the backend edges of his vision and flinched. The panic was immediate, where was he? It was too dark. Unfamiliar. Why couldn't he move his arms? His body felt beaten. His eyes hung heavy. Both wrists ached, nearly raw, and that's when George realized he was handcuffed. The metal bit savagely into his skin and it was destined to leave a mark.

"Who," his voice choked, hoarse and gritty. He needed water, the dehydration was severe. "Who are you?"

"Oh," the boy chuckled trying far too hard to appear daunting. The blond hair and red t-shirt made him appear younger than he must be. "Tryin sound tuff huh? Huh? Because you're Dream's boy?"

George wiped the blood from his lip on his shoulder, "what?"

This boy was nearly six feet and towered over him in the dim light of... a room. A car? A van, George decided. The walls rattled and the floor shook his slack jaw. If he listened hard enough George could hear the engine, it pattered roughly begging for a break. How long had he been here? How far were they going? Where were they going?

"Who the fuck are you?" George bit out. "Why am I handcuffed!"

"Because bitch! We did it!"

George's gaze jumped to a smaller boy about the same age as the first one. Brown hair fair skin and a brown shirt, the cooky smile was the icing on the cake. Fuck him he'd been captured by *teenagers*.

"Who are you?" George tried again, "what's your name?"

"Tommy," the first boy grinned. "Nice name innit? Scary? We could hurt you?"

George frowned, he was shaking in his boots. Seriously the lanky figure was definitely as terrifying as a pet store puppy. He rolled his eyes when Tommy squeezed his chin.

"Tommy," the other boy sighed. "Big Q said not to hurt him."

"I didn't hurt him." George noted how strong this boy's British accent was when he drew out some of the words. "He was beaten up a bit when Wilbur took him. Said he took out one of the guards."

"Who the hell are you people?" George shook off Tommy's sweaty fingers.

"I apologize for their bickering," an American boy came in. The tone of his voice was darker than the first two almost more mature. "I'm Ranboo. This is Tommy and Tubbo and you have become leverage."

"Leverage," George's brows hugged his hairline. Something clicked. "Fuck off, Quackity." The thump of his head against the van wall was finalizing. "He actually did it. What, could he really not get the asshole to race? It wasn't that fucking hard."

"Is he talking about Dream?" The one named Tubbo whispered intently to Tommy.

"Dream and his god damn need to be selfish," George spat. "Screw him and Quackity's..."

"They don't seem to be in love," Tubbo started before George raised his voice.

"We aren't in love!" He looked up at alarmed expressions and felt satisfaction at startling them. A hissing laugh startled even him, "He could give less of a fuck about me. So, someone tell Quackity his plan isn't going to work."

The three boys shifted uneasily on their feet before a bump jolted the van. Tubbo ducked back through a small door and left George with the other two. They looked at him with wonder and George was begging for them to just knock him out again.

"It doesn't matter if you are in *love*," Tommy gagged. "You're the prize for Final Flame."

George's manic chuckle had a vise grip on him while he thumped his head back purposely harder than the last, "fuck my life."

"I guess it could be worse," the one named Ranboo enlightened. This boy wore a mask much like Dream although it was split down the middle with black and white. The sunglasses were a nice statement piece, in George's opinion. "You could be dead?"

He couldn't be serious, "Right? I may be breathing but I don't feel alive." George sneered, "I'm a god damn object, a *prize*."

"Woah," Tommy huffed a nervous chuckle. "That turned dark, George."

"My fucking apologies," he let his eyes slip shut, attempting to find comfort in the van rattling his clenched teeth. The two teenagers were quiet enough to hear a pin drop. George wondered what he did to deserve this.

He'd kept his promise to Quackity, he'd kept the secret. Las Nevadas was safe, George was about to get married to keep it that way. Choked up in a god damn suit, white with the stupid ring. He didn't understand.

And why had Quackity not kidnapped him himself? Why was he forced to comply to teenagers who were barely close to the legal drinking age?

"Do you want some water?" Tubbo came back through the ominous door with a bottle and a bag of something. George breathed through his nose kept his eyes closed. "I'll drink it first if it's a trust thing. We aren't going to hurt you, king."

George asked, "really? Not like you have me handcuffed or anything."

"That was Wilbur's idea," Tubbo said. He shifted his weight to the left anxiously, "It's not for your safety... it's for ours."

George opened one eye, "you're scared of me?"

Ranboo tilted his head, "yes. And Dream. Technoblade told us stories."

"Stories?" George couldn't believe this. These kids were the ones that had him incarcerated in some van and they were scared of *him*? No one had ever been scared of him.

"Mostly of Dream." Tubbo walked the bottle over. He took a sip to show its mundane qualities then brought it up to George's lips. George desperate for hydration took a sip. "Said how Dream started the fire and freaked out on him about Juniper."

Tommy scoffed, "it was both of their faults! I was there!"

George's expression shrunk while he put the pieces together, "Tommy? You're Wilbur's Tommy?"

"He is not my keeper," the boy stated childishly. Both lanky arms crossed in false bravado. "I'm nearly an adult."

"You're okay?" George huffed, "they make it sound like you were captured."

The van fell quiet. A noisy siren from outside the walls wore down George's sensitive ears. He swallowed.

"You were all captured?"

Ranboo took a seat in front of George, "we went willingly, at first."

"But?" George encouraged.

"Technoblade wouldn't let us go," Tubbo finished. George watched him plop down on his right and present a bag of dried fruit. George had never wanted to eat something so badly. How long had he been out?

"I wanted to stay!" Tommy boasted. "I didn't need to go back. Technoblade was the right choice."

George frowned, "and Wilbur wasn't?"

"You know nothing about Wilbur!"

George noted Tommy's hurt. His odd stance and need to distance himself. It was a reflection of himself at that age. Loneliness. Confusion. Fear.

"Where are you taking me?" Leaning back against the wall again George tried to change the subject. Tubbo held a dried piece of papaya to his lips and George took it silently.

"To the end of the race route," Ranboo said. "You're going to be on display."

Display? Like what, a doll? A zoo animal? George could almost picture it. A tiny box with his name on it presented where the checkered flags waved. The scrape of his nails on the plexiglass, the thought made him shiver.

"Great," George started. "How are they-"

The chime of his phone severed his question in half. He'd left one person unmuted. Sadly he knew the one person wouldn't bother to call. He didn't care enough. He purposely broke George in half. Now there he was, cuffed in a Van, with that god-awful ringtone buzzing in his pocket.

George's lips pulled down, "it's Dream."

"He's calling?" Tubbo carefully patted George's white suit pockets until he found the phone. "You want to answer it?"

George's breath came out more like an amused laugh, "I'm kidnapped. And you, the ones that are holding me hostage, are asking if I want to answer it?" His head met the metal wall again. This was so god damn entertaining. "You are terrible at this."

"Cut us some slack were teenagers!" Tubbo waved the ringing phone. "Do we answer it?"

"Give me that!" Tommy, broken out of his tantrum silence, ripped the phone from Tubbo's grasp.

Ranboo sighed like a father and George felt his pain.

"Hello, big D." George snorted and could practically hear Dream's sardonic response to that nickname. "I will call you what I want, bitch!"

"Tommy, give me the phone."

Tommy shook his head and George raised a challenging brow. Fuck him, he was the only person to be kidnapped and feel like they were babysitting.

"He's handcuffed in a van you'll never find," Tommy sounded smug. "No, it's not past my fucking bedtime! Oh, fuck you and your lover. I actually find that a bit disgusting Dream. Whatever it is you two have..." Tommy paled and George wondered what Dream said to cause that expression. White as a sheet Tommy fiddled with his t-shirt. Then he compliantly said, "okay."

The phone was handed to Tubbo.

"George?" George wanted to melt at the sound of his voice over the speaker. Comforting and familiar, he hadn't heard it since Punz's garage. Back when he thought that would be the last time he'd ever see him. The ache in his bones and chest returned vigorously. "Are you okay?"

To cover his real emotions he scoffed, "I'm fine, Dream."

"Right. Where are you?"

"In a van with children." The rabble protested and George sent them scathing looks. It meant shut up, and they took the hint. "I'm a bit beat up but I'm fine."

"They won't tell me where you are, George." Dream's apathy was shot down by the grip of anger. George translated it to panic, Dream was worried. That didn't settle his already nervous stomach. "Quackity and Wilbur are backstabbing us and have completely vanished. Sapnap has been looking but there's no luck."

"Are," he grimaced. George was still mad as hell at him but it was Dream. Apathetic, warm, annoying, Dream, and he was worried about him. Not in the jealous way. No, it was in the same tone he felt after George's first race, their first interaction with Technoblade. "Are you racing in Final Flame?"

"That doesn't matter right now! What matters is that you were kidnapped and it's my fault."

George snorted, "kidnapped is stretching it. I feel like I'm babysitting."

"Fuck you," Tommy said angrily sitting down with the rest of the group.

"This isn't a joke, George." He rolled his eyes but harbored Dream's voice close to his heart.

"I'm the prize, Dream." George muttered, "whoever wins the race wins me."

"I know."

A sober smile, "you told me you never lose. Are you going to break the streak now?"

The quiet pause felt too heavy. The three boys shifted uncomfortably cause even they felt the tension. This was an unresolved fight brewed between Dream and George and they both knew they couldn't fix it right now. They couldn't hash out what happened on those stairs, nor could they talk about what either really felt.

"I can't do it again, George," Dream sounded as if this was a well-cooked thought. Chewed over for longer than presented. "Juniper was the prize for Hell-Fire. I can't, I won't lose you."

George's chest ached, "Dream-"

"It's the same course." George rested his head against the wall. He imagined Dream saying this. The way his lips move and his eyes. The green hue he could barely see. The warmth of his skin, it only made his pain gnaw at his insides. "Same stakes, same groups, George. It's Hell Fire replicated."

"Fuck." George sighed and welcomed defeat because he couldn't ask Dream to do it. Ask him to face his trauma by reliving it? That was something George wouldn't do. It was worse than breaking a boundary. "It's fine Dream. It's not like I had anything to do tomorrow. I mean worst-case scenario I become a prisoner of a different group."

"Or you die?" Ranboo clapped his hands in finality. "Could be worse."

"I never said I wasn't racing, George."

He lifted his head and stared at the call number, "what?"

"It starts in an hour. The edge of the western sector to-"

"Dream," George cut in. "Don't. I'm not going to ask you to race when the last time..."

"What's the better choice!" The raise of his voice shocked everyone but George. He rolled his eyes at the dramatics. "They aren't going to give you back and..."

"Why do you care just let me go it's not like-"

"Because I love you! And I won't let Technoblade or all fucking people ruin that!" Dream rambled on and George forgot how to breathe. "If I have to race in a death sentence so be it!"

The snickers from the peanut gallery should've made George embarrassed but he was too dumbfounded to remember to breathe. He choked on the air.

"George?"

"What did you say?"

Silence. Dark realization.

"I lov-"

"No," George hissed immediately. Eyes shut tightly, he clenched his jaw. "Don't you dare tell me that now. Don't fucking do it." A shaky breath. "I won't let you break that boundary now. Not like this."

"George, look I-"

"You're not racing," George declared, it was too much to unpack now. Not like this. He wouldn't let Dream tell him *that* like this. It wasn't fair and George wouldn't stand for it. "I'm not letting you put yourself in danger for *me*. I'm not fucking worth it, Dream."

"Yes, you are. And you can't tell me what to do, George." A huff, "you're hands are tied."

"Actually," George retorted like a smartass. "They are handcuffed behind my back."

"Kink-"

"Don't finish that." George relaxed at the soft laugh filtering through the dodgy phone speaker. It was warm enough to settle him into worry, although those three words were bouncing around in his head like a ping pong ball. George knew Dream didn't mean it, how could he? This was just his panic speaking.

A heavy sigh sat between them, "don't race, please."

"No."

George swallowed the lump in his throat, "compromise. Don't do anything stupid. Be careful."

His fond tone crucified George's heart, "I will, *Daredevil*. Gonna cheer for me at the end?"

"Always."

The van came to an abrupt stop and the three boys tensed immediately. All of their eyes darted to the phone and back up to George. He motioned for Tubbo to hang up. The loss of Dream's voice was immediate and George hated himself for feeling that. From needing to hear him, to wanting him in general.

"What happened?"

The slam of a door startled them. It shook the van before heavy steps entered the front. Ranboo snatched the phone and stuffed it in his pocket. The three of them scrambled to their feet leaving George alone on the floor. They stood in a line, and George watched from the ground as the person swing open the van door. His jaw tightened once more.

"Ah, George, we meet again."

"Technoblade."

Dressed in his false king attire, he grinned at him. The hog mask only covered half his face and in the light, George saw the hint of burns beneath it.

"Are you excited for the race?" A condescending chuckle filled the van, "I know I am."

George stayed silent and hid the bit of fear in the bite to his cheek. He wouldn't show weakness here, if only to keep the three boys calm but for himself. Technoblade was just a scarier version of a school bully and George refused to comply.

He took slow steps forward and gripped George's chin, "what pretty boy? You forgot how to speak?"

Why he did it, George couldn't tell. Maybe it was his anger built up after it all. Maybe it was Dream's phone call. And maybe George was just so damn tired of being treated like an object he'd lost his sanity.

He spat his bloody saliva onto Technoblade's hog mask, "go to hell."

"Right," he swiped the spit away and shoved George hard against the van wall. The breath was nonexistent in George's chest. "Get me the rag." Technoblade grinned and George watched his lips turn malicious. "Time for another nap."

Fear clocked in right when the rag covered his nose. Already on the edge of suffocation, George slowly felt the world blacken. He struggled away from the rag but it was no use.

The last image he had was Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo keeping their heads down. They were just kids. Kids manipulated into being accomplices. George hated that he couldn't fight for them, all he could do was let the drug drag him into hazy nothing. Heartbroken and simmering with rage, George was taken under again.

Chapter End Notes

Well, well, well. This took forever to write because of procrastination. This story is also coming close to an end soon only a few more chapters *cries* thank you all so much for the support. I hope you have an amazing day or night.

Shhh it's also very unedited

Defiance

Chapter Summary

A bit of violence and Distress. Stay safe happy reading <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Burned too bright, now the fire's gone, watch it all fall down..."

Babylon

5 Seconds of Summer

Water choked his lungs and gave the burning impression of drowning. Slow and torturous. Hospital-grade soap seeped into the corners of his eyes and stung the raw skin on George's wrist. They were washing him. Stripped down to his boxers George didn't have any energy to fight back.

The teenagers from the van were assistants for the workers that didn't speak English. It sounded like quick babbling, chipped words, unclear syllables. That was until George realized it was Japanese and fuck him why did he start learning French in high school instead of the latter. He felt like a tribute to a sacrifice.

Tommy handed a masked person a towel. Uneasy and full of jitters, his tuff guy act was washed away like the blood on George's lip.

This felt like something from a movie, being kidnapped. It was all jokes before. He'd seen the plot lines and how everything played out, but it was a thousand times worse to live it George decided. He was getting sick, the shivering was enough of a sign. The cold water was only progressing the situation. Things ached. The wrist he'd broken a few months ago was experiencing stabbing pains from being cuffed so tightly. Aggressive gloved hands wretched him this way and that, it was sure to leave bruises.

Exhaustion was the hardest part of it all. Both eyes threatened to droop every second, pull him under. Sleep was scarce the night before his wedding and getting knocked out wasn't healing. George had never gone through so much distress. He was fine mentally but some part of him knew this would come back to haunt him in his dreams. Hands. Alcohol soap. Technoblade. Scared kids. Aching contusions. God that was such a great picking for his nightmares.

"Move."

Herd out of a shower room like cattle, George followed sluggishly to a lavish room with ceiling-high windows. It had expensive settees and chairs. Something Quackity was love, obnoxious and flashy. George figured the color must've been black and red by the ugly undertones he registered. A fully stocked bar was set up and empty of employees to the left. The three teenagers were shoved in behind him carrying bags, then the door shut and bolted eerily. Freedom had always been metaphorical to George, now it was concrete. He was captured and bound.

When Letting his shoulders drop he felt his knees give out with them. Tubbo, although in vain, ran to catch him. George hit the ground.

"You alright?"

George lied to save face, "yes. Just need to sit down."

Tommy hid his worry by digging through the bag. Clothes around George's size presented themselves between Tommy's nimble fingers.

"What do they expect us to do," Tommy scoffed. "Be your personal stylist?"

George forced himself to remain present, now wasn't the time to panic. It would set off a chain reaction for the rest of them, it wouldn't help their situation, and it would only spiral his own thoughts. He clenched his jaw and held out a limp hand from the couch Tubbo dragged him to, "just let me see."

Tommy complied and handed over the bag of clothes. George didn't expect much and stood corrected. Expensive silk felt soft between his beat-up hands. Thrown onto the asphalt and cuffed behind him, his hands didn't look so expensively untouched anymore. George wasn't either.

It was a long sleeve shirt and a cleaved front, George was destined to show his chest and grimaced. The pants were simple and black.

With one glance he knew he'd freeze outside. The last he'd checked there was a good inch of snow on the grass outside the wedding venue. The thin qualities of these fabrics would do absolutely nothing. Slowly George pulled the shirt over his head, his body screamed in protest. All he wanted was to see Karl, let the man hug his pain away. George tried not to think about any of his friends, it would only make this harder.

"You're going to freeze," Ranboo stated. "I'm sure they plan on putting you outside on the drag strip."

"It's fine." He pulled on the pant, and couldn't refrain from hissing at the movement. "What isn't is you three imprisoned. We need to get you out of here."

"Us!" Tubbo chuckled, "why are you worried about us when you are about to be raced for? You can barely walk!"

"I can handle my fate," George reassured although that was the farthest from the truth. "You three shouldn't have been brought into this."

"What do you expect us to do?" Tommy scoffed, "they will be back any minute to drag you to the finish line."

"There's only one guard for all three of us," George said closing his heavy eyes. Just for a moment, he thought. "If they are occupied with a difficult prize all you have to do is slip back through the way we came. Take the side door of this hotel."

"That's a death wish," Tommy said. "They have weapons! And speak Japanese! I don't want to mess..."

"Again, you look like you're about to fall over," Tubbo tried. "How are you going to do anything?"

George grimaced at how faulty his plan was. His mind swam in leftover drugs, pain, and loss. Because despite all of this the one thing that ruled his thoughts was Dream. Enraptured, body and

soul, to a complete asshole. Vanilla diesel and forever warm skin. Even in the snow Dream was warm, scorching like sunlight. And the blond was about to race in a death trap, the same one he'd barely made it out alive in the first place. For *George*. He didn't know what to make of that.

Their fight played on a loop. If he was like the rest of the girls Dream slept with why was he trying so hard. Couldn't he just let Technoblade win and call it a day? Find a different sexual partner? Dream had stood there and told him everything George never wanted to hear and now it was all the opposite? A bit of hope simmered in his chest and it whispered *maybe*. Like the first night he looked out of that car window, when the wind whispered its welcome. When his chest aligned with freedom. This whispered maybe. It whispered love. Dream's three words whispered hope. And George didn't know how to process it.

The door unlatched and George's eyes shot open entirely bloodshot and fatigued. He'd fallen asleep. For how long? What happened? The three boys were gone, and now George was alone with two new masked guards twice his size.

"What'd you do to them?" The guards said nothing. Hands gripped him aggressively yanking his limp body from the couch. George struggled against them, "where'd you take the boys?"

"Move." It was the only word these men seemed to know. And it wasn't a question.

As they dragged George down the hall, he thrashed and kicked but it was no use. The two guards pulled him upstairs to an exit that read *roof access*. Sudden fear poisoned his heart and caused a rampage. George's blood beat vigorously through his veins and cumulated with war drums in his ears. Loud and jarring, his breath quickened.

"What'd you do with them!" He hollered diatribes but the grip only became tighter on his arms. Wincing he spat, "they are just kids! What'd you do with them!"

None of his questions were answered, instead, he was thrown at the feet of a tall man. Hands, now cuffed in front of him, caught his fall onto rooftop marbles. They split at the contact and the brunette grunted. Familiar in accent and old aura, George sneered up from the gravelly roof.

"Ah!" Wilbur announced into the microphone. There was an audience as well as a camera, they were being broadcasted. From the edge of the roof, George could see faces from all different sectors of the race groups. Uptown, South, Western sector, Las Nevadas, along with several George couldn't name. "Here he is now, the lovely Georgenotfound. What would you like to say to the racers, George?"

"Where. Is. Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo," George hissed. "What did you.."

Wilbur gripped his shirt and pulled him upwards George's hands flew up to the other man's wrists. Nails digging into his coat, George didn't break eye contact. Not from Wilbur, not from Technoblade, and not from Dream, George was tired of being afraid. Instead, he fueled his fear into rage, because this was it. Because even if Dream won that race what would be left of him? Hollow to the bone, George grit his jaw. If this was his last leg of life, beaten and presented like a dog, at a show he'd take it defiantly. George wouldn't die a coward.

"Play nice," Wilbur said. "There is an audience." A manic grin whipped onto the camera, "how about you talk to our racers give them some encouragement."

George glanced at the lens and huffed.

Dream gripped his steering wheel vigorously. This was torture. Because he was right there.

Both brown eyes caressed heavy purple bags beneath them. And his skin looked yellowed in health and god he hadn't been eating. The hollowed cheeks, the jut of his collarbones, the severe shaking of his muscles. Regret killed off any other feeling besides anger, this had been his fault. George was hanging on by sheer defiance. Holding on to the adrenaline because Dream knew how he thought. He understood the other man's mind inside and out. George hadn't believed Dream's fluffy words, no matter how true they were. George was just as self-destructive as he was, standing there gripped by Wilbur, George looked as if he believed only himself. He believed he wasn't going to make it out of this and had excepted it. Eyes devoid of fear just simple acceptance and fury. Daredevil indeed.

"Tell them something," Wilbur spat on onslaught tones. Showing and fake, Dream's leg held a vigorous bounce underneath the steering wheel. "Hmm, not much to say? How about we introduce some of our racers?"

George struggled on the screen pulling away from Wilbur's sing-song words. Dream was wired. The two were being broadcast on a large stadium-like projection above the start line. At least a hundred different cars were lined up for this race. For everyone else, this was just a repeat of Hell Fire, something fun. For three racers this was far from the canted word. Dream, Technoblade, and the racer from the Tokyo group, this wasn't fun for them.

"How about our big three?" Wilbur hauled George up and shoved the brunette's back against his chest. The grip was tight enough for Dream to grit his jaw. Wilbur held a pressure point on George's neck and whispered something inaudible into his ear.

Dream glanced at Sapnap who looked a hair away from horrified. He shook his head as if to tell Dream not to do anything reckless.

Wilbur smiled manically into the camera, "we have Technoblade from the western sector! A two-time winner in the all-around cup since Hell-Fire."

The crowd screeched loud enough to break through Dream's shut windows. It was comforting, watching everyone enjoy this. George was clearly not well and yet everyone pushed on and cheered for this race.

"Next to him, we have a racer far from here." George struggled before Wilbur pressed down on his neck. Dream watched his lover cry out in pain and he could do absolutely nothing. "Come on George be courteous. All the way from Tokyo we have a racer who, although would like to stay unnamed, has won three around the world titles."

The crowd sounded even rowdier than when Technoblade was mentioned. This racer may hold titles but they weren't won fairly. Dream knew this racer to pull insanely dangerous stunts as well as cause purposeful crashes.

"Last but certainly not least," Wilbur smiled, one inch away from a completely derailed expression. "We have Dream. A four-time winner of state finalist. As well as a first-place winner in Hell Fire, if it wouldn't have gone up in flames."

Dream blocked out the sound of the crowd and focused on George. Recognition filtered easily through George's wincing features. He shook his head.

"What was that?" Wilbur egged on, "do you have something to say to that racer?"

"Don't," George choked out. His voice was clamorous through shitty speakers and Dream tried to remain calm at the brunette's raw tone. "Dream, *don't*."

"Do you not believe he could win? Are you trying to save him from the embarrassment?"

George shook under Wilbur's tight grip, ignoring the manic voice he spoke in clipped breaths.

"It's a death trap," he gasped. "Don't do this for me. You almost died last time. You can't. I can't lose you like *this*."

"Aw," Wilbur cooed into George's cheek, the latter winced away from the touch. "You hear that ladies and gentlemen we seem to have lovers in this mix. How quaint."

The crowd gasped and Wilbur ate the shock up. In the corner of Dream's eye, he caught Sapnap pulling Karl close harboring him from the crazed crowd. Quackity was the cause of this along with Wilbur, Dream rolled a kink out of his neck and made a mental list of people he needed to put in place. The host was jumping further and further to the top of that list.

"How long have you two been fond of one another, George?" Silence. "Come tell us your story. Was it love at first sight?"

George winced at the tightened grip, "no."

"No?" Wilbur played this well to the crowd who seemed starved of action. "Well, how about you tell us, do you love him. Is he the one?"

Dream hated this, it wasn't fair to either of them. The fragile legs of their fractured relationship were being beaten down like a bat to the knees. Dream wanted to hear the truthful answer, but not like this. He wanted it said softly. Maybe in his bed warm in the early morning sunlight or cooled by the evening moon. Dream wanted it whispered into their shared pillow, caressed by one another. Safe and sound and miles away from here.

George struggled against Wilbur's grip and said, "fuck you."

"Alright, keep your secrets!" Wilbur removed his hand and Dream watched George limply fall to his knees. "And on that final statement, let Final Flame begin!"

George panted on the ground, every inch of his body hurt. The gravel was hazy and warped in his drowsy vision. In through the nose and out the mouth, George breathed through the pain.

Once the camera cut Wilbur was on him in haste.

"George!" He tried, "are you okay?"

George wretched from Wilbur's touch, "get away from me!"

"Calm down," he reassured. "It was all for the cameras. They want a show! I'm not actually going to hurt you."

"You're," he panted, "insane."

"I know!" Wilbur seemed proud. "Look, we know you're confused, but Quackity and I have this under control."

George's laugh felt almost as psychotic as Wilbur, "under control? I was fucking kidnapped! And stuck with teenagers who are *prisoners* and you expect me to believe this is under control?"

"Shh," Wilbur crouched and covered George's mouth. "I got them out, all three."

George's brows hugged his hairline in question.

"It was part of our plan." Wilbur held a hand out for George to take. He sent daggers to it instead. "The three of them were snuck out the back before the guards dragged you up here. They are safe, George. Tommy is like a brother to me, I wouldn't lie about his safety."

George, although still quite skeptical, took Wilbur's hand and let the man pull him up. When his legs shook beneath him Wilbur gripped his waist.

"What about Quackity?" George wrapped an arm around Wilbur's taller shoulders.

"He's in Technoblade's base currently." Their steps felt heavy and George had to rely wholeheartedly on Wilbur's support. "Ranboo was a security adviser so he knew where all the cameras were. So, as long as Big Q doesn't set off any sensors Technoblade will never know he was there."

George hissed at a misstep. God, his body was in complete agony. Each step felt like torture and Wilbur wasn't walking slow. The crowd was celebrating below and George wondered if he'd have to face it. Face all these people in the condition he was in, broken down to the bone and mentally exhausted.

A deep breath, "what is he stealing back?"

"Money and our personal items," was Wilbur's vague answer. They pushed the door open to the stairs and Wilbur switched his hold on George. He whispered an apology before locking George's raw wrists behind his back and pushing him forward. It was for show of the guards lingering on the steps.

When they turned an empty corner George asked a question that was gnawing at his ribcage.

"What about Dream?"

Wilbur hummed into a genuine smile, directing them into a desolate office. When the door shut behind them George sighed at the release of his hands.

"Loverboy, huh?" George shook his head in weak agreement and sat on a desk. "What about him?"

It was a quiet admission, "you think he'll be okay? In this race, I mean."

Wilbur softened and opened a small mini-fridge tucked beneath a cabinet. A water bottle was offered and George took it gratefully.

"He's going to win," Wilbur assured. "Technoblade has always come in second to Dream, give or take a few instances. And since you are on the line he'll be wired enough to beat Tokyo."

"I don't care if he wins," George stressed. "Is he going make it out of this god damn race alive?"

There it was. That look. The one Genevieve and his mother and even Dream himself had given him. That condolence sort of expression. The one that weighs heavily in your heart and your self conscious. George was terrified for Wilbur's answer.

"He's going to win," was the only thing he said.

George let his knees slide him easily to the hardwood floor.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhhhhhhhh. Anyway who's ready for a race ?

Thank you for all the support and all the reads this is literally a dream *sobs heavily with happiness*

Final Flame

Chapter Summary

Check the warnings mentioned below.

Chapter Notes

⚠Blood and gore. Violence. Death mentions. Wounds and injury. Gun violence. Car accidents. Unrealistic car situations. Anxiety⚠

This is the last scary chapter it's uphill from here. Be safe happy reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You caught me under false pretenses
How long before you let me go?"
Suppermassive Black Hole
Muse

3

2

1

Dream let the first two speed past him purposely, he took third place with a shift of his gears. The road was already speeding fast beneath his wheels by the time the track opened up. It was a three-mile race started in the boonies of the western sector and ending in the upper-level hotel division. Evidently, it was closer to George's wedding venue than Dream had registered. It must've been easy to knock him out and take him there he realized helplessly. Dream shifted gears and sped past a novice racer trying their luck.

Technoblade, a few cars ahead, weaved in and out of useless Toyota's and shifted into a boosted turn. Tokyo was right behind him, treading his tail like life depended on it. Dream nearly missed the direction change, but pulled himself together and skid it. His car growled in protest, while he tried to shake off the near mistake.

Dream was nervous and that never happened for races. Races normally put him on a high and fucked up his nervous system until it submitted into action. Always buried and writhing beneath the adrenaline, that was where him and his daredevil compared. The wheel's beneath him squealed on the tarmac and Dream rolled the angst off his neck. He could do this.

The road was lit with several lights as they sped down empty downtown streets. Purple lamps,

much like Las Nevadas, were slowly starting to fade to obtuse red and it put a pang of sensitivity to Dream's eyes. He knew these colors wouldn't last long. The first mile was always lit up because that was where the crowd hovered. Lined up and packed together like cattle they hollered all the way up the street. Dream saw them waning as he shifted gears, passing Tokyo's racer in term. It was a small victory, but Technoblade still had a three-car distance between them. Dream pressed on the gas.

Around mile two Dream's breath hitched at the immediate blackout. It was as if a void sucked the air of color and blackened it with chilling nothingness. Almost the whisper of death. He meticulously flicked on his LED's and kept his eyes and leather wheel steady.

It was just a glimpse at first. A flash of neon before it was gone in vision, blinked away in the rearview mirror. Then again. Dream's breath hitched. And again. And suddenly Dream was swerving off the road into another lane.

It hadn't made sense at first but the devoid of light suddenly clicked in Dream's scattered brain. They were in a cavernous underground tunnel littered with writhing figures.

Body's beat restlessly to music blocked out by Dream's soundproof windows. Up and down, back and forth, left and right, it was like a spell. A calling of witchcraft or a siren song. Upon the ledge of the cement tunnel, he caught sight of the neon figures.

Their hair glowed, their bodies were painted exotically, teeth of luminescent color, Dream realized they'd entered the Lumi sector.

People filled of drugs and music, only you're body could understand, occupied this group. He'd visited once with Juniper and regretted it still to the present date. The drugs were not something to mess with and neither were the people. It was a death trap covered in glow sticks and luminescent paint. All classified as insane, almost inhumane.

A small box came crashing down from the nearest ledge and Dream spun his wheel to the right, swerving an inch from it. The pink race car, that had been on his tail since entering the tunnel, hadn't had time to escape it. As soon as the box met the tiny front tire it exploded. Dream flinched, watching in his review mirror the pink car flipped. On its roof and back onto the wheels, the car was done for. His gut wrenched and dropped.

Another box came down and Dream mercilessly avoided it. The explosions came in threes.

Several cars ended like the first, flipped and contorted into minimum scrapes of metal. He couldn't tell if the drivers were alright, the focus of his own safety was too great to stray from. All he could hear was George's exhausted desperation when asking him to be careful. Once Dream swerved from another box the color bombs started to fall.

He was gaining on Technoblade when a blue circle landed on his windshield. It blinked three times before splattering his glass with blue paint. Dream, although startled, flicked his windshield wipers on without fail. It smeared the colors just enough to see properly before he floored the gas pedal. Another bomb came in a moment later with neon green and Dream huffed. The end of the tunnel was in sight, a small white light beckoned and called for him as he pulled up beside Technoblade's pink and red Nissan 350Z. It was upgraded but Dream knew his car had the better engine.

Another blinking light landed on his windshield and Dream made a reckless decision. Locking his car in place, he slammed down his windshield and pricked the orb from his glass. It beeped an easy count down and Dream had three seconds left before he'd be covered in glow paint. Canting the wheel to the left, close enough for Dream to toss the orb out of his window, he landed it on

Technoblade's pristine-like windshield. The other man was blindsided. The bursts of purple and orange were dreadfully satisfying as Dream shifted gears.

He pulled out of the tunnel in the lead.

It was the last leg of the race. One mile till checkered flags. One mile until George.

A barrel came out of nowhere.

Lit on fire and a moment away from exploding Dream couldn't avoid it. Hitting the object head-on, the barrel sent him spiraling into marbles on the side of the road and Technoblade passed him vicious and cold. Dream smacked his wheel and shifted gears. As if he hadn't missed a beat Dream was back in the race neck and neck on Technoblade taillights.

The Tokyo racer trailed behind him and Dream watched in mild horror as his car suddenly flipped. Flying through the air like a football, Tokyo's racer's car hit the ground and rolled into a ditch. The flames came next and Dream had to tear his eyes away.

This race was a death trap, George's words echoed in his head.

The signs showed up a quarter-mile from the finish line. And Dream forgot how to breathe. There were people gathered here but all Dream could see was Juniper. Blown wide were the morbid photos from Hell-Fire. Several pictures from all the deceased flashed. Alive and burned. Dream saw her smiling face first. A picture he took in the summer of, her curled hair and yellow sundress. Then the ones of her unconscious body extracted from the warehouse and being pulled into the ambulance. Dream felt his stomach roll and bile pulled up into his esophagus. He swerved towards a sigh without thinking.

Technoblade was just as affected. His car swerved from the photos and hit Dream's. They drove at kin speeds and scratched up sparks between their cars. Technoblade flashed a haunted look towards the blond and he returned it.

Dream revved his engine and pressed harder, Technoblade followed.

What neither of them knew was how the asphalt was coated. Hours before the race, the sponsors had coated the road in gallons and gallons of gasoline, and all it needed was a spark.

Trauma was never customary. It danced and sang to its own beat. Sometimes it could wring you in by the neck and threatened to choke the life out of you, while other times it held your hand to let you know it was there. It never really goes away. It never disappears as all the medication bottles promise. Whatever wretched experience you break over stays with you like a scar. It etches itself into your soul and you know it will never leave. Release its grip? Maybe. Let you breathe a bit easier? Of course. But it will never leave. It's part of you, all you have to do is learn how to manage it. Dream learned how to banish his trauma with more pain than fully needed, Technoblade never came to terms with what happened.

The sinkhole came up without warning and so did the flames. Dream had the choice to either drive through Hell Fire flames or tank his car in the sunken ground. He took a deep breath and swerved right into the flames.

They swallowed him up and sucked the oxygen right out of his car. He wondered briefly if this was the horror Juniper lived in her last moments. Alone with little oxygen and scorching flames.

As if summoned Dream felt the ghost of breath brush his cheek. Startled he let the cold push his steering wheel to the left and felt the car spin out. What Dream didn't realize was the lane he'd

been on was near its end. The bottom of a cliff had waited for him merely ten feet more in the direction he was set in.

Dream's car came hurdling out of control onto the home stretch. He tried to right the inertia but it was no use. What was in motion would stay in motion. The front tire collided with another and suddenly Dream's car was flipped into the air.

Dream never thought about how he would die. When he was younger he hoped to grow old with a lover and pass into peaceful sleep. About the time that Juniper left him, he thought about it again. Wondering if his heart would simply stop working. Now, Dream didn't think it'd be like this. In his car engulfed by the same flames of his nightmares. He wondered if he cheated death that night at Hell-Fire. That maybe it should've been him and the universe was trying to right it's wrong. If the flipped and smashing of his windows and throwing of his body would be the end.

But the car landed on all four wheels right on the finish line. The checkered flags waved and Dream remained breathing.

Technoblade's car, with popped tires and raw metal, screamed as it slid up next to Dream's. The crowd held its breath. Were they witnessing death? Were they witnessing history? Dream's name appeared on the projected screen as 1st place winner.

He tested his hands and feet to see if they worked, minimal pain. His side ached, the car must've fractured something. Dream kicked his smashed door open. On wobbly feet, he stepped onto the hot road and took in the damage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Wilbur's sardonic tone came booming into Dream's ringing ears. It sounded as if the man was six feet underwater. Dream touched his ear and found blood. "Our Final Flame winner is Dream."

An eerie beat of silence ate at Dream's soul before the crowd erupted.

Dream had a gash in his side from the shattered glass of his window that had dug into him. A slice on his brow. The early signs of a concussion were concerning but Dream didn't care. Not when George was right there. Standing in an isolated box of glass, gagged and handcuffed, Dream let out a breath. George looked about as bad as Dream did.

Dream limped his way to the glass and place a hand against it, then his forehead. George mirrored the blond's action and place his head forward. Alive, they were both alive.

"Let him out!" Dream yelled at Wilbur. The other man rolled his eyes but obeyed, the door unlocked and Wilbur slipped inside the glass to untie George's gag.

"Dream," George said through the wall. "You're bleeding. Dream you-"

"I'm okay, Daredevil." Dream watched George swallow thickly and tilt his pretty little head to the side.

Dream made to speak before someone called out behind him.

"This was your fault!" A foreign accent was heavily incorporated into the English words. "You killed my brother!"

Technoblade's shoulders were ridged, both hands up in surrender to a guard with a gun.

"Hey, hey, buddy. It was a dangerous race," Technoblade's barely moved and Dream started

walking towards them. George's smacked a shoulder into the glass as protest but Dream didn't listen. "It was enter at your own risk your brother knew-"

"No!" The masked man shook his gun and everyone froze. "He is gone! Death! Afterlife! I want the prize, it will bring him peace!"

Dream came up slowly behind Technoblade and pushed him to the side now standing in the line of fire. George ushered Wilbur to unlock him faster.

"He didn't win," Dream said slowly. "The prize goes to the winner. But I'm sure we can compensate for the troubles-"

"Fuck you!" The man shook his head, "how much do you think my brother's life is worth?"

George was coming up behind the three of them hastily. Reckless and stupid he ran for Dream.

"However much you demand."

The gun was aimed at Dream's chest cocked back and ready for fire until the sirens came on. Dream and Technoblade's heads shot to the sound but the masked man stayed focused.

"I demand redemption! A life for a life!"

"No!" George dashed full speed and threw himself recklessly in front of Dream. The gunshot echoed into the emptying street. Bouncing off of hotel walls and tarmac everyone flinched. George felt dazed at first knocked back into Dream's chest. There wasn't much of a reaction beyond the wilting of his legs beneath him. The blond sputtered his name.

"Dream." George was dead weight as he fell back into his lover's arms. Dream was too dazed to catch him fully and soon they both hit the ground with an unceremonious thud.

"No," breathless Dream watched George's loose shirt taint with red. "No, fuck. No George! What the hell!"

"It's okay," George lied. "I'm okay, was just a small pinch."

The masked man was scrambling to leave the track much like everyone else. Technoblade stood in shock a foot away from the couple on the ground.

"George!" Dream put pressure on the wound and felt every single nursing study he'd done come filtering back. It was in his shoulder, not his heart. As long as Dream could manage the bleeding George would be fine. It just had to-

"I missed you," George whispered through pain-driven tears. His shoulder burned and wouldn't cease, Dream's tight grip on it didn't help. Only vaguely did he know there was blood it just felt hot, like he'd walked into the sun. And part of him thought maybe he had looking at Dream's open features. Smelling his sweetened petrol aroma was intoxicating. Alive, his Loverboy was alive. That was all that mattered in the moment.

"George," Dream panicked. "Why did you do that? I had it under control. You-"

"I'm sorry," George muttered. "About what I said on the stairs. During our fight."

Dream grasped for words trying not faint from the blood on his fingers, "don't talk about that now! That doesn't matter anymore, George!"

"I'm sorry for breaking your rules," George slurred his words and forced his eyes open. He focused on green. The snow-covered trees, the lights from Dream's beaten car, Dream's eyes. Yellow and green always appeared the same to him, unimpressive to say the least. That was with the exception of *Dream*. His eyes were the only exception. Warm and ethereal George swore he could see more in them. "I tried." His legs felt cold, both from the winter air and the loss of blood. "To be perfect for you. And I messed it up."

"No, you didn't," Dream reassured. "You didn't. You did great, yeah? How about you tell me how much pain you're in one to ten. Ten is the worst."

"Dream, the cops!" Technoblade clocked in wearily. "We have to go.."

"Go," Dream said tucking hair behind George's ear. "Get everyone out."

"But Dream..."

"You'll be forgiven if you get them out." Technoblade nodded hesitantly and took into action. "Leave us here."

George reached up and smoothed a worry line on Dream's forehead, "always so strong and tuff. Your ego is as tall as a fucking mountain."

"Pain, George, how much?"

"Ten," he said easily. "I can't feel my legs." Dismissed and moved on. "You said you loved me."

Dream broke, "yeah. I do, George. And I'm sorry. Everything I said was to protect myself because I'm selfish and you..."

George smiled weakly, both eyes blinking languid and calm while Dream's remained panicked. George found the man comforting, warm as always.

"Are Karl and Sapnap still mad at me?" A shaky breath, "Quackity?"

"What," Dream asked wetly. His hands shook as he repositioned them on George's gushing wound. It was helping, only not enough. The sound of an ambulance wasn't far off. "Yeah he, Karl loves you too. And Sapnap and Quackity. They all..."

George hummed and winced, "there's too much blood, Dream."

"No," the blond grit. "I'm not losing you too. I can't. You'll be okay."

The sirens pulled up around them until they were surrounded, but Dream didn't move, he held George together and dripped salty tears down his cheeks. They hadn't made an appearance since Juniper. Now full circle they resurrected with George.

"So, dramatic," George teased. "Really fell for me, huh, Loverboy?"

"Flat on my face," Dream replied.

George gripped Dream's tainted fingers, "I love-"

"Hands up!" An officer interrupted, "by law, we are here to..."

"No," Dream panted when unapologetic hands pulled at his shoulders. "No! Wait he's hurt!"

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can..."

"No!" Dream thrashed. "Fuck you! He'll die! Help him! You can't..."

George never thought about how he would die. A long time ago he believed he'd be imprisoned to his parents until old age. He never gave it the thought of how peaceful or how unready for it he'd be when the time came. George simply knew it'd come, one day. Far in the future.

The air was cold. Iced much like his soul had been for so long. Moving through the motions of life George didn't understand living until Las Nevadas. The adrenaline woke him up and ignited his bones with entity. His friends warmed his heart one by one with care and affection. And Dream lit his soul on fire. Stuck in a world of champagne George was introduced to the life of burnouts, of adrenaline, of love. When given that treacherous choice, he'd chosen his poison and not one moment did he regret it.

It started to snow. Slow and beautiful in the dead of night, George smiled. Dream's bane protests were fading as fast as his heart rate was waning. Low and careful in his chest George let all the adrenaline seep out. He'd come to peace with this hours before and now there was nothing but the choice to give in. In what he thought was his final moment George muttered the finish of his declaration to Dream, to his friends. His eyes shut in the last syllable of his Loverboy's name.

The lights were dim in the quiet hospital room filled by rhythmic beeping to alert its inhabitants of the fragile life.

George's head spun like a top when coming down to his body. He wanted to panic at the lack of memory but forced himself to count things he could see. Take things in. There were people in the room, three to be exact. Two huddled in chairs. One appeared to be asleep and the other had an arm around the first. Another by his bedside. It all started to trickle in the more he awoke. The monitor spiked at his elevated heart rate and someone perked up.

"George?" Karl, in his colorful clothes, walked gingerly to the side of his bed. "Hey, champ. You alright?"

George tried to speak but only a gravely sound escaped him. Karl's soft grin widened before he reached out and held George's hand. Tiny tubes connected into his skin with sticky medical tape and George tried not to focus on that. Instead, he looked to his wrung-out friend and frowned.

"Me too," Karl chuckled. Soft-spoken and gentle, his voice settled a thousand worries in George's mind. He was breathing. "I'm glad you're awake."

George tried to speak again, "I'm sorry."

It was a whisper but Karl understood it nonetheless. The other man shook his fluffy hair and kissed the back of George's hand. He missed him, the longing ached when he thought about it. Karl was one of his most genuine and closest friends, and when he had to blow him off it was one of the hardest goodbyes.

"I know why now," Karl said. "I forgive you."

George attempted to nod but soon abandoned that action due to the level of drugs in his system, morphine he figured. It had to be strong to keep him so headily sedated into apathy.

"Dream?" Karl's grin somehow grew even softer than before. Looking over his shoulder George followed with his heavy eyes to the familiar blond. Asleep and held by Sapnap, the younger man grinned devilishly at him. Sapnap was alive as well, George settled into his aching skin a little easier.

"He was arrested," Karl whispered to keep the room serene. "And when they pulled him in for questioning everyone conveniently blamed the incident on Tokyo's racer, who ended up being alive just very injured. They somehow slipped past the charges. Dream was fined and given a slap on the wrist." A warm hum escaped the other man, "he hasn't slept until now. Been watching you like you'd get up and leave without telling him again."

George frowned, "Quackity?"

"We haven't seen him."

Chapter End Notes

I know it's a Cliff hanger but I was going to leave it off when George blacked out... but I decided to be nice and give a bit of closure.

Welcome Home

Chapter Summary

Fluffy stuff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"This is a place where I feel at home."

To Build a Home

The Cinematic Orchestra

George fell in and out of sleep several times. Unrestful dreams were littered with horrors and gifts uneasy to decipher from each other. Cars and green eyes, raw skin and caress, harsh tones and sweet lullabies.

When he finally opened his eyes for longer than moments, George was met with the early morning light. Easy rays drifted in through the hospital room blinds and created soft luminescent dust to float in the air. George's mind was far more clear this time than his drug-driven conversion with Karl. It was vague then and all he remembered was the feeling of relief before falling back into his drug-induced sleep.

The room was empty besides one chair. Pulled up next to his bedside Dream sat unceremoniously still. Legs laid out in defeat with a languid hand mixing what George figured was coffee in a tiny styrofoam cup. His heart clenched within his chest. Dream was fine, he sat there with that familiar thinking frown and the nervous shake of his leg. George took comfort in his presence. Not just for the way he looked, because god was he eye candy, but because he was simply Dream. George had too many daunting feelings for him to let surface right off the bat.

"Hey." It was raspy and gruff but it snagged Dream attention easily. Those lost green eyes found home within George's, and the latter let his lips upturn.

"Hey." Dream's voice dripped like honey into his damaged ears. "How are you feeling?"

Dream was keeping his distance, George could see it. He could feel it. This was the one time wished Dream wasn't so careful about boundaries. George wanted haste and reconciliation. A grand gesture of love because fuck he'd been shot, malnourished, and kidnapped, and made it out alive. All he wanted was a god damn kiss quite literally anywhere on his upper body, preferably his lips.

"Like I was shot in the shoulder," George couldn't help but tease. Dream's expression slowly closed down. He didn't have his mask on and George only vaguely remembered it falling off his lover's face at the race. "Your head okay?"

Dream absentmindedly touched a small bandage covering his right brow, "I'm alright. Just a concussion and a few stitches. Unlike you."

George caught on to Dream's anger and looked away a second later. The brows were pulled taut

and his lip was unforgiving, the brunette suddenly felt inferior. This was his fault after all. George was too attached to Dream so they fought about it, he was the leverage that drove Dream to race, he was the reason they were both injured.

"You had to go into surgery to remove the bullet to the shoulder. It fucked up several muscles and a tendon and when they brought you in here you were extremely dehydrated as well as extremely underweight." Dream shook his head George felt like he was getting a lecture from his parents. "What were you thinking."

"I apologize," George whispered. "I did not mean to cause worry to anyone."

"Right?" Dream frowned, "so you just decided to leave and get married, show up as a near ghost at Las Nevadas, and run in front of a gun? That wasn't worrying at all, George."

The heart monitor spiked in sound and Dream seemed to realize who he was having this conversation with. Regret found its way into the blond's features but George kept his eyes averted. Instead, he forced himself to look at the IV dripping into his arm.

"If you are going you yell at me," George mumbled, "please leave. I'd rather sit alone."

A heavy sigh, "George, I'm sorry I didn't..."

"I get you're still mad at me okay. I know." George shrugged, "I picked a shitty way of fixing our problems and... I don't know I'm just sorry. I did not intend..."

"George, It's alright breathe I wasn't trying-"

"...for everything to end this way. I just know I messed up our fuck buddy thing and then felt like shit after our argument. The things I said shouldn't have been said. And then I saw you on the drag strip about to be shot and what was I supposed to do? Let you stand there and take it? I would have never forgiven myself... what are you doing."

Dream gently set down his coffee and held a hand out to George's cheek, "yes?" The brunette nodded and sunk into the younger man's touch.

Dream's thumb brushed over his cheekbone, "breathe. If you keep working yourself up the nurses are going to come barging in here." George took a measured breath and let Dream hold his cheeks between warm palms. "I'm not angry with you. I'm angry at myself."

That whipped George's attention upward, "why?"

"Because I brought all of this to you when I asked Quackity to keep you." Dream smiled, "none of this was your fault, George. I'm sorry I made it sound that way."

George huffed and let his head drop back against the sterile hospital pillow. Dream took a sideways seat on the bed and sifted fingers through George's dirty hair.

"Alright," he sighed. "You won the race."

Dream shrugged, "I did."

George danced between two options and chose the one he cared about the most. A cheesy grin appeared before he spoke again.

"You love me." It was a statement because George remembered those words loud and clear. He

remembered them even in his fucked up drug-induced sleep.

Dream's cheeks surprisingly turned a gentle shade of rose, "I do."

His grin widened, "you do?"

Dream feigned aspirated, "yes *Daredevil*. When I think of your charming attitude and smartass remarks my heart pitter-patters."

George snorted and let it develop into measured laughter, "you're such an asshole."

The fingers threading through George's hair slipped down to tap his nose and the brunette couldn't hide his smile. Dream was in the same boat with a sickening sweet expression, he laughed at the both of them.

A palm found home on George's cheek before Dream said, "everything I said before you left wasn't true. You could never be like those girls, okay? I said it because I was scared and the only way you were going to let it go was if I hurt you. It was a stupid decision."

George hummed and kissed Dream's palm. It was acceptance. Dream was an ass, and George knew that, but he was tired. Tired of fighting, tired of dancing around each other, tired of feeling heartbroken. While searching Dream's eyes he looked for the lie and came up short. All features were ripped open for George to judge and he found nothing but raw honesty. Nothing but... love.

"Liar."

Dream sputtered, "I'm not lying! George! What... what do I have to do to prove-"

George loved when he could get people to play into his traps. Dream was easily manipulated.

"I want a kiss." George reached forward and cupped Dream's pliant and mushy cheeks, careful not to mess up the tubes on his arm. Dream turned from rose to crimson within a second. "I want a kiss, on my lips. No funny business either I want your ton-"

Dream didn't let him finish. Instead, he pressed his lips to George's and sighed at the contact. Broken and repaired, the kiss felt final. Like something was *finally* right between them. Fuck their fighting and the hating and the pushing and pulling, all George wanted was this. A surrender on both sides. White flags waving at the boundary lines and two hearts beating in tandem. George deepened the kiss and slipped an eager tongue against Dream's. He chuckled easily into his lover's mouth.

Dream huffed, "why are you laughing?"

George pulled him in again, already addicted, "you're a terrible kisser."

A bite to the brunette's lip pulled another breathy chuckle out of him.

"Liar."

George brushed delicate strands of hair from those gorgeous green eyes. The silence whispered the reassurance, Dream was home almost as much as the streets of Las Vegas were.

"Ah, you're right," he whispered. "You caught me."

Dream's smile turned somber as he placed their foreheads together. The older man hummed at the touch and knew he would forever savor this moment. Unguarded and warm he held Dream close.

"I thought I lost you dumbass," Dream scoffed. "You made me cry like a baby. Sapnap roasted the shit out of me once we knew you were going to be okay."

"You don't cry because you're emotionally constipated." Dream didn't like that joke but George found it amusing. "You broke my heart," he shrugged, "let's call it even."

Dream kissed him again and George didn't think he'd get used to the feeling. The warm buzz beneath his skin was welcomed and so was Dream's easy caress. Home.

That was until the door swung open and broke them apart.

"Guys!" Sapnap immediately gagged, "Karl they made up! Really, you're going at it while he's still hooked up to the heart monitor, classy Dream."

Dream straighten up and swiped over his spit-shared lips, "fuck off, Sapnap."

George chuckled, "Hey, guys."

"This place is weird," he announced. "I'm so ready to leave."

"That makes two of us," George muttered.

Dream nodded and pushed hair away from George's eyes, "I bet we can get you released tonight."

"Good," he agreed, "I want to go home."

Karl crossed his arms and glared at George with silly knowing. Stood in the doorway, his hair was put together and his clothes looked clean everyone appeared in a much better state of mind since the last time George had seen them. It settled the rest of his churning nerves.

"Home as in your parents or home as in Las Nevadas?"

George knew the right answer.

"Dream!" George scoffed, "stop hovering. I was shot in the shoulder not the legs I can walk!"

"What if you fall!"

"Karl!" The other man put his hands up as surrender and backed away slowly. Sapnap made a trip to his parent's house and that was bound to blow over well but he didn't care. George was notified that they weren't even home and he had a spare key.

They'd been home from the hospital for over three hours when they finally saw the younger man pull into the driveway. George scoffed, "help."

"Your boyfriend," Karl said. "Your problem."

"He's not even, we haven't discussed, ugh whatever."

Dream rolled his eyes and wrapped himself around George's torso. They stood cold on the porch and watched Sapnap start to unload his car of George's stuff. In George's ear, Dream muttered, "if you want me to leave you alone just tell me."

"No," George said immediately latching on to his loverboy's arm. "I don't. Just stop treating me like I'm fragile when you know I'm not."

"Alright."

In the driveway, the two watched Karl coo and wrap something that could only be Cat in his arms. The assumption was confirmed when George listened to his pet wail as Karl brought him in. That mangy thing was a pain in the ass but he knew he'd be happy to be back. George knew he was.

There was still shit to sort out. The logistics of his and Dream's relationship, Dream's car, and the Final Flame aftermath. It was at a standstill currently, almost radio silent across the board. George knew there was only a matter of time before something else came up.

"I can pay to fix your car," George said suddenly. Dream hummed confusion into his shoulder. A self-satisfied snigger, "I tricked my father and now all of my accounts are singular."

"What are you saying?" The blond pulled back to look at him fully.

George took a deep breath and turned in his hold. Facing each other, the brunette presented a shit-eating grin.

"I'm saying, I might have a good fortune to play around with." Dream's brows hugged his hairline. "Don't look at me like that it's only a couple millions."

Sapnap coughed in passing, "millions? Wow Dream, you know how to pick them."

George chuckled and waved a dismissive hand, "it's just money."

"Right," Sapnap muttered. "Not like you can buy stuff with it. Fuck off. I'd have a lifetime supply of PopTarts."

George rolled his eyes at the sheer stupidity of that answer.

Dream kept the same surprised expression and George enjoyed his reaction greatly. Apathy hadn't made an appearance since before the race and George was glad. He liked being able to read Dream, it brought him comfort.

"What are you thinking about?"

"You," Dream answered absentmindedly, then rephrased, "and how many zeros is tacked on to a million."

"Fuck off," George smacked Dream lightly on the shoulder and tore a wheezy laugh out of the man. "You knew I was well off."

Warm arms swooped below George's elbows and embraced his waist. George enjoined the drop and spike of soft adrenaline Dream easily caused. Flush against each other George moved to grasp his neck and winced at the pain of his shoulder. Dream leaned forward to kiss it better and the older man scoffed at the pleasing affection.

"Yeah, I did," Dream nosed up George's tattoo and kissed his earlobe. "Just didn't know you could buy a lifetime supply of PopTarts and not put a dent in your fortune." George groaned and tried to convey how stupid that statement was before Dream hummed. Low and suggestive he said, "or a lifetime of condoms."

"Right," George hid his flush in a flick to Dream's ear. "We could just stop using them. I'm clean. Are you?"

Dream groaned against his fragile shoulder, "you're going to end me, *Daredevil*."

"Daredevil," George mocked. "You're a pain in the ass, *Loverboy*."

Dream smiled and nudged his nose against George's, "I lov-"

"Hey guys, we've got a visitor."

Pulled into the driveway was a familiar blue and yellow Mustang. The engine rumbled to a halt and George went stiff.

The two fiancés stood flabbergasted by their completing partner. Quackity looked like hell. His clothes were ripped and burned in certain spots and his hair was a mess. This wasn't the normal perfectly put together Las Nevadas leader George knew, this was Quackity seemingly broken, entirely defeated. George's chest clenched despite their current situation.

"Quackity?" Sapnap said, "what... where have you been."

"Look," he tried to seem tough. "I know I'm a backstabber, but I had a reason. I got back all of the money Technoblade stole and I..."

"How could you?" Karl breathed, "we never cared about the money. You put George's life in danger."

"He was fine," Quackity protested. "Technoblade said he wouldn't hurt him.."

"He was shot," Dream chimed in. "After he was kept locked up and it's your doing."

"I'm sorry okay!" Quackity chuckled nervously and gripped the hair at the nape of his neck. It was long beneath the burned beanie. "I had to do what was best for Las Nevadas! I couldn't let it go down again. I couldn't lose anyone else."

"What was so damn important that you put George's life on the line?" Dream's tone was harsh and George placed a palm on his chest to keep him grounded, "and don't fucking tell me it was the money."

Quackity shoved a hand in his pocket and pulled out a small box. Walking hastily towards the porch he shoved the object into Dream's empty hands.

George didn't understand the meaning of the clear box. When Dream held it up in the sun the inside seemed to contain a form of green slime. Recognition appeared in Dream's brows and then heavy sympathy. Quackity looked angry but George knew it was a cover. George knew Quackity well enough to tell his pain from a mile away.

"It's the last thing I have left of him."

Dream nodded and let George pull the item from his fingers, "I forgot... I'm sorry."

"What is it?"

Quackity walked up closer to George and gingerly pulled the box away, "Dream wasn't the only one to lose someone in Hell-Fire. I had a second in command... this silly slime cube is the last thing I have left of him." George nodded grimly and Quackity continued, "I didn't mean for you to get

hurt George. Seriously."

George pulled Quackity in by the collar of his fucked up shirt. He was pissed off at him. Quackity was the reason he was taken as well as basically tortured. Pulling back a hand back, quick and without warning, an unceremonious slap landed on Quackity's cheek. Then a moment later George pulled him into a tight embrace.

"Fuck you," George muttered. "You suck and I'm still pissed at you, but I'm glad you're okay."

Quackity remained stunned for a moment and shot eyes to Dream who just shrugged. With a stinging cheek and a warm heart, Quackity relaxed into the embrace and chuckled. George squeezed tighter to shut him up.

"You just slapped me, you bastard."

"You had me kidnapped," George scoffed. "You deserved much worse."

"I know."

"And you worried your boyfriends."

Quackity groaned, "you think they'll forgive me?"

George looked to the two and found them moving back to Sapnap's car. Karl looked almost as relieved as Sapnap, both donned easy smiles. Despite the turmoil they missed Quackity like one would a departed limb.

"You'll have to give them time,"
George said into his shoulder, "but they'll forgive you."

Quackity pulled back and tilted his head, "do you forgive me?"

George rolled his eyes, "sadly I don't think I had time, until now, to be pissed off at you."

He poked George's wounded shoulder and received a swat to the hand, "was it like the movies?"

George frowned but couldn't help but say, "after I realized I wasn't going to die, yeah."

"George," Dream reprimanded.

"What!" Quackity chuckled at the both of them. "It was even more cinematic with Dream cry-"

Dream pulled George out of Quackity's space abruptly, "stop joking about it."

"I can do what I want. It's *my* trauma."

Quackity hummed and brought an uncomfortable hand to his neck, "so this is a thing?"

They both turned a bit pink and looked at the shorter man blankly. They hadn't had time to discuss it fully. George was letting this play out until later when they were alone.

"Right," he chuckled again and held hands up as surrender. "Dream? Am I kicked out or?"

Dream sighed and glanced at him with pity, "no. Just don't pull that shit again. Got it?"

Quackity rolled his eyes, "alright, tuff guy. Save all that testosterone for your lover."

Dream made to walk after the shorted man but George stopped him with a pull to the wrist. He smiled and dragged a hand up the blond's cheek.

"I do believe you were about to tell me something important," George quirked up a brow.
"Something idiotic I presume. But I'd still like to hear it."

"Oh, come on," Dream groaned. "How long are you going to torture me until you reciprocate my affection."

George shrugged and pulled him into a kiss and Dream muttered his affections quietly.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh, we love fluff. I'm 90% sure the next chapter will be the ending. I'm honestly so sad omg.

Thank you for all the support and love, you're amazing.

I see all of the comments like actually I read all of them. It's harder to reply on A03 for some reason so don't feel bad if I don't reply. You're seen and heard and I love you so much. Have an amazing day or night.

Light It Up

Chapter Summary

The last chapter:(

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Keep me yours and keep you mine."

Keep you mine.

NOTD, Shy Martin

The fire was back and the pain was devouring his nervous system. Dream was there, though he laid lifeless a foot away and George felt his throat raw with vocalism. Burning alive all George could think, could feel, could see was Dream. His shoulder was an open wound ripped for everyone to see. They did nothing to help, it was almost as if he wasn't seen. His voice strained and strained and George could do nothing but wilt.

His screams ripped him from the deep form of sleep and woke him within a warm embrace.

"You're alright." A hasty whisper in the warmth of a bed. Of a comfortable room. George panted and cringed from his own mind's perfectly crafted terror. It wasn't real. "Just a nightmare. I'm here."

Repeated into the mussed tendrils of George's hair, Dream whispered easily. This was new for both of them, the nightmares. Sometimes it was Dream and in the dead of night and George would sit at arm's length while Dream caught his breath. They didn't touch then, Dream was far too terrified to touch George and make whatever horror real. The brunette understood and simply spoke to distract. Words and words of nonsense to help settle the past at whatever hour of the morning. He didn't mind.

George was opposite his lover. He needed comfort from the nightmares, he needed to be grounded. Dream knew how to do that easily, holding George close while they waited for the storm to pass. Soft in caress and sweet in kisses, settled. George was grateful.

"This is ridiculous," George muttered into the warm skin of the blond's neck. "It's been two months and we're still..."

A hand played with the hair at George's nape, "I know..." A gentle whisper, "You went through a lot and your mind is still trying to process it."

"Sorry to wake you up."

"It's alright," Dream said, voice heavy with sleep. "You're more important than sleep."

George hadn't been able to say it. Those three words Dream gave with all his being. They were hard for George. Each word felt like a cage but it didn't make them any less true. He felt it. George

felt every single meaning behind them and this time he wanted to say it. Here he was safe, here he knew there weren't expectations, here George knew he was loved.

Pulling Dream closer, George pressed his forehead deeper into his chest. Dream hummed and trailed easy hands up and down George's spine. He waited until his breath didn't shake and his hands felt relaxed.

"I love you."

The silence felt so loud. George counted ten miserable seconds before Dream exhaled. Relaxing until malleable within George's hold, Dream melted.

Soft puffs of air escaped the younger man but he remained dumbfounded. Finally, Dream muttered, "I don't deserve you."

George's breath respired over Dream's neck, "I think you do."

A knock on the door broke them from their fragile breaths. George felt guilty because he must've woken them up.

"Yes?" Dream said loud enough to be heard on the other side of the door.

All three fiancés stood bleary-eyed within the open door. Dream huffed but didn't move from their embrace. George turned his head before sitting up.

"Is he killing you?" Quackity rubbed vigorous circles into his eyes. "You were screaming bloody murder."

George flushed, "no. It's the nightmares." Tight arms wrapped around his own midsection. "Sorry to wake you guys up... again."

Quackity groaned while Karl presented a soft smile. Sapnap still looked half asleep.

"It's not your fault you have bad dreams," Karl easily trod the floor and climbed up on the bed much to Dream's chagrin.

"Still." George excepted the easy embrace from the taller man. Hooking his chin over the embrace. Watching over Karl's shoulder, he caught Sapnap sauntering in with Quackity in tow.

"Fuck off, Sapnap." Dream, with closed eyes, swatted off Sapnap who started to climb into the covers with his best friend.

"Cuddles," Sapnap said. George snorted as the younger man wrapped tight arms around the blond. Too tired to fight him off Dream sunk into the hold with mild profanities.

"This is what you get," Quackity yawned. "Wake us up and now we'll sleep in your bed."

"It's my bed!" Dream groaned watching Quackity steal a pillow.

George hummed when Dream pulled him back down into his warm hold. The kiss to his forehead settled what was lingering from his nightmare.

"Are there any askers?" George snorted when Quackity held out a fist for a bump.

"He coordinated your kidnapping and now you're fist-bumping him," Dream scoffed and tried to continue before all hell broke loose.

"Fuck you!" Quackity shouted, "I had a good fucking reason. You were being difficult and not to mention acting like a douche and breaking up with him! And fuck you I already apologized."

Sapnap took his and Dream's shared pillow and smacked Quackity square in the head. Muttering a slur he replaced their comfort and fell back into deep snores. George always found it amusing how Sapnap could sleep through nearly anything or fall asleep on anything.

Karl climbed under the blankets on the other side of George and shared his pillow.

"This okay?"

George shrugged and pulled Dream closer letting Karl hold him around the neck, "yeah."

In their shared space Dream whispered only to George, "Sapnap is crushing my ribs."

George grinned, "Karl is a grip away from choking me."

They both glanced down at Quackity who'd taken comfort in grasping both of their legs. A stray pillow was stuffed beneath his face and he easily appeared to be sleeping.

Dream let out an airy breath, "feel safe now, *Daredevil*?"

George, warmed from every angle, nodded. His kin family may be in shambles and hanging by a thread he knew that by the way he'd spoken to his parents since the race. George believed they didn't want anything to do with him and that hurt. It was like a cleave to the chest but George believed it was for the best. They'd come around one day, or they wouldn't, either way, George would honor their decision.

It was a train wreck but this family was far from disastrous. A family that meant far more than blood. He was safe here, loved, appreciated, and George returned every sentiment. Every part of his heart beat for each person crammed into Dream's queen-sized bed.

"Yeah," he breathed and kissed Dream's jawline chastely. "Safe."

"Fuck you, you selfish, arrogant, infuriating asshole!" George shoved Dream and stalked off from the drag strip.

"George," Dream tried. "She came on to me! I was rejecting her!"

"Right! Fuck off, Dream!" George pushed through several groups gathered in Las Vegas center. He didn't have time to deal with whatever the fuck excuse Dream had. The redhead he'd been fucking before had an ass-showing miniskirt and an eye on Dream. He knew Dream looked, he wasn't going to hold that against him, he just hated that others wanted Dream. Even if he knew Dream wouldn't stray. It pissed him off.

"George!" The brunette held up a middle finger before running smack into a taller figure.

He scowled before looking up and finding a familiar face, "Tommy?"

"Gogy!"

"Don't call me that," George frowned.

"Whatever bitch," he crossed his arms. "You lived!"

The boy didn't look any different than when they'd met in the van. Although his hair was cut shorter and his jeans were black with purposeful rips. The red and white t-shirt had stayed and George found that comforting.

"So did you," George stated. "You here with Wilbur?"

"Yeah," he grinned. "For good seems like."

Tubbo popped up with an unopened drink, "uptown and Las Nevadas are joining forces!"

George snatched the bottle from his hands and read its contents. Once he caught the word alcohol he confiscated the drink for himself.

"What are you doing with this?"

"Sapnap gave it to me," Tubbo said in false innocence.

George huffed, "liar. Sapnap is underaged as well and he wouldn't give it to you."

Ranboo pulled his sunglasses off and eyed the bottle. He'd showed up out of nowhere and George decided not to question it, "oh that's the one Tommy stole when the cooler was unattended."

"Fuck you, snitch!"

"George." Dream panted finally coming up behind the brunette. "Listen, I know what-"

"Big D!" Tommy perked up while Tubbo tried to steal the beer back from George, "are you racing tonight."

"No, and stop calling me that," he said flatly. "George can we talk or you going to keep bitching..."

"No," George said to Tubbo. "You're not drinking this."

"Neither are you!" Tubbo accused childishly.

George raised a challenging brow before turning to Dream. The blond stood still while his lover pulled the chain on his belt loop. With ease, George popped the cap of the beer and watched with satisfaction as it bounced on the ground. He took a taunting sip and said, "go find something that doesn't contain alcohol."

"You're not our parent!"

Dream stifled a laugh, "*George* is right guys. I bet if you go bother Sapnap he'll let you drive his car."

That caught the attention of all three of them. Tubbo presented a boyish grin and darted off behind him dragging Ranboo by the elbow. Tommy scoffed and looked back at the older men.

"I thought you were cool, Dream." As he was passing Tommy added, "now you just sound like a Simp."

Dream was ready to rip into the teenage boy but George turned his chin and forced their eye contact. The blond's eyes dilated drastically and George rolled his own. This man was going to be the death of him.

"What? Not in the mood to fuck your slut tonight?"

Dream scoffed, "unless you mean yourself then no."

George pushed his cheek away and gulped down more of the acrid-tasting beer. It was bitter and heavy on his tongue. Granted, George hadn't drank since before his kidnapping so he bet any drink frilly or rocky would taste like complete shit. His tolerance was tanked for beer almost as much as it was for Dream's attitude.

"You know I dropped her right?" George brushed him off and headed for the casino.

"Yeah, looked like it on the drag strip." His tone was mocking as he made a turn down the street.

George could see it now, the uptown members mixed with Las Nevadas. They were mingled and intertwined within each other. Row and rows of cars lined the streets ready for a race. Simple drag ones that is. Quackity and Wilbur both got what they wanted out of Final Flame. The three teenagers were safe, Quackity got his slime block, and they both were much richer than before.

"George, I swear it's not what you think it is!"

George ignored dream in favor of finding a quiet place. George figured that was a better place for the fight bubbling up between them. "Your eyes on her miniskirt and your smiling eyebrows, sounds like what I think it is."

"How the fuck can my eyebrows-" Dream caught the bakery door George tried to slam in his face. He wouldn't admit it then but later the older man would think about how attractive Dream's quick reflexes were. Later when he'd let him take every inch of his skin apart and put it back together with practiced calculations. "My eyebrows can't smile!"

"I disagree."

"What the fuck! You're just picking a fight."

George whipped around and paused Dream's hasty steps, "I'm not the one that was feeling up his ex whore on the drag strip. You started it Dream!"

"She was pushed into me because Punz knew you were looking!" Dream scoffed. And George couldn't handle the mask wall between them. With belligerent grace, he reached up and ripped the fabric from his lover's mouth.

"I hate this thing," George said offhandedly. He knew he was being irrational, but fuck this he had trust issues. Dream had torn his heart to shreds the first time and he wouldn't let it happen again. "And I hate that sorry ass excuse."

"Jealousy isn't attractive, George." Hot and completed with apathy, Dream crossed his arms. It made George feel inferior when he knew there was no reason to.

"You with anyone other than me isn't attractive." George glanced at the stove next to them and toyed with the gas knob. It clicked with life and George lit the burner. Dream tilted his head in as a challenge. George held the mask over the flames, "and neither is this god damn mask."

"George!" It was too late. Sucking up the flames like a dehydrated man with water, the fabric burned. George tossed the mask unceremoniously between them and grinned at Dream's pissed-off expression. "What the fuck is your problem?"

"You, asshole!" George held his hands out as an invitation of challenge. "With your girls and your flirting and your annoying bipolar attitude. Fuck, are we together or not?"

Dream's expression faltered, "what?"

"We haven't talked about it!" George huffed, "you said you love me or whatever and I believe that but it doesn't mean you want to be together. I don't know what you want. If it's all going back to the way it was before I was shot or if you want something more."

Aggressively, George shut off the stove and stamped out Dream's burning mask. He felt guilty for causing this riff, but what else was he supposed to do. They hadn't talked about what they were. George figured they were in a relationship now but he realized Dream might not be on the same page. Dream was *it* for George, he didn't care to try the dating thing past him. It was useless when he didn't find anyone else attractive, but Dream was different. He could want whoever, and that worried George. He'd never been enough for anyone before so why would it be different now. George tried not to think about their fight on the stairs before Final Flame when Dream explained just how disappointing he was.

"George," Dream took slow steps towards him and George backed away. Push and pull they danced in unsettled steps until George's back met the wall. Dream caged around him and George felt his bones settle. Safety was easy here, Dream hovered around him. "I love you, *Daredevil*. You and only you."

"Yeah but..."

Dream held a hand next to his cheek and waited for the silent consent. The soft nod prompted a calculated grip to the jaw. "But what?"

"Is this a relationship? Boyfriends?"

Dream couldn't help but take a dig, "thought you were straight?"

"Yeah," he rolled his eyes. "Ship sailed the second you fucked me."

Dream flushed involuntarily at the abrupt risqué memory, "also thought you were innocent with a clean vocabulary."

"And I thought you were hot and not an absolute wanker," George spat. "We were both in the wrong."

"Wanker," Dream practically purred. "I love when you talk dirty to me."

Familiar hands caressed Dream's hips and pulled them together so the two were flush and desperate. George noticed Dream's bit of excitement and wondered when he'd started to turn his lover on. He chuckled at the thought.

"What?"

George looked between them, "you're hard, Loverboy."

"You're sexy when you're angry," was Dream's lewd reply. It brought George great satisfaction.

A warm palm slipped between the two to cup the blond in possession. They'd been here before, quarreling in this forsaken bakery. Fighting until blue in the face even then neither could run from the sheer attraction the other caused. It was a vicious cycle and George was determined to break it.

He hummed, "I'll let you fuck me. Up against the wall almost with entire submission if you draw the line of our relationship. Right here, right now, tell me I'm yours and your mine."

"How," Dream said hotly into George's ear, "do you want me to say it?"

"Any way you want to."

"And if I asked you to be my little whore?"

George didn't have to think, "I'll leave you here. Hard and maskless and never speak to you again."

Dream chuckled and kissed his lover's cheek, "together. I want you to be my friend, my lover, my daredevil, my side piece, my main piece, my boyfriend. I want you to be everything, George. Yes or no?"

His sigh was relief and love and affection, "yes."

Dream kissed the word off his lips and smiled into the eagerness he received. George was gripping at the blond's clothes and wasting no time to rip the chains from his belt loop. Hot and fast and quick Dream bit purple contusions onto George's bare neck. They hadn't done this since before he was in the hospital. Dream, despite his crass comments, was too scared to touch George's body. Too afraid, he would hurt him while the latter was still healing. The hesitation was still there even now. And George despised it and retaliated.

Slipping a hand into Dream's boxers he purposely squeezed. Dream groaned and pulled George's jeans down and off before wrapping one of the older man's legs around his waist. George huffed at the moment and Dream grinned with malicious satisfaction.

Three fingers were brought up and George looked at them with complete apathy.

"Mouth," Dream breathed. "Open."

George's lip quirked up, "no."

"No?"

Taking Dream's fingers soft between his own he brought them up to the other's mouth. Both brows met Dream's hairline as George pressed his bottom lip down and pressed Dream's own fingers into his mouth.

"Good boy," George teased. Brown eyes watched the realization dawn on the other then the unmistakable groan that escaped him. Fuck you George thought. Dream acted as if he was invincible but George knew he himself was the differing variant.

With a few words, George knew he could take the other man to his knees, bottom or not. George owned Dream and he intended for it to stay that way. Never over the man's consent, he was his own person, but George knew who Dream belonged to now. And Vice Versa.

George gasped at the first intrusion. They'd done this before. Many times and George still wasn't used to the feeling. The float of the pleasure, of the bite of pain, of Dream whispering encouragements as he added another finger. It was always too much and never enough.

"You're so beautiful," Dream gushed against his lover's cheek. "I think about you too much."

"Dream," the brunette dropped his head against the wall and welcomed Dream's sweet attack. Lips

felt like fire against his skin and it nearly burned him alive. Singed with affection George pulled Dream closer. Pulled at his hair. Scraped up his back beneath his shirt. "Shut up and fuck me already."

He chuckled, "okay."

Retracting his three fingers George felt empty, aching with loss. Dream wasted no time to pull himself free. A hand came up to George's mouth to claim a substitute for lubricant and George complied this time. Dream pressed up against his lover a moment later. George took in a clipped breath as the other pressed forward.

George whimpered and dug his fingers into Dream's skin. The latter groaned at the feeling holding still for longer than entirely necessary.

"Okay?" Soft kisses trailed from his flushed cheeks down and over where his bullet wound would forever remain. "Pain?"

"No," George muttered pressing his forehead to Dream's temple. "I'm okay."

Dream's soft grin made a trickling appearance a moment later. Easy over his lips George wanted to count the freckles littered on his nose but the lust between them won out when he said, "move."

George dropped his head back at the sudden action. It was soft and shallow but George was already frustrated. Dream was being so damn sweet and careful it was pissing the brunette off more than the girl in the mini skirt.

The hands-on Dream's back snaked down to his hips and yanked him forward, hard. Dream huffed a groan deep and unapologetic.

"George?"

"We both know I'm not fragile," George hissed. "So stop treating me like you'll break me!"

That seemed to snap Dream out of his ease because the next movement sent George's head back to clunk into the wall. It was pleasure beyond every experience he'd had before. Nothing compared to Dream.

Dream and his hot hands, his lips, his body. George knew he'd be forever obsessed with his lover. Enraptured and held captive by those green eyes. The idiotic fights. Their push and pull. He knew he'd want it forever. To wake in the morning by Dream's soft caress. To kiss him. To ride in his car. George would never give this up.

Both hands pulled Dream by the jawline to kiss words into his lips, "I love you."

Dream shoved them closer, as if that was possible, "I love you too."

It didn't last long, this feeling never did. There was an edge Dream was pushing for and George was a second from it. Higher and higher he floated into the pleasure before Dream whispered in his ear.

"Give me control, George." The older man groaned. "Let go."

He couldn't hold back from the feeling, so he easily gave in, letting go between them. Dream pushed forward and stuttered a second later, following George down the rabbit hole.

It was messy and sweaty and uncomfortable but George didn't give a fuck. He pulled Dream back in for a breathless kiss and smiled.

Pulling out slowly Dream said, "we're supposed to start Light Up in ten minutes."

George chuckled, "you look like you just had sex"

Dream pampered kisses over George's collar bones, "so do you."

"Mine," he sighed then rephrased for better understanding, "you're mine."

"Yes, daredevil," Dream reassured. "I'm yours."

George smiled, "Good. We need to clean up now, cause I want to car surf."

Dream set George's shaking leg back down on the floor and glared, "you have a god damn death wish."

Stood at the edge of Las Nevadas George looked out to the empty street. Home. That's what he thought when he looked out. The people, the life, the love, everything here was home.

"Hey, um George?" The voice was familiar and it still put a chill in his spine. It haunted his dreams.

Turning slowly he was met with a maskless Technoblade. The scars were the first thing he noticed. Burns that looked almost like lightly tracked up from his chin to his left temple. It was from Hell Fire, George tried not to look at them too long. Instead, he focused on the pink hair and the fake fangs.

"Look, I know what I did to you wasn't okay. I wasn't in the right headspace and it was a lot."

George tilted his head and nodded, "and?"

"I wanted to apologize," Technoblade shifted on his feet. "Dream and Big Q said I was welcome back but I just wanted to know your opinion. I won't be back in the house I have a friend that wants to take me in but..."

George wanted to say no but out of the corner of his eye, he caught Dream's uneasy frown. Despite their past, they used to be friends and George hated to take away a second chance to anyone. He shrugged.

"Just don't kidnap and torture me again."

"Right," Technoblade chuckled awkwardly. "Okay. Sure, thanks um."

George waved him off and watched him head for someone else's car. Dream, with a new mask in hand, patted Technoblade's shoulder with a grin and came over. George rolled his eyes.

"Thank you," Dream said.

"As long as he stays out of my way I don't care what he does here."

Dream had the puppy look again. Like everything in his heart was appearing on his cheeks. George hated it almost as much as he loved it.

"Oh yeah!" Reaching into his pocket Dream presented George's white glasses. "Patches and Cat were fighting over them before we left. And I forgot to give them to you."

George let his lover place the shades easily in his hair and rewarded him with a kiss. It was interrupted a moment too soon.

"Hey! Love birds!" Sapnap called from behind them. "We going or not!"

Dream huffed and raised an arm, "Light it up!"

Like the first time George visited Las Vegas, every car on the street revved to life. LED lights illuminated every inch of asphalt and metal vehicles. Music blasted and erupted from every corner.

George left Dream to his own car, brand new after Final Flame. It was a surprise George had a few weeks ago. He'd pulled Sapnap aside and asked what Dream had always wanted in a car, then made it reality. It didn't even put a dent in his fortune. George expressed that in depth to Sapnap just to cause turmoil.

George hopped Karl's Midnight purple Mitsubishi Eclipse and let his hand dance of the airwaves. Karl popped up the cartoonish lights and hollered into the night air.

Freedom.

George was finally free. There was no more press, no more pressure to be perfect, no expectations. The expensive suits and high-class parties were finally put to rest. Here all George had to do was be himself, he didn't have to be found. Didn't have to be anyone at all. Here George could fall and fly and breathe and live the way he wanted to.

Dream's car pulled up next to Karl's and a spike of adrenaline pumped through his veins. As if he could read his mind, Karl laughed.

"Don't fall," the other man warned.

George looked to Dream who was driving steady into the tunnel, "too late."

"You can go!" Karl hollered. "Live it up, George!"

With the window rolled down George climbed up and out of it. The road sped beneath them too fast to comprehend and George felt his gut drop. Low and ravenous his heart beat within its cage.

Holding on to Karl's car George stretched his foot over the gap and rested it on Dream's brand new Jet black Toyota. The vehicle rumbled beneath his foot and sent shivers up George's tense spine. With great hesitation, George pushed himself stood balanced between two cars. They had to be going at least 90 mph, George wished it was faster.

The tunnel was just high enough for George to reach for. Just high enough not to take his neck.

The wind threatened to topple him, but he wasn't here for long. In a moment he'd easily slide through Dream's window and live down the adrenaline.

George just needed it for a second.

Just the breath of life that being on the edge of death itself brought. Closing his eyes and reaching

out his arms he took in the moment and welcomed freedom. Absolute control.

The air nipped his nose with the feeling of home and George chuckled. Because, yes, the life of car racing and burnouts would forever feel like...

"Home," he whispered.

And when the moment was over he fell into a new window and welcomed the warm embrace of safety.

Chapter End Notes

Roll credits and tears because I'm so happy-sad right now what ??

Happy valentines day early or not. You should all feel special because I claim all of you as my valentine. <3

Thank you so very much for all the support and love on this book. It has been a dream of mine to share and see the stories I always imagine. So I do hope you enjoyed because this has made my year with all the support and love. Honestly, I don't even know how to respond. Just thank you.

I love you guys

End Notes

Thanks for reading I read all comments and love the kudos <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!